

GREAT GRANDMOTHERS GIRLS

IN NEW MEXICO





GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS
IN NEW MEXICO

*In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
Let me repentant work for thee!*

H. H.





CLIMBING ALONG THE FACE OF THE CLIFF.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS

IN NEW MEXICO

1670-1680

BY

✓
ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

AUTHOR OF "THREE VASSAR GIRLS" SERIES, ETC.

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PREFACE.

ONE of the most interesting accounts of the early visits of the Spaniards to the Pueblos of New Mexico is found in a musty, coffee-colored old volume of the Hakluyt collection of the journals of early adventurers, and is called : —

“A briefe relation of two notable voyages, the first made by Frier Augustin Ruyz, a Franciscan, in the yeere 1581; the second by Antonio de Espejo, in the yeere 1583, who, together with his company, discovered a land wherein they found fifteen provinces, all full of towns containing houses of four and five stories high, which they named New Mexico, for that in many respects it resembleth the province of Olde Mexico . . . by the which it is thought that men may travell even to Terra de Labrador. Taken out of the History of China, written by Frier Juan Gonzales de Mendoça; printed in Madrid in 1586.”

The author of the following story began her explorations where the Spaniards ended, — at the southern boundary of Colorado. The worthy friars' chronicle served her as a trusty guide-book, and it is certainly remarkable that a journal of travel written three hundred years ago can be so completely verified at the present day. As our party journeyed from pueblo to pueblo, we became more and more interested in this strange, weird people and their remarkable history, their civilization old when the “Mayflower” landed, their architecture and dress recalling a visit to the land of the Moors.

The hot sunshine and the desert coloring were African in effect, while the grave, dark people in their white cotton garments, with a dash of red, bound turban-wise about their brows, recalled the Moors of Tangiers. It was all a bit of Morocco transplanted to our own country, woven blankets repeating the Oriental pattern of prayer-rugs, and water-jugs of Saracenic shape and decoration carried by the women with the same stately poise of the caryatids. So we were struck by their picturesqueness; but as we came to know the patient people better, their gentleness, their hospitality, and their wrongs, we warmed to a deeper feeling of sympathy and championship.

As we stood on the priest's balcony at Acoma we thought how little change had taken place since the visit of Espejo. His journal might have been copied as our own: —

“We found a greate toune called Acoma, containing about five thousand persons, and situate upon an hie rocke, about fifty paces hie, having no other entrance but by a paire of staires hewen in this same rocke, whereat our people marvelled not a little. The chief men of this toune came peaceably to visit the Spaniards, bringing them many mantles and chamois skins excellently dressed, and great plenty of victuals. Their corne fields are two leagues from thence, and they fetch water out of a small river to water the same, on the brinks whereof they saw many great banks of Roses like those of Castile. Here are many mountains that bear shewes of mettals. Our men remained in this place three days, upon one of the which the inhabitants made before them a very solemn dance, coming forth in the same with gallant apparell, using very witty sports, wherewith our men were exceedingly delighted.”

We experienced the same hospitality extended to Espejo during our stay at Acoma. We were the guests of the Indian

governor, and our meals were served by his sons and daughters, for which no compensation would be accepted.

Since that visit, three years have been spent in earnest study of every record, book, or manuscript upon which the author could lay her hands, and an extensive correspondence carried on with authorities on early American, Mexican, and Spanish history. It would be useless to mention all sources of information; but an expression of thanks is due to the following gentlemen, who have materially aided this work: to Captain R. H. Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School (under whose guidance our little party made the tour of the pueblos); to General Bradley, Commander of the Department of New Mexico, for much courtesy and for ambulance transportation; to Major Powell, of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, for information given personally, and for books; to Professor and Mrs. Stevenson, of the same Bureau; to Major George Pradt, of Laguna, for guidance during our trip to Acoma; to Dr. Menaul, missionary at Laguna; to Dr. H. O. Ladd, of the Ramona Indian School at Santa Fé; to Mr. W. H. Davis, author of the "History of the Conquest of New Mexico;" to Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University, for lists of authorities, and for advance proofs of his own "History of America;" to Dr. John Gilmary Shea, author of "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," for references to rare or obscure chronicles, relations, and records of the Franciscan Missions; to Hon. John Bigelow, for manuscript records of the Inquisition in Mexico; and to the works of Messrs. Hubert Bancroft, Brantz Mayer, Frank Cushing, Thomas A. Janvier, F. A. Ober, and Fray Augustin de Vetancurt.

Most especially is the writer indebted to Mrs. Thomas

Janvier for researches in and translations of Spanish histories, particularly in regard to Geronima Maria Montezuma, a Spanish Pocahontas who deserves to be better known. Her pedigree, from the Montezuma of the Conquest, is thus traced by Mrs. Janvier:—

Montezuma Doña Maria, Princess of Tula.

Don Pedro Johnalichahuacatzin-Montezuma, hid in Tula during conquest, afterward ennobled by Charles V.

Don Diego Luis-Montezuma (went to Spain with the grandson of Cortez), married Doña Francisca de la Cueva.

Don Pedro Tesifon Montezuma de la Cueva.

Don Diego Luis Tesifon Montezuma de la Cueva (brought up as the Queen's page); married Doña Luisa Maria Jofre Loaisa y Carillo, daughter of the Condi del Arco.

Their daughter, Doña Geronima Maria Montezuma, married Don José Sarmiento de Valladares, Cavalier of the Order of Santiago.

Don José de Valladares is known in history as the Count de Montezuma, thirty-second Viceroy of Mexico (1696–1701). Geronima went to Mexico with him sixteen years after the Pueblo rising. Shortly after the pageants which welcomed her arrival, her life was saddened by the death of her daughter from small-pox. During the reign of her husband, Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV., became king of Spain. “Notwithstanding the conflicts to which this transfer of the crown (to the House of Bourbon) gave rise in Europe, the fidelity of Mexico remained unshaken. It is affirmed (though on no very high authority) that Philip V. even contemplated taking refuge among his loyal subjects in Mexico.” One of the most important acts of the Conde de Montezuma was granting per-

mission to Father Salvatierra (we can fancy in memory of his early friendship with Fray Ignacio) to renew the interrupted work of converting the Indians. Salvatierra was the great founder of the Missions of California. His story has been told with love and enthusiasm by Helen Hunt. It is a story which, in these prosaic days, has the effect of some sweet but unreal romance. How can we believe that men ever gave their lives for the elevation of the Indian, when the practice of our modern religion is to ignore them, and of our civilization to provoke to outrage, that we may have excuse to exterminate them?

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GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S GIRLS

IN NEW MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

THE TURQUOISE CUP.

I touch the farther Past,
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory, —
The sunset dream and last !

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white presidio ;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

BRET HARTE.

“SANTIAGO !” exclaimed Captain Zuñiga, “Santiago preserve us ! what an adorable cup ! It is worthy the shrine of Our Lady of Toledo, or even of the table of the Emperor himself !”

The Captain in his enthusiasm had unconsciously spoken in a loud whisper, and the good Fray Ignacio, as he stood before the altar, holding the chalice in his hands, cast upon him a glance of mild reproach.

But Captain Zuñiga was unabashed ; he rarely came to the little chapel, and he had not expected to see

such a beautiful and valuable object. The cup was a large one, of solid silver, and so artistically shaped that he could hardly believe it the work of the Pueblo Indians; but what rendered it especially resplendent was its ornamentation in large turquoises. A beading of these ran round the rim of the cup, and others of the size of hazel-nuts were set in an arabesque pattern about the middle portion. Captain Zuñiga's eyes grew green with envy as he looked. It was not this cup alone, with its turquoises of a pale green-blue like sea-water reflecting a cloudless sky. He could easily have compelled Fray Ignacio to give it up, and he told himself that he was too good a Catholic to begrudge the Church even this ravishing object; but where those turquoises came from, there were presumably more, and the silver from which the cup was made was no doubt dug from those secret mines of which the Spaniards had heard enticing but vague rumors, and for which they had left their native land and braved all the dangers and privations of exploration and settlement in the wilds of America.

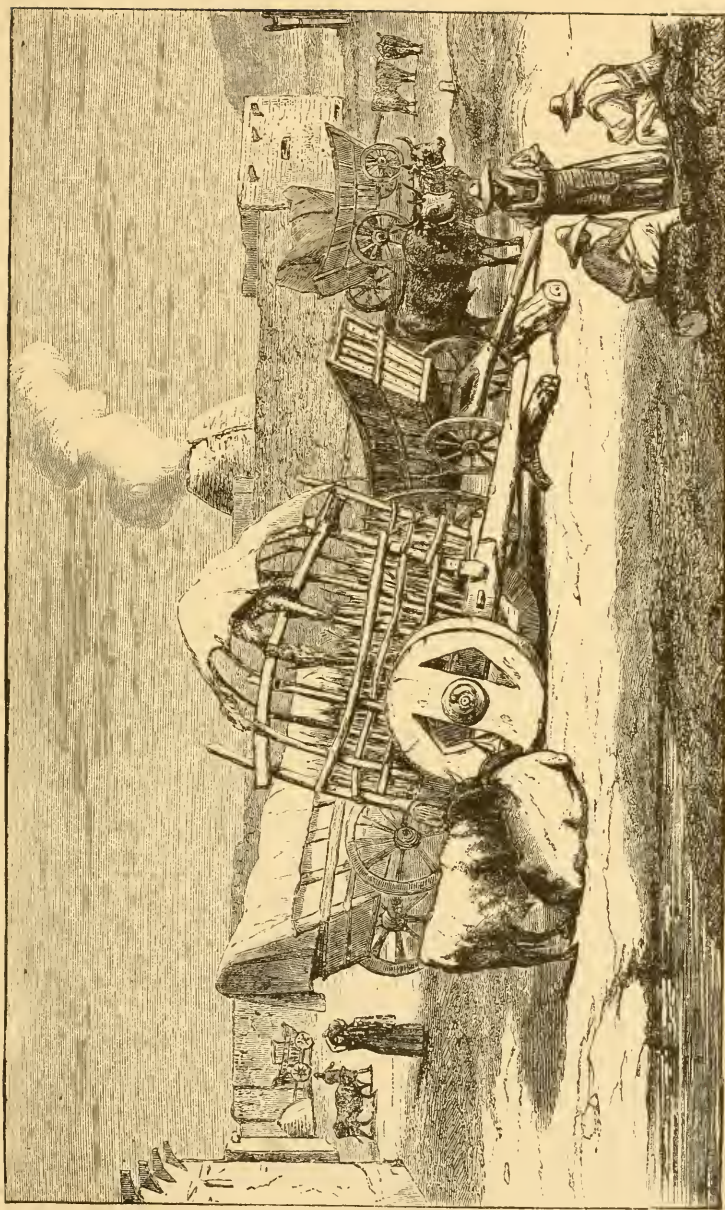
They had been told, on their first coming, of inexhaustible mines, yielding immense blocks of virgin silver; but the Indians had grown less confiding, and spoke more seldom of them. When questioned, they sometimes protested their ignorance of their whereabouts, sometimes insisted that they were very far away among another people, and at other times assured the Spaniards that the entire story was a hoax, and that no such mines existed. Captain Zuñiga was beginning to fear that this was the truth. He had followed so closely every clew, had had every Indian

who wore silver ornaments tortured into confession of where he obtained them, and all having insisted that the trinkets were purchased of old Koba, the silver-smith of the town, he had had this man scourged, in hope of some revelation. But Koba had solemnly asserted that he had made all these ornaments, for the most part such trifles as beads and buttons, from Spanish silver dollars, and that he knew of no native mines. The Captain had not believed this assertion at first, and had set a strict watch on Koba's movements, only to ascertain that the man never left his home, but squatted from morning till night beside his rude forge, industriously making and engraving the small ornaments, apparently, as he had said, from coins received from the Spanish soldiers. But that cup could have been fashioned from no Spanish dollars; there had not enough been spent by all his soldiers to make up its weight; and those turquoises, large and clear of color as any that ever came from Persia, were native gems. Where were they obtained? He had already unavailingly tried what force could do. Fray Ignacio, who had in some astonishing way received this cup, must find for him the information which he needed. He saw himself a rich man, returning to Spain with a galleon loaded with silver and turquoises, and he could scarcely repress his impatience until the close of the little service. A sort of dumb rage, a sense of having been swindled, glowed in Captain Zuñiga's breast; for he had not left Spain to live among these savages moved by any feeling of interest in their souls such as had actuated the Franciscan Friars, who came out with Espejo in 1540 and described these towns of the

Building, or Pueblo, Indians in the Rio Grande valley, nor was it a thirst for fame which had brought him here, such as led on the earlier discoverer, Coronado, governor of Galicia, in Mexico, who left his bride, to explore the New Mexico of which the shipwrecked wanderer, Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca, had brought him word.

Old Mexico had furnished great spoil of treasure to the Spanish Church and Crown ; and when rumors came of a New Mexico to be plundered, many unscrupulous adventurers joined themselves to the first colony, for which Don Juan de Onate obtained, in 1602, a grant from Philip III. of Spain. Governor Onate, ennobled by the King, and with great grants of land which Philip did not possess, and the "right" to enslave the Indians, which as certainly did not belong to him, marched into the country with two hundred soldiers, a band of emigrants with cattle and carts, and six priests well provided with "church accoutrements," to claim the new land for Spain. At first the pueblo of San Juan was made the capital of the new State ; but in a short time the seat of government was removed to a fortified town called Santa Fé, or the city of the Holy Faith, from a city of the same name which had been built only a few years before on Moorish ground in Spain, and in sight of Granada before that city was wrested from the Infidel.

From Santa Fé the conquerors spread, possessing themselves of many of the twenty pueblos or towns of the Indians scattered up and down the Rio Grande valley. They found the Indians possessing a high degree of civilization, not roaming about and living in



A BAND OF EMIGRANTS, WITH CATTLE AND CARTS.

tents like the wild tribes of the plains ; and they called them, from their houses and towns, Pueblo Indians. These houses were built of sun-dried brick, an entire village at one time, in the shape of a flight of steps, each family occupying a "flat," and each "flat" opening on the roof of the one below and reached by means of a ladder. The rooms were heated by fire-places, and had windows glazed with syenite. The people practised most of the arts in their rudimentary stages. They baked bread in ovens, they wove blankets, made



AZTEC POTTERY.

pottery of various kinds similar to that of the Aztecs, worked in metals, and cultivated, in their farms around the pueblos, great fields of Indian corn and other vegetables. They were docile and kindly, glad to be taught, patient and obedient, when the first conquerors found them ; and in 1608, twelve years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, there was a flourishing Spanish colony in New Mexico, and upward of eight thousand Indians had been baptized as converts to the Christian faith. In 1660 the Duke of Albuquerque, who was at that time viceroy of Mexico, founded a colony of one hundred families in New Mexico, who named their city for him ; and the cities of Santa Fé

and Albuquerque still retain many interesting buildings, relics of the old Spanish occupation.

It was shortly after the settling of Albuquerque that Captain Zuñiga, attracted to America by a letter of his kinsman, this same Francisco de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, was placed in charge of the presidio and colonists at San Juan. For the next three years, until the time when our story opens, both he and Fray Ignacio occupied themselves industriously in creating public opinion. Naturally the feeling against the Captain was as bitter as that toward the good padre was favorable; for while Fray Ignacio had conciliated and won the children, the Captain had persecuted and exasperated their parents until now there was but one opinion, — the Spaniards. instead of being gods, as the Indians had first thought them, were certainly devils.

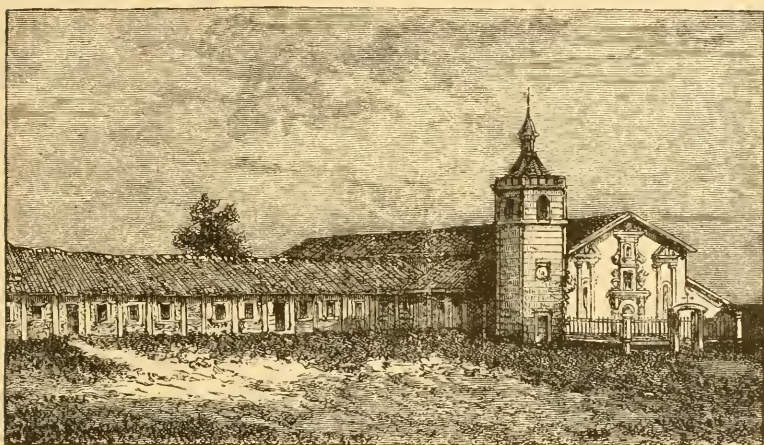
Little cared Captain Zuñiga for the opinion of the Indians; their enslavement was now so thoroughly effected that no resistance on their part seemed possible. They labored in gangs, driven to their tasks by the soldiers. They had built all the houses needed for the presidio, or fort, and for the Mission; and now one company filed away to the forest each morning to bring on their backs the wood which another set were cutting; a few hunted game, — the Captain generously allowing them one tenth of their spoil; another division labored in the fields, — the Spaniards dividing the crops in the same ratio; while the remainder pursued their various industries in the town under the supervision and for the benefit of the Spaniards.

Captain Zuñiga might have been content with the life which he now led, which was something like that



SPANISH MEXICAN ADVENTURERS.

of a feudal baron, and promised after a short time to make him enormously wealthy. But he was an ambitious man: he aspired to supplanting the Governor and becoming the lord of all this new country; and he knew that the man who should first discover and present to the King the fabled silver-mines, might hope to buy even this dignity. He had still another reason,



A FRANCISCAN MISSION.

—a romantic one, which sharpened his eager desire for money and power, and which shall be fully explained farther on; for now the Mass is over, and the Captain has no time to dream of his ambition and his love affairs, for a diminutive church servitor in red cotton and dirty lace is holding before him a reliquary containing some repulsive bones. The Captain kissed the relics hastily, and at the same time gave the child a keen glance. “Santiago!” he exclaimed again under his breath, “but it is Monita! See here, you gypsy,”

he added, addressing the child, "I shall tell Fray Ignacio to be careful how he employs such riff-raff as his choristers if he has such valuable plate among his church treasures."

"The holy father can well trust me," replied the child, standing proudly erect. "It was I who gave him the cup with the beautiful blue stones."

"You!" exclaimed the Captain; "you gave the padre the turquoise cup? Tell me instantly where you obtained it."

But with a mocking laugh the elfish child eluded his grasp and was gone. Captain Zuñiga uttered an oath; but he was not very angry. It was only a matter of time now, he said to himself: a little torture would make Monita reveal all, and he should quite enjoy torturing Monita.

In the first place, however, he would question Fray Ignacio. Monita was a girl; and it was certainly very odd, and quite contrary to church etiquette, that she should have been made a chorister.

CHAPTER II.

MONITA.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos.

LOCKHART: Spanish Ballads.

It was a year before the incident of the turquoise cup that Fray Ignacio had become acquainted with Monita; their introduction took place in this way.

As he issued from his chapel one morning he saw the valiant Captain endeavoring to clear the plaza, or square, of a troop of children, and especially directing his attack against a nimble little girl who skipped about him in the most exasperating manner. "She is a little monkey!" said Captain Zuñiga, making a slash at the child with the flat of his sword, and nearly losing his balance as she dodged the blow.

"Santiago! what a little monkey she is," laughed Fray Ignacio, holding his sides as the child resumed her antics at a safe distance. "She has been drilling that rabble of boys all the morning in imitation of your lordship. They keep step, march, countermarch, wheel, and form a hollow square in a manner to fill one with admiration. She has fastened a great leaf upon her head for a helmet, and with a stick for a rapier, and those fierce mustachios painted upon her

cheeks. she is as fine a portrait of yourself, most valiant Captain, as one might wish to see."

"It is doubtless very amusing to you, my reverend father, as long as she confines her caricatures and those of her tribe of playmates to the evolutions of the soldiery; but would you have found her antics so amusing had you seen her imitate this morning the religious procession which you instituted at the consecration of the chapel?"

"Madre de Dios! Did she do so sacrilegious a thing?" asked the priest.

"That she did; and the shirt of that tall boy yonder was hoisted on a pole to represent the sacred banner of our Lady of Guadalupe, while the youngest urchin swung a pot of burning leaves for a censer, and another sprinkled the heads of all the bystanders plentifully with mock holy water. But what was most admirable was the manner in which she mimicked you personally, O reverend father, chanting some rubbish of her own, and rolling it out so sonorously that one would have sworn that it was your very voice, and even the very words of the Magnificat."

The good Fray Ignacio flushed slightly. "I wonder, Señor Captain, that you did not put a stop to her pleasantry, if not for my sake, at least for that of our holy religion."

"Indeed, I was about to do so, but my sister anticipated me. She charged upon the procession, trailed their banner in the dust, soundly cuffed the sprinkler, and essayed to drag the chanter of Masses to the serving-room; but the boys caught up stones and rescued their leader from the arm of the law."



MONITA'S MOCK PROCESSION.

“Those boys will do anything she bids them,” said the Captain’s sister, Doña Catalina, now coming forward. “It were well if your soldiers were as soundly disciplined. They worship and obey her, and she is the greatest tomboy of the lot. She can out-run, out-climb them all. Ah! but, gentlemen, have you ever seen her climb? Surely the Prince of the Power of the Air must sustain her, for she will scramble up the side of a cliff where there is not even foothold for a goat! She is a true monkey. It is thus that I have seen the apes of Barbary climb the face of the Rock of Gibraltar.”

Monita, “little monkey:” it was so they nicknamed her for her grimacing, her pranks and mischief, her talent for imitation, which rendered all her buffoonery irresistible, and above all for her remarkable feats at climbing. She had as many godfathers as there were foreigners in the Mission; for the name had been bestowed upon her by nearly every Spaniard in the presidio, and it clung to her long after the one given at her compulsory baptism was forgotten. Monita, Monita, — she heard the name echoed from all sides, and soon learned to recognize it as her own.

In spite of the fact that she had ridiculed him, Fray Ignacio loved the little pagan. He had come to the wilds of New Mexico impelled purely by a zeal for saving souls, and each one of these poor Indians was precious in his sight. So far it must be acknowledged he had had but poor success. It was now two years since his arrival at the presidio and Mission of San Juan. A pueblo of the Indians had existed there from time immemorial, and the Spanish governor had sent him, with a company of soldiers to support him, to Chris-

tianize the savages. Captain Zuñiga had ably seconded his efforts. They had planted the cross in the centre of the plaza, and by an interpreter had explained to the



ONE OF THESE POOR INDIANS.

Indians the Governor's message, that they were to submit themselves to the Spaniards and accept the new religion. Then, as has been explained, the soldiers had divided the Indians into gangs of laborers, compelling them to build the chapel and other houses necessary for the presidio; which done, they were all driven into

the church at the point of the pike and were Christianly baptized, seven hundred souls, and their names recorded on the book of the church,—a good week's work for Fray Ignacio, and the only missionary work which he had yet done. After this, Captain Zuñiga had apportioned to each Indian a task, and his own time and that of his soldiers was devoted to overseeing the labor and the collection of the revenue; so with the exception of herding the Indians on each Sunday to hear Mass and a sermon which they did not understand, the secular arm no longer aided the Church.

Fray Ignacio did what he could. He consecrated the little campo santo in which the dead were buried, and said prayers for their souls. He rang the bell for angelus and vespers, to which only at rare intervals any but a few of the wives of the soldiers came. He heard these good women confess, who had least need of any of his flock for such an exercise, while the real sinners kept away from the confessional. He labored in his little cloister garden and he applied himself to studying the language, in the hope of doing better service when it should be fully acquired; and in the meantime he visited the sick, for he was skilled as a physician, having studied magic in Toledo before devoting himself to divinity.

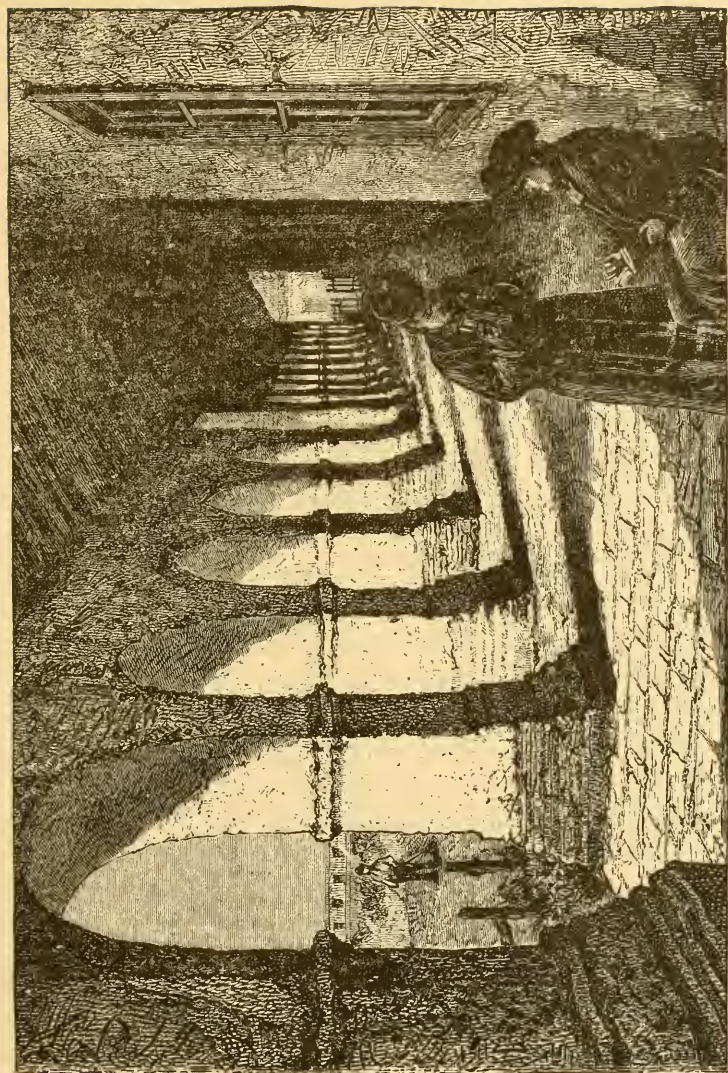
So the first two years of his mission had worn away, and he was obliged to confess, as he made out his quarterly report to send to the Bishop at Santa Fé, and through him to the head of the Franciscan Order in Spain, that it was not an encouraging one.

He turned over the leaves of the record for items;

and those seven hundred names, recorded the first week, made up by far the greater bulk of written matter. Since then he had recorded only the names of the patients he had treated, and the dead he had buried; and he was surprised to see how nearly the names tallied, — whether because the patients had or had not taken his medicines, he could not say.

The Bishop had written him that if he could not make any impression on the older people, he must direct his efforts toward the children. Good advice, certainly; but how was it to be carried out? At that instant his question was answered by an uproar in the chapel. Peeping in through the striped Indian blankets which curtained off the sacristy, he saw that Monita, grown more audacious, had marshalled her troop in the very sanctuary, and was performing for them a travesty of the Mass before the altar.

Issuing suddenly, he confronted the rabble. Some fled, but Monita stood her ground courageously, and the rest waited to protect her. Fray Ignacio, contrary to their expectation, smiled graciously. He could make himself understood in their language now, and he said very kindly: "Ah! dear children, I see you wish to play; come, then, into my little garden, where it is much pleasanter, and where you shall have all the room you desire in which to dance." He opened the door with an engaging smile. The children had not before this seen the interior of the garden, for it was enclosed by the high mud walls of the Mission building, which on the garden side formed long porticos or arched cloisters, pleasant, shady corridors in which to walk. The sun shone brightly on the well-



PLEASANT, SHADY CORRIDORS IN WHICH TO WALK

ordered beds of onions, chilli, and other vegetables edged with flaming Mexican sage and brilliant cacti, and the place looked very inviting; but Monita suspected a trap, and hesitated. Fray Ignacio accordingly went into the garden and busied himself with watering his flowers, taking care to leave the door wide open. Curiosity spurred Monita on; she entered, leaving a guard of small boys to make sure that retreat was not cut off. Fray Ignacio smiled encouragingly, broke off a spray of flowers, and tossed it to her. Monita beckoned to her retinue, and they also entered, plucking the flowers, but with a questioning, sly look. Fray Ignacio, although it tore his heart to see his beloved flowers so ruthlessly gathered, allowed it graciously, and the troop explored the garden with much interest. Only when one bolder than the rest spied his melon-patch and swooped down upon it did he make any objection; at the same time he plucked the largest melon, and cut and distributed it equally. The hungry little horde devoured the melon and asked for more. "To-morrow," said Fray Ignacio; "come to-morrow when I ring the bell, and you shall have some."

On the morrow a larger band of children trooped at the ringing for angelus into the church. They huddled about the door leading into the garden, which to their disappointment was locked. Fray Ignacio came down from the loft where he had been striking the bell with a hammer, and kindly said, "We are ready for melons, is it not so?"

"Melons, melons," clamored the mob of children.

"Good; but first you must repeat a little verse after me;" and the good father gave them the "Ave Maria."

The children laughed and stared, all but Monita, who mimicked him boldly, repeating gibberish instead of the words of the prayer.

“Very good,” said Fray Ignacio, “but you can do better; now try again.”

This time Monita repeated the words correctly after him.

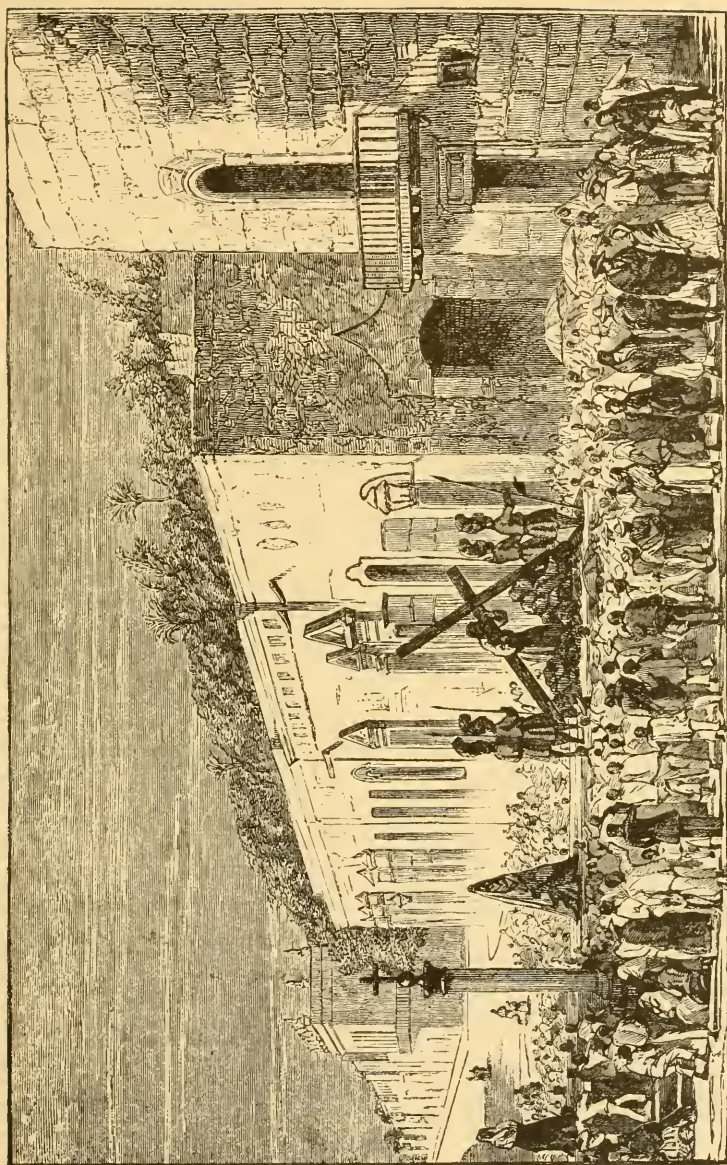
“Now make your company do the same, and you shall all have your melons.”

Monita harangued her followers, and all repeated the prayer with more or less success.

Fray Ignacio at once threw open a door leading into the refectory, — a bare room with a long rough table in the centre, on which were placed two wooden trenchers filled with slices of melon. He had not thought it best to admit this large company into his garden, lest his melon-patch should be despoiled at one fell swoop.

After that and throughout the melon season Fray Ignacio maintained a successful class of young catechumens.

Monita made the most progress; but there were others also who were bright, and who did credit to these oral lessons. But at last the melons were all devoured, and Fray Ignacio was at his wit's end for means of attracting his pupils. Finally he bethought himself of an old bass-viol on which as chorister in the Toledo Cathedral he had been no mean performer. He brought it out one day; but at its first deep bellow the entire class took to their heels, thinking that here was some wild animal of an unknown species. Only the tall boy Popé lingered; he had come to regard with composure



A MIRACLE-PLAY IN MEXICO.

the horses and beeves which the Spaniards had introduced, and he was not to be frightened by this gruff-voiced creature, be it bird or demon.

Fray Ignacio further reassured the boy by singing the words of a Latin hymn to the Virgin, —

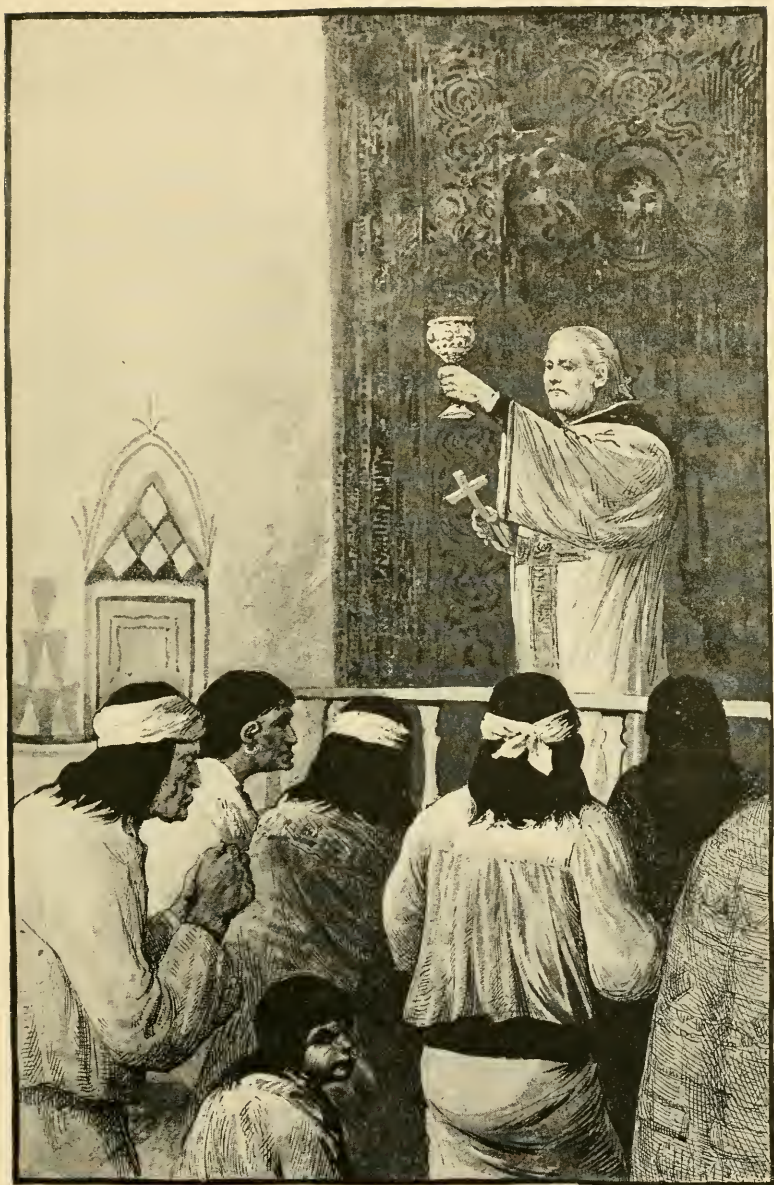
“Ave, Regina cœlorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum.
Salve radix, salve porta,
Ex qua mundo lux est orta.
Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa.
Vale, O valde decora,
Et pro nobis Christum exora,” —

which Fray Ignacio translated afterward into something like the following: —

“Hail, Queen of heaven and angels,
Through whom came earth's true light,
Virgin above all blessed!
Rejoice with great delight,
And beg thy dear Son Jesus
To bless us all to-night.”

Popé realized that this was music, and began to dance solemnly. Monita, peering into the church, lost her fear and entered dancing; and soon the chapel was filled with dancing children. It was a pagan dance, — the “cachina,” which their parents performed at harvest-time in honor of the sun-god; but Fray Ignacio did not check them just then. Afterward he modified the dance into a procession round the church, — a sort of Via crucis, with a pause and a bow before each of the pictures which represented the stations of the cross, and he taught them to sing as they went through, with harsh, unmelodious voices, the words of his favorite hymn.

Fray Ignacio longed sorely for the "passos" and miracle-plays of Spain, and even for the street-pageants of Mexico, where the lives of our Saviour and the saints were acted before the people. Some day, he said to himself, when he had educated a few of the children far enough to understand their parts, he would give a miracle-play, which should be a more popular spectacle than the heathen dances to which the Indians resorted at every opportunity. Meantime, the processions proving a great success, he allowed the more tractable of the children to make the circuit of the village every Sunday, carrying banners, processional crosses and images, censers and holy water, so that the very troop which had mimicked him at the beginning of the year were now his devoted acolytes. He had brought with him from Spain six little red petticoats and six lace overskirts to be used for choir-boys, and he now made these the prizes for advanced scholarship. Monita easily outstripped the others; and although a feminine choir-boy had heretofore been unheard of, her influence among the choristers was so valuable (indeed it was impossible to do anything without her) that Fray Ignacio felt himself justified by the present peculiar circumstances in setting aside church etiquette, and Monita, robed in scarlet and fine linen, was allowed to swing the censer or carry the reliquary as head choir-boy. How she became the means of Fray Ignacio's receiving the turquoise cup will be related in the next chapter.



THE TURQUOISE CUP.

CHAPTER III.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

Thus they looked to the South, wherefrom
The pale-face medicine-man should come,
Not in anger or in strife,
But to bring — so ran the tale —
The welcome springs of eternal life,
The living waters that should not fail.

Said one, "He will come like Maniton,
Unseen, unheard, in the falling dew."
Said another, "He will come full soon
Out of the round-faced watery moon."
And another said, "He is here!" and lo,
Faltering, staggering, feeble, and slow,
Out from the desert's blinding heat
The Padre dropped at the heathen's feet.

BRET HARTE.

FRAY IGNACIO was gaining ground with the children ; but as yet they had no conception whatever of his religion. They liked him ; they saw that he was a benevolent old gentleman, with a weakness for giving away toothsome melons. He bored them, it was true, by insisting on their reciting senseless words after him ; but then again he amused them with processions which were very like games, by allowing them to dress up in gaudy finery, and by drawing such music as they had never before imagined from his wonderful bass-viol.

They had had many discussions in regard to this marvellous instrument. Popé maintained that it was a fetich, an image of some divine bird endowed with the miraculous power of singing or wailing whenever its stomach was properly tickled or beaten by Fray Ignacio's sorcerer's wand.

This opinion gained ground for two reasons: first, from the shape of the instrument, which was held to resemble a turkey-buzzard, — and certainly when Fray Ignacio was performing some of his most difficult passages, he did look like a man wrestling in mortal combat with a fighting ostrich; and secondly, because Popé's father was a sorcerer, and Popé was supposed to be "up in fetiches." The Pueblo Indians are zoötheists, or animal worshippers, and Popé's father carved small stone images of sacred birds and beasts which he sold to hunters to insure them success. So it seemed but natural to the children that the bass-viol was either an image of one of Fray Ignacio's gods or the deity himself.

Popé was still enough of a boy to be allowed his freedom to play with the younger children and to form one of Fray Ignacio's choristers; but he was also enough of a man to understand the injustice which the Spaniards exercised, and the dissatisfaction smouldering in the minds of the people. Still, he liked Fray Ignacio the better the more he came to understand him, — he feared him a little, too, as a sorcerer greater than his own father, for the Fray could make his fetich talk in a melodious though unknown language. Not for worlds would Popé himself have touched the great bass-viol; he would have expected it to stretch out its long neck and peck his eyes out for his presumption.



HER HANDS WERE FOLDED IN PRAYER.

As he came to know Fray Ignacio better, he perceived that he had other gods, though they did not seem so wonderful to Popé as this strange wooden bird. One of these fetiches was a picture of a woman which hung over the high altar. She had a sweet expression, her hands were folded in prayer, she stood upon a crescent moon, and she wore a dark-blue mantle, studded with gold stars, brought up over her head in the same fashion that the Indian women wore their blankets and the Spanish señoras their mantillas. Fray Ignacio spent hours prostrated in prayer before this picture. Monita was also much interested in this sweet-faced woman. Fray Ignacio had told her that she was the especial patroness of the Indians, and had instructed her to keep fresh flowers and a candle always burning before the picture.

One day when Monita and Popé were gathering flowers for this purpose in the cloister-garden the girl asked Fray Ignacio to tell them more about the lady who lived in the chapel, who ate nothing but flowers, and who was afraid of the dark.

Fray Ignacio smiled pityingly. "The Queen of Heaven, 'ex qua mundo lux est orta,' has no fear of darkness or of the powers thereof," he said gently; and then he told them very simply of Christ and of his mother as the Catholic Church understands her.

"Your Jesus is possibly another name for our Montezuma," said Popé. "A long time ago all the Indians were ruled by a good king called Montezuma; but he was killed by wicked men, as you say Jesus was. We have a tradition, handed down from our fathers, that he is to come again, as you say Jesus will, and will rule

over us, and all will be peace and plenty. Every morning beacon-fires are lighted by our medicine-men on the hill-tops to guide him to his own.¹ And one morning, as my father was lighting the sacred fires, he saw the

¹ The following poem by Constance Kay admirably sets forth the legend, and the custom of the Pueblo Indians — which is still adhered to — of

WATCHING FOR MONTEZUMA.

Not many leagues from ancient Santa Fé,
Where children of the forest yet remain,
Bright fires are kindled at the break of day
By dusky hands about a grassy plain.

The "Builders" told this tale to one I knew,
And he in turn repeated it to me;
We could not tell how much of it was true,
This legend of the prairies wild and free:

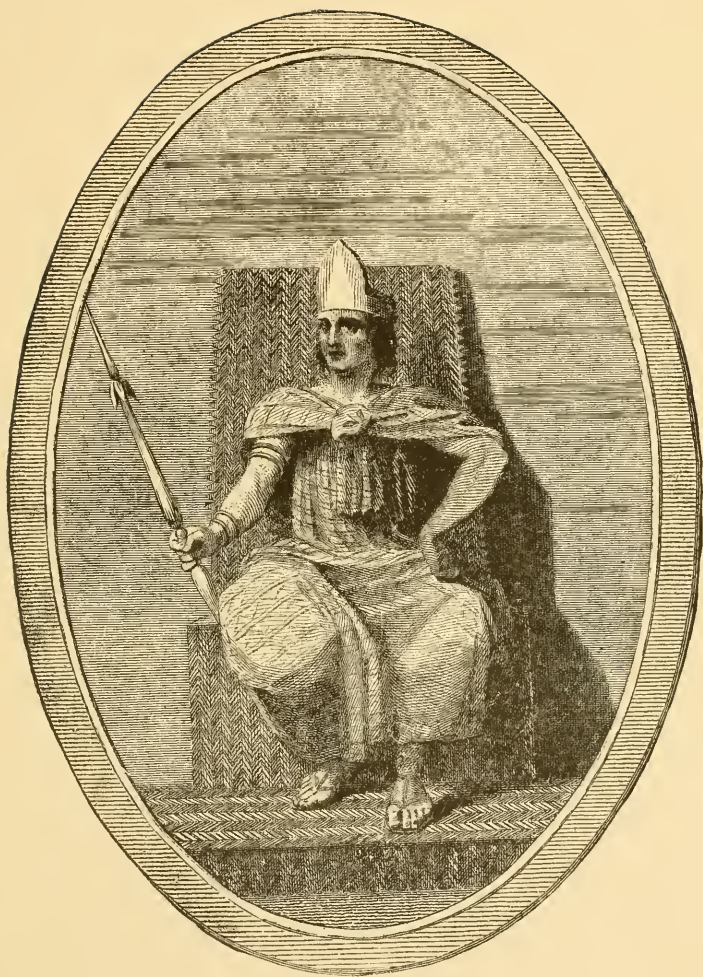
"Long, long ago there dwelt an Indian chief
Whom all the tribe respected and revered;
To him they turned in trouble for relief,
For Montezuma was both loved and feared.

"One day a message came to every ear,—
He wished to meet them in a council grave;
With one accord they all assembled near,
And listened, wond'ring, while these words he gave:

" 'I go away because I wish to learn
About a mighty river broad and deep;
I go to find it, but I shall return.
And every morning, as you wake from sleep,

" 'And see the eastern sky all in a blaze,
Then think of me, — for I go toward the east, —
And build a fire to greet the sun's first rays;
Forget it not until my toil has ceased,

" 'For at the sunrise hour I shall return.
I cannot tell how long my task will be,
But see ye to it that the fires do burn,
And at that hour keep on the watch for me.' "



MONTEZUMA.

Spaniards marching down into this valley. He ran back into the town crying, 'Montezuma is come again!' Then the chief men of our pueblo went out and received you hospitably, and placed themselves and all that they possessed in your hands; but we found out too soon that Montezuma was not with you. I see, however, that you too expect him, though under another name; and it seems to me that this religion which you have been trying to teach us is, after all, our own religion. There are many things in it very similar to our own. We worship the eagle as mediator between earth and heaven: you too have a sacred bird — though it is only a dove, and not so lordly as our eagle — which you call the 'Espirito Santo,' and which is your messenger between the skies and man. There are some things which are different; but that is natural where the language and customs are not the same. If you will place a picture of the sun — which we worship as a glorious angel — in your chapel, and a picture of the frog, which is our mediatory animal between man and water, and the mole between our earth and the underworld; if you will

Still every morning as the glowing sun
Sends his first beams across the level land,
The beacon-fires are lighted, one by one,
While gazing eastward patiently they stand.

And many smile to see them watch and wait,
Or sneer to look upon a faith so blind;
But they whose eyes turn oft to heaven's gate
In these strange scenes can many lessons find.

Our Father, thou whose promises are sure,
And power unlimited, help us to-day
To keep our love as true, our faith as pure
As they who Montezuma's word obey!

give these sacred animals place beside your dove and the saints of whom we have never heard, — my father will, I am sure, receive your religion, and explain to the Indians that it is really their own."

Fray Ignacio was puzzled; he was not willing to admit that this sun-worshipping, animal-canonizing religion was on a par with his own, and yet might it not be possible that the same God and Father of us all had not left these poor children without some vague revelation of himself?

"My religion is your religion," he replied solemnly. "The mother of our Jesus, him whom it is very possible you have been expecting under the name of the old Aztec King Montezuma, has sent me to you to explain it all more clearly. Let me tell you just how it happened. In Old Mexico, where the ancient King Montezuma lived, his people have accepted our religion. They were convinced that it was intended for the Indian as well as the white man by two notable appearances of the Virgin to Indians. The first was to Papantzin, the sister of Montezuma, and the second was that of Our Lady of Guadalupe, of whom Monita was just now asking me, to a poor Indian named Juan Diego. It was only a little more than a hundred years ago, and is well attested. This Juan Diego was going to Mass early one morning when he heard the music of angels and saw a lady standing on a cloud, who told him to go to the good Bishop, Don Juan Zumaraga, and tell him to build a church for Indians upon that spot. The poor man did as he was told; but the Bishop would not believe the prodigy. Again and again the same lady appeared to him with the same command, and Juan

Diego went again to the Bishop, who told him that he must bring some sign that his story was true. The next day Diego's uncle was very ill of the fever; and in hastening for help Diego determined to go round the hill, so as not to be delayed by the persistent lady. But she met him in a new place, and being informed of his haste, told him not to be anxious, for his uncle was cured, but to carry some roses for her to the Bishop, as the sign which he had demanded. Juan Diego turned, and filled his blanket with superb roses growing from a barren rock. These he carried to Bishop Zumaraga, and lo! when he had taken them from the folds of his garment there was the picture of the lady imprinted on his blanket.

"Then the Bishop believed the token, and built a chapel on the hill where the miraculous picture of the Virgin was hung, and named it 'Our Lady of Guadalupe.' Juan Diego became a priest. And from that time, since it was so clearly proved that the Blessed Virgin desired it, the work of Christianizing the Indians went nobly on. I myself have stood in that chapel, and the picture which hangs in our own church is a copy painted on skin of that blessed portrait, — Our Lady the Mother of Jesus, who is the patroness of the poor Indians, and who has sent me to labor for their conversion."

Fray Ignacio's zeal had its natural effect: not only were Monita and Popé won, with many other children, but Monita's father, the old silversmith Koba, became an ardent convert; and even Popé's father, the old sorcerer, though he could not be said to have renounced his former religion, allowed the new one to be grafted

upon it, and desired to be known henceforth by the Christian name which he had received at his compulsory baptism. On consulting the record Fray Ignacio found that he had given him the name of Simon Magus, the sorcerer, and he saw no reason as yet to change it. Simon Magus possessed great influence among the tribe, and by a jesuitical explanation of the new religion as in some way calculated to benefit their temporal condition, he brought in many more converts; and at last a certain success, though far from what he desired, crowned Fray Ignacio's efforts.

It was a part of Monita's duty as altar-boy to scour the church plate, the candlesticks, and the pyx and paten, which were all of pewter. It vexed her that, rub as hard as she might, she could never make these as resplendent as her silver armlets and anklets; and she once complained to Fray Ignacio of the base quality of the church metal. "It is indeed a source of grief to me," said the worthy priest; "and especially that while the drinking-flagons on the table of many a grandee in Spain are of pure silver, the precious blood of our Lord should be poured into so unworthy a chalice. It is one of my dearest hopes that some day some wealthy and generous soul shall make to Our Lady of Guadalupe a present of a cup set with precious stones, worthy of its sacred office."

From that time an intense desire possessed Monita to give that cup. She brought to bear all the influence which she possessed upon her father and Popé. She knew that the assertion that the ornaments which Koba manufactured were hammered from silver dollars was false, and that messengers secretly brought him silver from



MISSION INDIANS.

the great mines, but in small quantities, to avoid suspicion. And she now threatened to confess this to Fray Ignacio, unless he would consent to make her such a cup as she desired. Through Popé she hoped to obtain the gems for its decoration. The images which Simon Magus fashioned as fetiches for the hunters were from cornelian, obsidian or volcanic glass, amethysts, turquoises, and petrified wood; and Monita urged Popé to prevail upon his father to devote the gems in his possession to this object. "There is no need for that," explained Popé; "I know where the turquoises are found. The last hunting expedition which I made was not after antelope, but to get my father a pouch of these stones. I can gather a handful of them for your cup, but you must never, never tell where you obtained them, or these greedy Spaniards will seize everything. Fray Ignacio is all very well; but Captain Zuñiga is quite another kind of animal."

And so the cup was fashioned and displayed, with the result, which Monita had not foreseen, that Captain Zuñiga, who seldom or never entered the little chapel, spied it with his lynx eyes on the first day that it was used. It was not in simple bravado that she had announced herself the donor; Captain Zuñiga would soon have ascertained that fact, and she was determined that he should not vex any of the others. As for herself, she did not fear; the cup was a present to the Virgin, and she placed herself under the direct protection of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECRET TREASURE-CHAMBER.

On the cañon's side, in the ample hollow
That the keen winds carved in ages past,
The castle walls, like the nest of a swallow,
Have clung and have crumbled to this at last.

Above those walls the crags lean over;
Below, they dip to the river's bed;
Between, fierce winged creatures hover;
Beyond, the plains' wild waste is spread.
No foot has climbed the pathway dizzy
That crawls away from the blasted heath
Since last it felt the ever-busy
Foot of Death.

STANLEY WOODS.

MONITA returned to the altar to replace the reliquary. As she did so she saw the Captain whisper to some soldiers, who placed themselves at the different doors of the chapel. She understood instantly that this was to prevent her escape, and that she would have no opportunity to speak to her father. Popé stood beside her, and she told him what had happened. "Tell my father," she said, "not to be worried. Captain Zuñiga will insist on my guiding him to the mines, and I will lead him, — ah! I will lead him such a dance!"

"But you do not know where the mines are, and when he finds that you have fooled him he will kill you," whispered Popé.

"I can escape from him," replied Monita; "I shall take him to the cliffs. I can climb where they can never follow. If I do not come back in three days, look for me."

The service was over, and the congregation filed out. There were none left in the little chapel but Captain Zuñiga, standing grim and stern beside the rude pulpit, Fray Ignacio, kneeling, absorbed in prayer, the two children, shrinking behind the confessional, and the guards at the doors. Finally Fray Ignacio rose, and Captain Zuñiga accosted him.

"I see you have been more fortunate than I, Reverend Father. You have been informed of the secret of the mines; but is it quite right for you to keep all their revenue for the Church? Will not the King, think



THE TREASURE-CHAMBER.

you, demand his royal rights ; and is not something due to the settlers and soldiers who have carved out a way for you ? ”

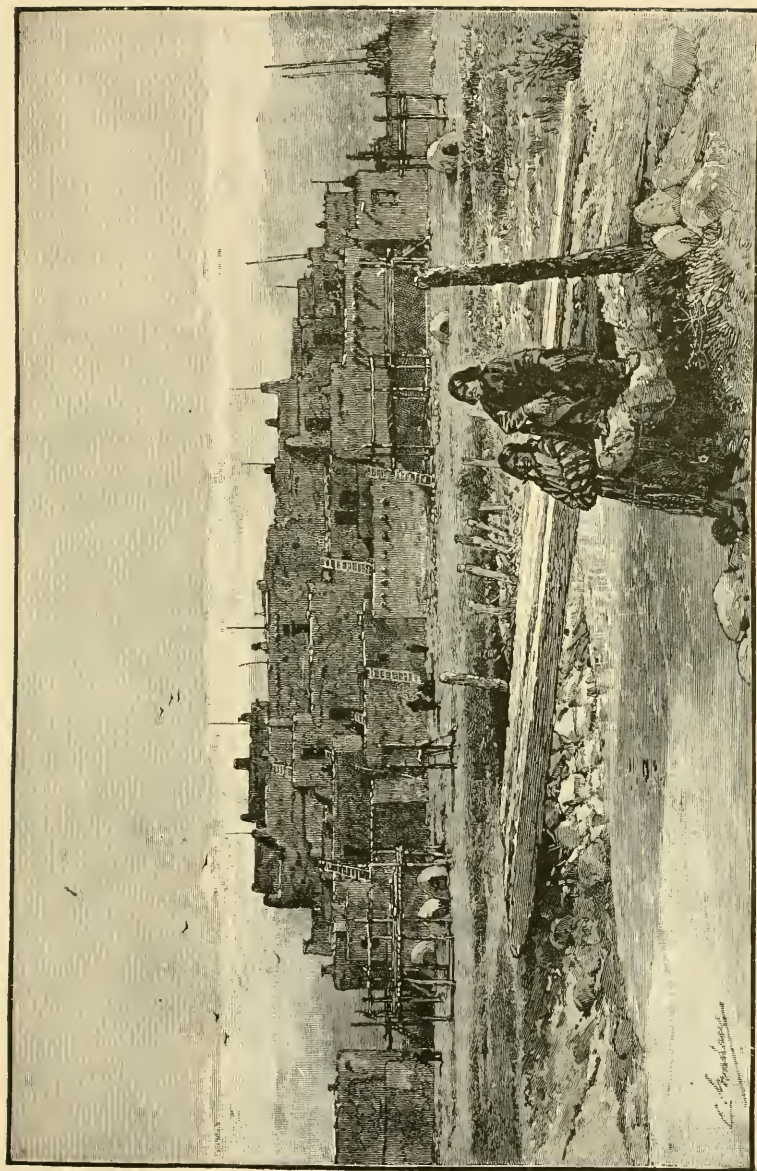
Fray Ignacio bowed meekly. “ I know no more than you, my lord, of the whereabouts of these mines. This cup was given as a free-will offering ; I cannot tell whence it came.”

“ The child Monita has already told. She will guide me to-morrow to the mines ; and that she may not run away in the mean time, I shall confine her for the night in the guard-house. Soldiers, seize the child ! ”

“ Wait,” commanded Fray Ignacio ; “ let me speak to the girl, and let her have time to take off the robes of her office.” He led Monita into the sacristy. “ My child,” he said, “ I am sorry that the Captain has placed his hand on the source of your father’s wealth ; but there is now no help for it, and I counsel you to guide him truly, or it will be worse for you in the end. Sooner or later it was inevitable that he should discover your secret : do not provoke his wrath by attempting to thwart him.”

Monita listened in gloomy silence. She had no intention of following the priest’s well-intentioned advice. She allowed herself to be led to the guard-house, Fray Ignacio following soon after with some supper and a blanket on which she might sleep.

No one paid any attention to Popé, or saw him, mad with indignation, dart out of the church and flee like a silently moving shadow far out over the plain. He hated all the Conquerors, with the exception of Fray Ignacio, and his faith in the new religion was wellnigh destroyed by this fresh act of tyranny. At length, when



THE PUEBLO OF TAOS.

he had raced until completely exhausted, he threw himself on the ground and sat nursing his knees until the stars came out ; then he returned to the village and gave Koba the message which Monita had sent.

“She will escape them among the caverns in the cliffs, and in three days I will go in search of her and take her to the pueblo of Taos, which is farther away from Santa Fé, where the Indians are more warlike than we.”

Koba heard the news without much misgiving ; his ruling emotion was pride in his daughter. “She cannot betray the secret of the mines, for she does not know it, and she is capable of taking care of herself. You will see.”

The next morning Captain Zuñiga, after interrogating Monita, set out upon his expedition of discovery. The child told him what was perfectly true, — that she knew of no mines, but that away to the northwest there were high cliffs, honeycombed with caves and dwellings, which had been the residence of some vanished people, perhaps their own ancestors, — they had no records of them, and could not say. Here they had found a cache, or treasure-chamber, from which she had brought to her father jewels and articles of gold and silver. What she neglected to tell the Captain was that this chamber had long ago been emptied of all its contents which were of any value, and that it was situated so high up in the cliff as to be practically inaccessible.

The exploring party, consisting of half the soldiers in the garrison, — for Captain Zuñiga feared some treachery on the part of Monita, and there were wild Indians, Utes and Narajors, away to the northwest, — started in

the early morning, taking with them a train of sumpter-mules with panniers in which to bring back the treasure. Monita was at first compelled to run in advance; but after their noonday halt, as the sun poured down pit-



ONE OF THE PACK-ANIMALS.

ilessly on her unprotected head, and her feet were sore with cactus-spines, the Captain allowed her to perch upon one of the pack-animals. He was moved to this act of mercy by Fray Ignacio, who had decided to accompany the expedition, and who ambled along in the rear on his own fat and lazy

mule Peloncillo, or "brown sugar,"—so named from her sweetness of disposition. All day long the band moved steadily onward: at first through a chaparral or thicket of dwarf sunflowers, their bold brown faces nodding saucily, like the heads of so many Indian children topped with gorgeous war-bonnets of some flaunting yellow plumage: on through the orange sea and out upon a plain, with clumps of low-growing pinyon-trees here and there, with flaming cacti-blossoms surmounting their misshapen plants; and now and then Monita would slip from her mule to pluck an evening-primrose and carry it to Fray Ignacio. The child seemed bewitched by the jasmine-like odor of the flowers, and was always on the alert to find them, sniffing the air and searching patiently when the penetrating

fragrance told her that one must be hidden near by. Presently even these traces of vegetation disappeared; the party seemed to have struck into a dried water-course; the land grew more and more barren and rocky, ascending by a sort of irregular natural stairway full of barrancas, or holes made by washouts, between low hills toward the cliffs which loomed in the distance.

"Muy feo camino" (a very bad road), grumbled the men, while the fiery Castilian horses strained and slipped and stumbled. The staying-powers of the mules and their surefootedness brought them to the front, and Fray Ignacio serenely chanted the praises of Peloncillo in Latin:—

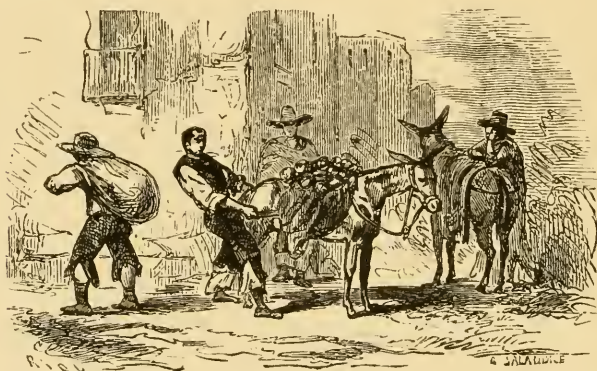
"Orientis partibus
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus.
He, Sire Ane, he!"

which may be translated freely:—

"From parts of the East
Came this gentle beast,
So handsome and brave,
Yet man's willing slave.
All hail to the donkey! let 's sing him a stave."

At last, having clambered through winding arroyas or gulches, through narrow passes and up difficult defiles, they reached the moraine which led to the foot of the cliff. There it towered above them a sheer rocky wall of red sandstone some two hundred feet in height. In places the wall was striated with strata of rock and earth of different colors, and it has been suggested that the Indians gained the designs of gay

stripes and bands which they weave in their blankets from these bizarre markings. Half-way up the face of the cliff were hundreds of cave-like openings, some partially closed by walls of masonry of a different and harder stone than that in the neighborhood. How these blocks had been hoisted to their present position, no one knew, for the race which had formerly inhabited these dwellings had passed away, leaving no traditions. Over



“MAN’S WILLING SLAVE.”

some of the openings rafters and solid beams projected, which had once formed roofs and balconies ; some had been plastered and painted, others were merely holes like the nesting-places of swallows. Panting, the party paused at the foot of the cliff, and craned their necks to stare upward.

“Where is the treasure-chamber ?” asked Captain Zuñiga.

Monita led him along the base of the cliff to where the wall was highest and most perpendicular, and pointed upward. Two thirds of the distance to the

top there seemed to be a natural cavern or shelf of the rock, overhung by a beetling crag; and in this cranny in the cliff was built a house of two stories, its roof and rear wall the cliff, but its front and sides of carefully laid stones. There were windows in the front, and a door on one side opening upon the rocky shelf, while on the other a small cistern was hollowed in the rock, from which the water had been probably hoisted to a window above.

“You go in at the door on this side,” explained Monita, “and you will find a passage-way leading into the heart of the mountain; you have only to follow it to find the cache.”

The soldiers laughed mockingly. “You go in at the door: that is well; but how? None of us can fly.”

“You have only to follow me,” replied Monita; and she ran up the sloping talus formed of débris which the weather had splintered from the cliff, until she reached a point at an angle from the house where notches had been cut in the wall, making a foothold for a very bold and expert climber. Into these crevices she inserted her hands and feet, hugging the wall closely, and climbing along the face of the cliff slowly but surely toward a little bracket of rock, on which a trail zigzagged up to the shelf which formed the porch of the strange house.¹

Every one held his breath as she drew herself up over the projecting bracket; but her grip was firm, and having reached this point of vantage, the rest of the way was easy. A cheer of admiration rang from the men as she reached the house and disappeared in

¹ See frontispiece.

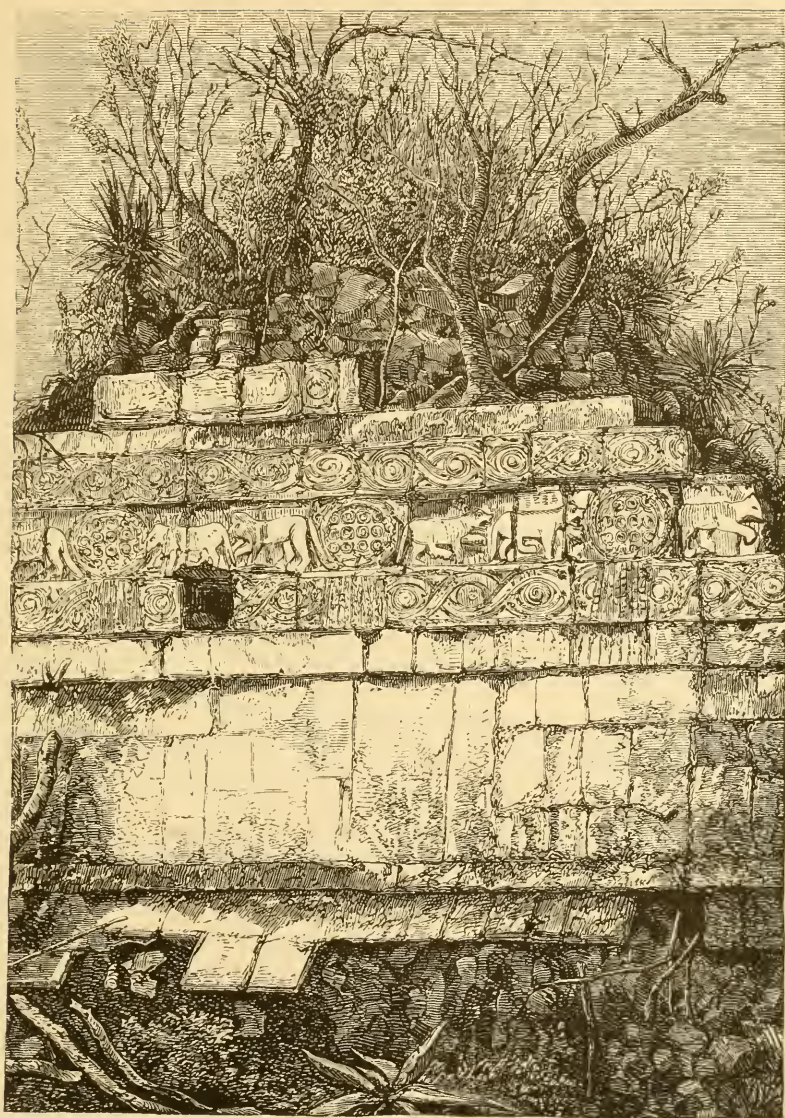
the interior: a cheer followed by intense silence. How was any one to follow her? How had that house ever been built in so uncanny a place? Was it not the work of wizards?

Captain Zuñiga turned to two of the men who had been sailors, and commanded them to climb; but they shook their heads. "Give us but a mast, be it ever so unsteady, or a rope's end; but that sheer wall! it is more than the rashest hunter of gull's eggs would attempt."

It was growing dark in the valley; and there being nothing else to be done, the party went into camp. Water had been brought with them in wine-skins, and fires were speedily kindled, around which the soldiers, too tired even to gamble, soon fell asleep.

But Captain Zuñiga still stared up at the cliff, which, though not so finely sculptured as the more southern palaces, was still grand and white in the moonlight; and as he looked, he strove to devise some means for accomplishing its ascent. Presently he threw up his hand with a gesture of triumph, and wrapping his cloak about him, lay down with a satisfied grunt. But he did not fall asleep at once; he was disturbed by a low, monotonous sound; and turning, he saw Fray Ignacio reading his breviary and praying aloud. —

"Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi. — He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," read the good man, "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Surely Monita was in the secret place of the Most High, and she must be safe. He read on with a growing faith which triumphed over all dismay: "He shall deliver thee from the snare of



SCULPTURE FROM THE SOUTHERN PALACES.

the fowler," on to "thou shalt see the reward of the wicked." Captain Zuñiga did not understand Latin, but he felt that Fray Ignacio's prayers were hardly likely to aid his schemes; and the priest rolled out the last sonorous words, "*retributionem peccatorum videbis*," with such gusto that he could not help thinking there was something personal in them, and he angrily bade him reserve his devotions for a more seemly hour.

Morning dawned, and Captain Zuñiga's plan developed itself. "That house is not far from the top of the cliff; we will make a *détour*, climb the mountain from the opposite side, and then some one can be let down from the top with ropes."

After breakfast a detachment of the party proceeded to reconnoitre the cliff, and after some hours' search succeeded in finding an approach to the top. They mounted enthusiastically, and found on the summit the ruins of what Fray Ignacio, who had seen similar remains in Mexico and Yucatan, thought must have been a Toltec city. They would have explored these with interest, but for the particular errand on which they had come. They hurried to the edge of the cliff; but each as he leaned over, shrank back pale and dizzy. Even the sailors, who had boasted that they would do anything at a rope's end, declined to be lowered.

Captain Zuñiga caused a windlass to be constructed from some trees growing on the summit, and ordered a number of long leather lariats, such as the Spanish herdsmen carry at their saddle-bow, to be firmly knotted together. Then he offered a prize to any one who would descend; but no one volunteered. It was in vain that he fumed and raged, calling them all

cowards; the soldiers shrugged their shoulders, and one of them remarked beneath his breath that they were no greater cowards than the Captain himself. The Captain heard this, and stung by the imputation, ordered the men to lower him.

Very steadily this was accomplished; and presently Monita, who had not anticipated this means of ap-



ON THE SUMMIT, — RUINS.

proach, was startled by seeing his form swing by the window. For an instant she hesitated. There was a stone tomahawk with sharpened edge at her hand: she might cut that line, and let him fall into the chasm below. But some divine impulse moved within her, and instead, as he swung once more within reach, she clung to the side of the window with one hand, and with the

other caught and steadied the lariat, thus enabling the Captain to scramble inside. He was sick with dizziness when he entered, and not a little surprised at her help, though he attributed it only to motives of policy. He regarded her for an instant with a strange expression, which was almost gratitude; then demanded gruffly, "Where are the treasures?"

Monita spread open her hands deprecatingly: "They have been carried away; the vault is empty."

An expression of the intensest rage swept over the Captain's countenance; he bounded into the cave at the back of the house, and convinced himself by a hasty inspection that she spoke the truth. There were only a few articles of pottery, jars glazed and colored and incised in various patterns, ashes from a fire long quenched, and a few stone implements.

Beside himself with madness, he dashed at the child, who shrank from him outside the window, clinging to the sill for support. To the horror of the spectators at the foot and at the top of the cliff, the Captain unsheathed his sword and hacked brutally at the little fingers, until they relaxed their grasp, and with one wild, despairing cry Monita dropped down the sheer precipice and lay motionless at the foot of the cliff.

CHAPTER V.

OUR LADY DEL PILAR.

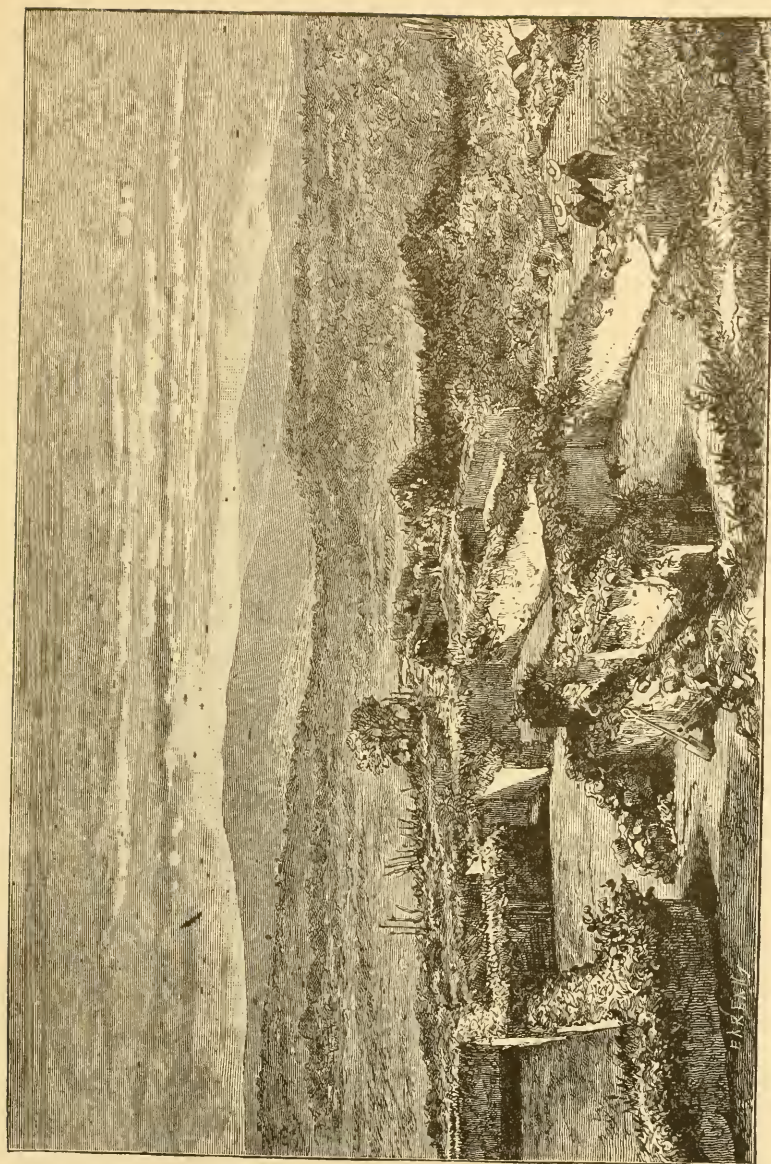
Shine brighter now, ye stars that crown
Our Lady del Pilar,
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador
Ruy Diaz de Bivar!

SOUTHEY.

“QUONIAM angelis suis mandavit de te.” cried Fray Ignacio in an agony of fear, “in manibus portabunt te.”¹

And yet it must be confessed that his faith was very weak; and as he rushed horror-stricken down the winding path up which he had toiled so cautiously, it was not so much with any idea of aiding Monita (she must be past all help now) as from a mortal repugnance to meeting the Captain, who was being hoisted to the summit. The thought that he might possibly reach her before she breathed her last, and administer the sacrament (which he always carried on such expeditions in a case next his heart), gave wings to his feet, and he hastened to the spot where the child lay. To his surprise, although unconscious, she was still living. A hasty examination showed that her left arm and two

¹ For he shall give his angels charge over thee. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. — *Psalm xci.* 11 and 12.



RUINS OF A TOLTEC PALACE.

ribs were broken ; what internal injuries there might be he could not tell. One of the soldiers set the arm and applied a plaster to the hurt side. The pain which this operation caused brought Monita to herself. She bore up bravely when she found that she was in Fray Ignacio's arms, closing her eyes and allowing them to do with her what they pleased, only insisting on holding the padre's hand with her right one. Fray Ignacio bound up the bleeding fingers, and some of the soldiers constructed a litter, while others volunteered to carry it in turn. They were not all devoid of every spark of divine pity, these rough men. There were some among them who had done more cruel deeds than this of their chief ; but there were others who were like Spain's great knight, the Cid, who could be fierce and brutal when heated by battle, but could not abide an act of cold-blooded barbarity, especially in others. These, with a rough courtesy worthy of Ruy Diaz, placed the wounded girl upon the litter and scowled a surly disapprobation upon their leader.

Captain Zuñiga himself had had time to consider when he joined them, and as he saw the scowls of disapprobation on the faces of his men, was rather glad than otherwise that Monita had not been killed by her fall. As soon as the noon-day heat had abated, he gave the order to return to the presidio. He made no objection when the men took up the litter, but placing himself at the head of his troop, affected not to see what was done. And now it was Fray Ignacio's turn to look for the evening-primroses, and, gently disengaging his hand, to pick such as he was fortunate enough to find, and lay them on Monita's breast. The

contorted lines in her face always relaxed as she recognized the sweet perfume.

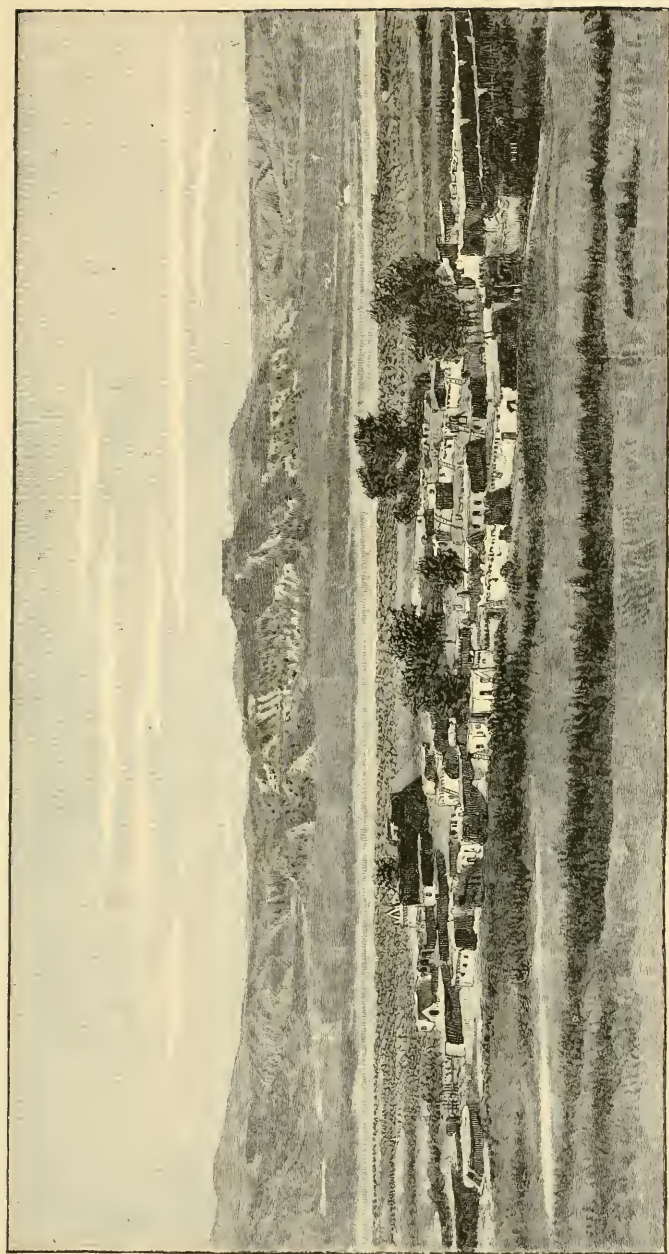
They marched all night, and at sunrise approached the pueblo. Montezuma's beacon-fire was burning dimly in the light of dawn on a mound not far from the village, and an erect young form was outlined beside it darkly against the glowing sky. It was some one watching, but not for Montezuma; for his gaze was directed toward the west, and he bounded down the slope of the natural watch-tower as he saw the approaching company, and ran to meet it.

It was Popé, and he uttered a cry of despair as he caught sight of the litter. Fray Ignacio took him by the hand. "Hush!" he said; "she is not dead, only hurt; and if you are noisy you will disturb her. She fell from the cliff. Go and tell her parents, and say that I shall take her to my own house, where there is more room and I can nurse her better."

But Popé would not stir from the litter; he watched Monita with an agonized expression, and marched on steadily beside her, uttering no word, and apparently deaf to all that was said to him, until the men carried the litter through the church and the bright little cloister garden and laid the child on the priest's bed. Then he darted away, and presently returned with his father, the old medicine-man. "I have brought him to cure her," he said.

"What would you do for the child, Simon Magus?" asked the padre.

The sorcerer shook his head, and pointed to her rising color. "She has the fever," he said; "she will die. Nevertheless, I will give her a sweat-bath; I will paint



AT DAWN THEY APPROACHED THE PUEBLO.

her, to strengthen her heart ; I will bring some fetiches, — but it is of no use, she will die.”

“Stop,” said Fray Ignacio. “You say that she will die, in spite of anything you can do : then leave her with me ; bring your fetiches if you will, but do not carry her away. Sit outside the chapel-door, and beat your tom-tom to keep away the bad god, and let me beseech the good One to cure her, and do my best for her here.”

Simon Magus consented readily. He was too shrewd a physician to desire a hopeless case : if the padre took care of her, no one could blame the sorcerer if she died. He was pleased with the suggestion that he might do something, and he carried his drum to the church-steps, and served Fray Ignacio by answering the inquiries of the curious and the anxious.

“And now,” said the padre to Popé, “where are the child’s parents ? Why does not Koba, the silversmith, come to inquire for his daughter ?”

“They ran away,” Popé replied, “to Taos when Monita led the Spaniards on this expedition, and they expect her to meet them there.”

“Then go to them and tell them what has happened. I shall need her mother’s help in nursing the child.”

But Popé shook his head. “Others have legs, send them ; I will stay and help you nurse Monita.”

Another messenger was sent, and Fray Ignacio and Popé applied themselves to their task. The boy was of more help than the padre had anticipated. He watched the little patient devotedly when Fray Ignacio snatched a few moments’ sleep in the hammock in the cloister, or performed his chapel duties. He seemed never to sleep himself ; for while the padre was at the

child's bedside he prepared his meals, ran errands, swept the chapel, pounded the bell with the great iron hammer, after the Spanish style, instead of ringing it, glided here and there, alert, silent, uncompromisingly faithful.

At length, one dark night, Monita's mother stole silently in like a ghost and took her place by her child. Then Popé gave a grunt of satisfaction, which was at the same time a moan of weariness, and curling up in the corner of the room, fell asleep. Koba had not dared to come back. He feared that Captain Zuñiga would torture him until he revealed the secret of the silver mines, and then kill him; but mother-love was stronger in this poor woman's heart than the fear of death, and she had walked many weary miles to leave a place of safety for one of peril for her child's sake.

We have said that Fray Ignacio had learned some secrets of the healing art from a study of the old Moorish books of alchemy left from the Saracen school of magic in Toledo which existed in that city before the expulsion of the Moors. The Inquisitor, Cardinal Ximenes, had given orders that this splendid Arabic library and laboratory, which was little more than one of chemistry after all,¹ should be burned; but the ex-

¹ A glance at the many terms now used in chemistry which show traces of their Arabic origin in the prefix *al*, the Arabic word for "the," will show how deeply indebted is our modern chemistry to the Al-chemy (=the chemistry) of the Saracens.

Some of the more common of these words are, —

Al-cohol = the spirit.

Al-embic = the cup.

Al-kali = the soda.

Al-udel = the still.

They are found not in chemistry alone, but in other departments of science; as al-gebra, al-manach, and the names of many of the stars.



THE LITTLE PATIENT.

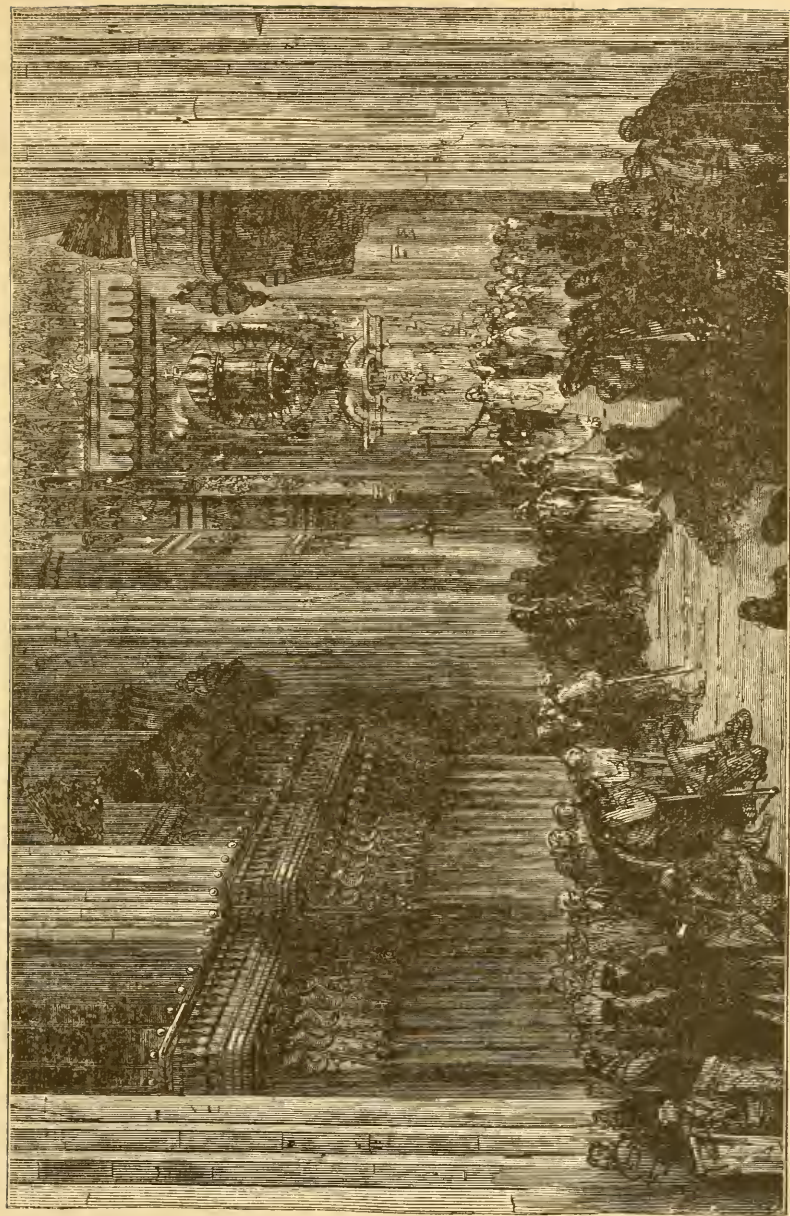
aminers secretly spared some on account of the beauty of their illuminations. These were preserved in Fray Ignacio's convent; and as he had studied Arabic under the impression that he might be sent on a mission to the Infidels, he was able to read them. Some of the knowledge thus obtained he now applied to Monita's case. The broken bones united, the flesh-wounds healed, by degrees the fever reached its height and passed: but Monita did not recover. There was some hidden trouble which all the leech's medicaments could not reach, and the child lay in the hammock, which hung in the cloister, an entire year after the accident, still unable to use her lower limbs. Her form was wasted with fever, and her eyes were hollow with the suffering which she still endured. There was something wrong with her back, and her legs were paralyzed. Fray Ignacio, anxious and helpless, looked pityingly at his little charge, and wondered if Monita, the frolicsome, dancing, climbing sprite, must be a cripple all her life. He had brought the Virgin of Guadalupe away from her station above the high altar, and had hung the picture opposite the head of Monita's hammock, where the child could hourly supplicate her mercy, and where the Virgin must have her constantly under her notice. He had done more. To remind the Virgin of Monita's generosity, he had built a bracket under the picture, and on this he had placed the precious cup which the child had given to the Virgin, and for which she had paid so dearly.

Popé, following Fray Ignacio's questioning glance toward these sacred objects, remarked one morning, "This lady-god does not seem to know much about curing backs."

"Hush!" replied Fray Ignacio; "it is she, doubtless, who has saved Monita's life."

And then he reflected silently for a few moments. According to his belief, the boy might be right. In Spain the Holy Virgin of Zaragoza, Nuestra Señora del Pilar, was besought by all cripples. No lame person would have thought of asking the intervention of any other Virgin, however famous. Every great cathedral in Spain had its image of the Madonna; but these images had each their particular mission-field, as it were. Our Lady of Valencia was the patroness of the insane. The Virgin of the Fray's own city, Toledo, was the liberator of captives and prisoners. He remembered how her shrine was hung with broken manacles taken from Christian slaves liberated from the Infidel. Other holy images had such offices as the care of souls in purgatory, the guardianship of the royal family. He had thought that Our Lady of Guadalupe, as the special protectress of the Indians, was the proper one to be besought in this instance; but perhaps she had done her best, and her knowledge of surgery was not equal to the present emergency. He knew that the shrine of Del Pilar was festooned with wax limbs, models of legs which had been restored from lameness by the Virgin of Zaragoza, and that sheafs of crutches fenced her altar. He had kissed the pillar on which it was said the Mother of our Lord descended while still alive, being borne hither miraculously from Palestine to comfort Saint James, who was much discouraged in his missionary work among the Infidels.

Fray Ignacio told the children of this Virgin and her traditions. "If I could only send her a votive offer-



IN SPAIN THE HOLY VIRGIN OF ZARAGOZA WAS BESOUGHT BY ALL CRIPPLES.

ing," he said, "I am sure she would have pity on our Monita. The Bishop at Santa Fé will be sending back to Spain by the supply-ship which sails from Mexico this fall, and I might send our adorable cup to Nuestra Señora del Pilar; but Our Lady of Guadalupe would not like to be deprived of it."

Popé listened intently; then, having sat for a while, he silently went out. He did not come back that night, nor the next morning; two, three days passed, and still he did not come. The Fray was used to these unexplained absences, however. Not infrequently he would be gone from the pueblo for days at a time. He was of an age now to be counted into some of the working-gangs; but as he was useful to Fray Ignacio, Captain Zuñiga had assigned him to the Church. The padre was an easy master; he took it for granted that Popé had been off on a hunting expedition, and never upbraided him or inquired closely into the cause of his long absences. Not another Indian in the pueblo was so free in his going and coming. He came back on the fourth day, tired and dusty as usual; but this time, contrary to his usual custom, he volunteered an explanation.

"That other lady needn't be jealous now, she have pretty stones plenty;" and he handed Fray Ignacio a handful of turquoises of varying sizes, of irregular shape, and of a beautiful robin's-egg blue color. He refused to tell where he obtained them. He had split them from the quarries, that was all; it was where he went to procure stones for his father's fetiches. He had carried them in his cheeks, like a squirrel; for his mouth was his only pocket, and if he had run any risk of detection, he would have swallowed them.

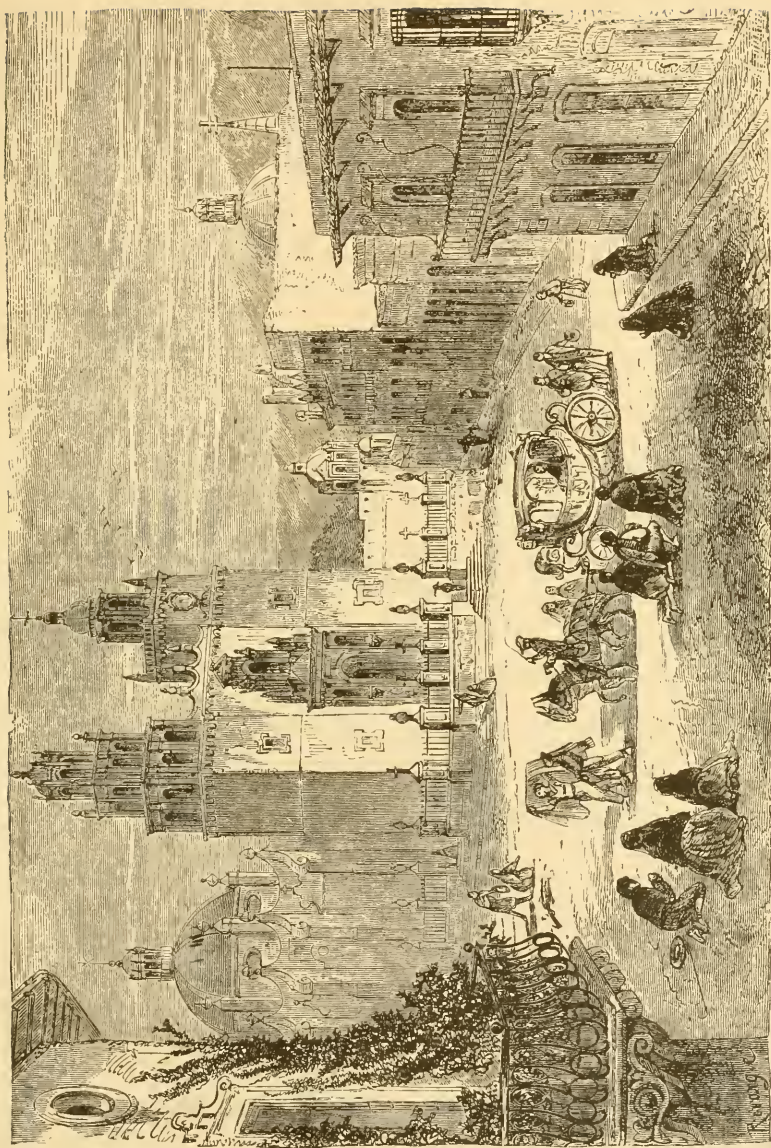
"I will send these to Our Lady of Zaragoza," said Fray Ignacio, much pleased; "I have no doubt she will be gracious. I remember that our royal queen hung an image of this Virgin round the neck of her favorite bull-fighter. I have seen him perform the most wonderful feats in the ring. It was beautiful. it was divine, to see him jump clear over the horns of the bull, and seize his tail and twist it, then jump and run! His legs were even more nimble than thine, my Monita. Such beautiful legs, too, in light-green satin small-clothes, with rose-colored silk stockings. It must have done Del Pilar's heart good to protect those legs, for no lady could help admiring them."

"And did she protect them?" Monita asked.

"His legs? Oh, yes! a barbarian of a bull trampled him to death and horribly mangled his poor face; but his legs were never injured, they were under the care of Del Pilar!"

Fray Ignacio spent much time polishing and cutting the turquoises. "I have seen some which came from Persia," he said, "which were cut very cunningly by the Orientals; they had scratched words from the Koran in their strange Arabic letters on the stones, and had then filled the grooves with gold. They were very beautiful, but no one dared to wear them, on account of the inscriptions."

"These stones," he continued, "are in their natural state amulets. They will change color if the one who gave them is in any sickness or trouble, no matter if the sea lie between them and him. Whereby some have rashly concluded that it is by the art of the devil that they do this. But this to me is manifest heresy,



THE ARCHBISHOP AND VICEROY OF MEXICO.

for the devil doth nothing for love, but for hate. Whereby I conclude that this grace is given them by Our Lady, who is love itself, and that these stones are especially favored and beloved of her."

In spite of Fray Ignacio's simple faith and Popé's offering, which the good priest had sent on the first occasion to Zaragoza, another year passed by, and Monita grew no better. One day there came to Fray Ignacio a letter which filled him with great longing.

The Bishop of Santa Fé wrote that on the next return of the supply-ship the most excellent and illustrious Fray Payo de Rivera Enriquez, at the same time Archbishop and Viceroy of Mexico, wished to send back to Spain to be educated a few Christianized Indian boys and girls as the fruits of the frontier missions, to show the Church at home what was being done by her faithful soldiers at the front. The Bishop of Santa Fé confessed that in all his diocese he was able to number but three who would be a credit to the cause; and this, he intimated, was owing to the fact that the governors of the presidios had not favored the establishment of schools, or aided the friars in their efforts, but had kept at hard labor all but infants of most tender years. He trusted that in Fray Ignacio's flock some might be found forward in the use of the Spanish language, of prepossessing manners, and intelligently indoctrinated into the mysteries of the holy religion.

Fray Ignacio looked lovingly at Monita. Who so well fitted as she to do credit to his labors? And if she were once in Spain, and could be anointed with the oil from the silver lamps which swung before Del Pilar's shrine, which possessed such a miraculous heal-

ing power, he had no doubt she would recover. But it was impossible to send her in her present condition, and with a heavy sigh he told Popé of the opportunity just beyond their reach.

Popé rose to his full height. "Monita must go," he said. "The medicine-woman of the Pilar does not care for the blue stones; we must give her a more costly present. Fray Ignacio, I know the secret of the mines. No one knows it in this village but Koba and myself. I was Koba's messenger. If Monita is cured, I will take you to them, and you may have as much silver as you want for the medicine-woman and our Lady of Guadalupe, and for the great singing turkey and yourself; but you must not tell Captain Zuñiga, or any of his men, or he will take the mines away from us entirely."

This was important information. Fray Ignacio pondered on it seriously. He forgot the counsel to submission which he had previously given. He saw no reason now why he should inform Captain Zuñiga; these mines might be kept as the patrimony of the Church in trust for the Indians. He would not even inform the Bishop at Sante Fé, or the Archbishop-Viceroy in Mexico. He would send a letter directly by the hand of Monita (if she recovered sufficiently to undertake the journey) straight to a friend of his, a young nobleman, Don José Sarmiento de Valladares, with whom he had had many talks in his student days in Spain in reference to the Indians of the New World. Don José had a reason for being interested in the Indians now which Fray Ignacio little suspected; but he knew that his friend was high-minded and chival-

rous, and that he possessed great influence at court. Through him he hoped to obtain a royal grant for any silver mines which he might discover.

Fray Ignacio had been in the city of Mexico in 1667, at the dedication of the cathedral, and had seen the silver image of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, twenty pounds in weight and a yard high, which the silversmiths of Mexico presented as their offering. The silversmiths of Spain at this period and during the century before had made those wonderful altar-railings of which the few that remain are the envy and admiration of the artists of our own day. There were hanging-lamps and branching candelabra and other vessels of the sanctuary for which these mines might be used ; but to do Fray Ignacio justice, it was for none of these symbols of outward pomp for which he coveted this great wealth. These mines belonged to the Indians, and they ought to be held by the Church, he argued, in trust for them, the revenue to be expended for their moral, political, and physical welfare. He had studied carefully the life of Las Casas, and he longed to follow in that good man's footsteps and to be himself a second protector of the Indians. With these mines at his command he could travel, obtain the ear of princes, see to the enforcing of laws, publish books, and be a power for the right ; and Fray Ignacio had learned by bitter experience that good schemes needed money to push them quite as much as evil ones. His mind was seething with great plans for his poor Indians, but he did not forget the special case in behalf of which Popé had made this great offering.

Was it a miracle, or an instance of mind-cure ? As

Fray Ignacio in the mud chapel offered a special service to the Virgin, promising to send to her shrine in Zaragoza the fruit of his first visit to the fabulous mines, and was concluding the dedication with his favorite hymn; as he drew the bow across the strings of his bass-viol, — voices were heard singing in the sacristy, and as in their usual vesper service, the children of the choir marched in, led by Monita in her scarlet and white robes, tottering and weak, but walking and singing, —

“Gaude, Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa.”

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN ZUÑIGA'S SECRET.

“Fair damsel,” quoth Calaynos, “if thou wilt go with me,
Say what may win thy favor, and thine that gift shall be.
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red, red gold, and rich the silver pale.”

J. G. LOCKHART: Collection of Ancient Spanish Ballads.

WE have hinted at a romance in the life of Captain Zuñiga, and must now explain it; for, in a thoroughly selfish way, it was woven into the man's life and ambition.

It has been stated that he came to America at the instance of his kinsman, the Viceroy Francisco Fernandez de la Cueva, the Duke of Albuquerque, to aid in the formation of the colony which planted the town of Albuquerque in New Mexico. This was the apparent and final cause for this important step; but a great change in a man's life has generally many obscure causes, starting far back, and working on silently until the great opportunity comes.

The De la Cuevas, with whom he was connected on his mother's side, had been interested in the New World ever since Doña Francisca de la Cueva married the great-grandson of Montezuma, Don Diego Luis de Montezuma, a young Indian whom Don Martin Cortez (grandson of the Conqueror) brought back to Spain

with him. This marriage was variously regarded by Doña Francisca's family, some considering it a misalliance, and others, who held that young Montezuma was a prince, and legitimate heir to the Mexican throne, thinking it a step up in the world for the señorita. It pleased the Spanish monarchs to make pets of the descendants of this marriage. Certain revenues and privileges were granted them, — the right to import cocoa and other products without paying duties; and a long array of empty titles, among which was that of Prince or Princess of Tula, — a lovely valley in Mexico which had been the home of the wife of the first Montezuma, a valley still famous for the beauty of its Indian girls. The son of this marriage, Don Diego Luis Montezuma de la Cueva, was brought up at court as the Queen's page. Here he married a noble Spanish lady, who became the mother of a gentle girl, Doña Geronima Maria Andrea Montezuma, who was destined to play a part in the history of Mexico.

Captain Zuñiga had known this distant cousin. He was not constituted with a nature of sufficient fineness to appreciate her beautiful character, but he could recognize her beauty, and he had a very keen realization of her favored position in regard to rank and wealth. He had said to his mother once in a spasm of envy: "I shall go to the Indies to my uncle the Viceroy, and then marry the daughter of some cannibal; for the De la Cuevas, who have kept their line of descent pure by marrying into old hidalgo families, are no better off than Saint Francis, who took Doña Poverty as his spouse, while these mongrels are the favorites of royalty and of fortune."



THE SORCERER.



The Captain's mother looked at her son meaningly. "You can find your cannibal princess nearer to your hand than the Indies," she replied.

The young man made a hasty and uncomplimentary remark; but as he strolled up and down the Alameda that evening, and saw Doña Geronima, with a rose at her ear, reclining beside her mother in the family carriage, the observed and admired of many a young courtier, he began to think that his mother's plan might not be such a bad one after all. He accordingly gave the devoted woman permission to propose for him, and waited with some trepidation for the result.

Captain Zuñiga's mother performed the delicate errand during a pause in a bull-fight at which she happened to be seated next to Doña Geronima's mother. That lady confidentially imparted the secret to her husband before the spectacle was over. This was against all rules of Spanish etiquette. The proposal should have been made in a formal call with all the punctilios of stately politeness; but the bull which had just been despatched before them had proved a good fighter, having mangled five horses and killed two picadors; so that the Count de Montezuma was in good humor, and informed Doña Zuñiga that he had determined to marry his daughter to some gentleman of noble lineage who would win back for her, either through royal favor, conspiracy, or valor, all her hereditary estates in Mexico and the position of first lady in that land.

Madame Zuñiga was somewhat discouraged; not so her son. "One De la Cueva is viceroy of Mexico now," he said; "why may I not obtain the position? We

have no influence with the King ; I must go out to the Indies and see what can be accomplished there."

And so, without seeking an interview with the lady he intended to make his bride, who was all this time in utter ignorance of the honor designed for her. Captain Zuñiga had embraced an opportunity which soon offered itself to emigrate to Mexico, taking with him one of his numerous sisters, who, it was hoped, would marry well in that distant land.

His first business upon his arrival had been to investigate what he considered his cousin's chances in the country. He found that the Indian population of the capital, and of course of the State, far exceeded the Spanish ; but the Indians were gentle, peaceable, and at this time not at all inclined to rebel against the Spaniards. They remembered Montezuma with love and pride, and were interested in hearing about his descendants in Spain ; but while the Spaniards regarded this family as the only legitimate line, there were many other descendants of Montezuma in Mexico who seemed to the Indians to have as good a right to be regarded as his heirs. Captain Zuñiga did not dare to suggest any change of government to the people ; he simply inquired diligently, and became convinced that it was in vain to hope for anything in this direction. The people would not rally at the name of Montezuma.

The Viceroy, feeling that his relative was uneasy, and too inquisitive into all matters of government, hastened to despatch him with the colony to the wild country in the North, confident that a little frontier life would quiet his turbulent energies. Captain Zuñiga soon quarrelled with his associates at Albuquerque ; and



SOME GIRLS OF TULA.

applying to the Governor at Santa Fé for a pueblo where he could be the supreme lord and master, he was assigned to San Juan. Here he would have had sufficient wealth and power to gratify his avarice and domineering spirit, but for the secret ambition to found a new kingdom, which possessed him like a consuming fire. It would have been hard for him to say whether Doña Geronima or the kingdom were the means or the end of his ambition; the two thoughts were inseparable now. But in all this intense desire there was no real love, no sentiment which lifted him higher or made him a nobler or more unselfish man.

He was certain that the best means to attain the end he desired was wealth; and for this reason he had sought most sedulously for the famed silver mines. He had never thought of conciliating the at first kindly disposed Indians, and of winning his kingdom through their affections as Fray Ignacio had done; but it happened one day immediately after Popé's announcement to Fray Ignacio of his knowledge of the existence of the mine that the legend of Montezuma was repeated to Captain Zuñiga by his sister. "Who would have thought," she remarked, "that these northern Indians would reverence Montezuma even more than the Aztecs, and believe that he will again come to govern them?"

"What is that?" asked the Captain, thoroughly interested.

"They do not think of him as a neighboring king ruling over Mexico, but maintain that he was one of their own people, and that he lived formerly at Pecos, the most eastern of the pueblos, where the sacred fire is

kept burning, and where their most honored medicine-men and sorcerers reside."

The Captain listened meditatively, and saw that he had made a great mistake. It would have been policy for him on his first arrival to have conciliated the medicine-men, who possessed so great an influence over their people. Fray Ignacio had accomplished a much harder task: he had succeeded in partially winning them over to a new religion, in substituting new ideas for their old, deeply rooted ones. How infinitely easier it would have been had he fallen into line with the old beliefs and customs, made himself the champion of these people, and united all these scattered pueblos into a great league against the Spaniards. He had abandoned this idea in Mexico because there the Spaniards were too firmly seated; but here their grasp was extremely precarious. Was it too late now? It was true that he had made himself felt here in San Juan, not as an ally, but as a tyrannical master; but there were other pueblos where he was not known. He would see what could be done, shrewdly, cautiously, not appearing openly as a traitor to the Spanish cause, but strengthening the Montezuma idea, and alert for an opportunity to make it serve his purpose.

He began by attempting to gain the confidence of the old sorcerer Simon Magus, by making him gifts. The old Indian was greatly surprised: what could be the Captain's motive? It came out presently: he wished his son Popé to make the tour of the pueblos with him and act as his interpreter. Captain Zuñiga had a good reason for this choice. Although he had no idea of the important secret which Popé had just confided to

Fray Ignacio, he could see that the young man was most kindly disposed to the priest; and above all things on this trip the Captain wished to be represented by some one whose sentiments were friendly. He recognized Popé's general ability as well as his knowledge of Spanish, which was better than that of any other Indian in the pueblo, and he knew that the young man was being instructed by his father into many of the mysteries of their religion, which would make it possible for him to explain much to the Captain which no other could. Popé was then in every way best suited to his purpose, and Fray Ignacio advised him to secure the favor of the Captain by going with him. They would begin, Captain Zuñiga announced, with the pueblo of Pecos.

At Pecos they met the oldest of the Pueblo priests, — a man so crooked and wrinkled, so dried and ghastly, that he looked like a mummy; long locks of gray hair fell over his shoulders, and his nails were like birds' claws. From his lips Captain Zuñiga obtained again the legend of Montezuma. "He is gone, but he will come again," mumbled the aged man; "and I have here the messages ready to send to all the pueblos to announce the news of his advent."

He showed, as he spoke, a bundle of knotted cords done up in a cover of deer-skin. "What are these?" the Captain asked of Popé; "they look like the braided whip-lash of a Mexican vaquero."

"It is our way of writing," the young man explained. "We tie knots in different ways to express different ideas, and they are all well understood by the medicine-men of each town. For instance, this whip-lash, as you call it, says: 'Awake the people! Let the warriors

adorn themselves with paint, let them choose their weapons, and come forth to meet Montezuma. Let the women prepare feasts and dances for their king. Let great fires be kindled on the watch-towers, for he cometh !' Then there is space left to braid a place of meeting, and provide for other details."

"And how will these be sent?" asked Captain Zuñiga.

"The swiftest runners of our community, one for each pueblo, keep themselves in practice by daily exercise, and wait in readiness to be sent each with his message."

"How shall you know Montezuma when he comes?" he asked of the old man.

"He will have long and wavy black hair, but a fair face. Moreover, there are other marks by which we shall know him, which I may not reveal to you."

Captain Zuñiga saw that the Montezuma of the Pueblos was a being somewhat akin to, if not identical with, Quetzalcoatl, the Fair God of the Aztecs, who, it was fabled, left Mexico in a canoe of serpent-skins, and was to come again from the east to do away with human sacrifices and the worship of the terrible Huitzilopochtli, the God of War. The Captain felt the necessity of knowing the secret marks by which Montezuma was to be identified; but nothing more was to be obtained from the aged priest by cajolery, and he was not in a position to have recourse to rougher measures. Evidently Simon Magnus also knew these signs, and he felt sure that he could obtain them from him. From Pecos Captain Zuñiga desired to go to Taos; but Popé dissuaded him.

"That is our northern citadel," he explained. "The people there are not kindly and hospitable; they have

heard of the coming of the Spaniards, and have determined to keep them out of their pueblo. Let us go rather to the Gran Quivira, where, if you desire, you can learn much of our religion."

At Gran Quivira the estufa was more like the Aztec temples than anything which the Captain had yet seen. Here was kept and worshipped a great serpent. The Captain diligently inquired of the legends in this pueblo concerning Montezuma, and was glad to find them as distinctly defined as at Pecos. When he told the priest or medicine-man that he had himself seen Montezuma across the great eastern water, and that he had promised to send his daughter to them, the man received the statement with some incredulity, asking him to describe the princess.



HUITZILOPOCHTLI, GOD OF WAR.

"She is fair of face," said the Captain, "and has long, wavy, black hair; she is very beautiful, and very rich and kind; she desires nothing but to make you all happy."

"Tell me more," said the priest, impulsively. "Is she undersized, with little hands and feet, and a cross mark between her eyes?"

Captain Zuñiga at once guessed that these were the signs which the priest at Pecos had so jealously guarded. Moreover it chanced that when his cousin was a little girl she had fallen and cut her forehead, leaving a small scar which answered this description. He replied enthusiastically that she possessed these characteristics; and the priest assured him that on her arrival he would make place for the princess in the same chamber with the sacred serpent. This hospitality, distinguished as it was, was hardly what Captain Zuñiga desired; but he thanked the man for his good will. He found that he was anticipating the message by knotted cord which was to be sent from Pecos; and it suddenly flashed upon him that this would be a grand way to call the pueblos to allegiance to his bride. He determined that he would learn this mysterious mode of communication at some not very distant day. He inquired for silver at both of these pueblos. At Pecos he was told that the silversmith received it by messenger from Koba, the silversmith of San Juan. This information was not translated to him by Popé, but was gathered from personal inquiry from the little which he knew of the language. It confirmed his suspicion that Monita's father could have told him the whereabouts of the mines, and he determined to torture him within an



THEY SAW AT A DISTANCE SOME OF THE APACHES HUNTING.

inch of his life if he ever fell into his hands. This resolve was written so plainly on his face that Popé determined to keep him from Taos, where Koba had taken refuge. At Gran Quivira, where he again made his own inquiries in regard to silver, he was told that it came from great mines in the South; but Popé refused to proceed farther in this direction, as he said the region was haunted by strolling bands of Apaches, — Indians very fierce and cruel, and inveterate enemies of the Pueblos. Captain Zuñiga, though he longed to proceed on the quest, yet felt that it was better to do so with a larger escort, and reluctantly turned back toward San Juan. On the way they passed great herds of buffalo; and on mounting the crest of one of the mountain ranges, saw at a distance some of the Apaches engaged in hunting. These were so engrossed with their pursuit that they did not notice the Captain and Popé, who made all speed to hasten from the region.

He came back by way of Santa Fé, stopping to call upon the Governor with a stately Spanish courtesy, —

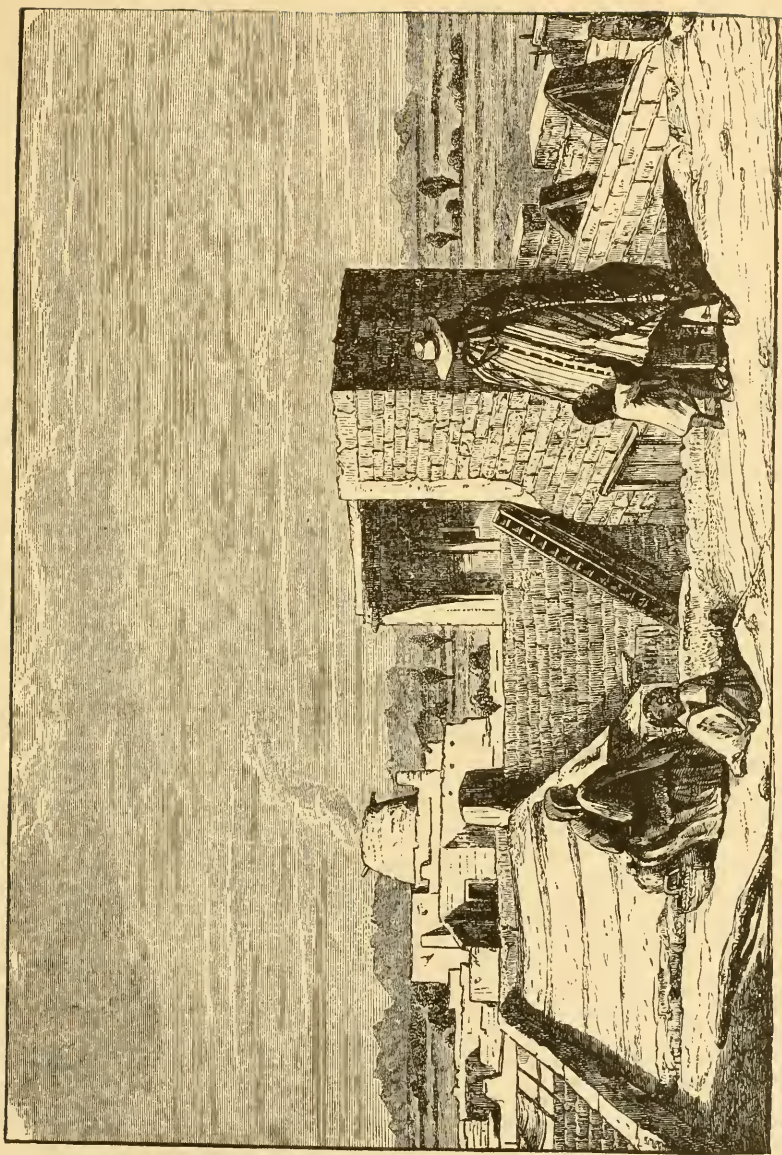
“Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it;”

since he meant one day to dispossess his superior, and himself reign a petty sovereign in that long, low, arched building pretentiously called “the palace,” which fronted the plaza.

He learned from the Governor that a deputation of Pueblo children was soon to be sent to Spain, and by them might be forwarded any gifts or messages which he might desire to send to kindred or friends. He thought at once of Doña Geronima, his cousin. He had never written her a love-letter; surely if what he

hoped was to come to pass it was time to begin. But he was not clever with the quill; it would be better to send her some present which would tell by its costliness all that he desired to say. If only the silver mines were actually in his possession, then he could dazzle the mind of the Count de Montezuma and, he doubted not, captivate the fancy of the Princess of Tula herself. He strolled across the plaza to the booths or market and, as though attracted by a magnet, paused before an Indian silversmith working at his rude forge. The Captain asked him his usual question, where he obtained his ore. The man looked up from his work at Popé, who stood beside the Captain, and who was just then engaged in re-tying the red handkerchief which he wore about his head in the place of a hat. It did not occur to the Captain that he was knotting it in front instead of behind, and in a peculiar fashion; but so it was, and the silversmith interpreted the knot "secrecy." The glance of recognition faded out of his face, and he pretended not to understand the Captain's question.

"Listen," exclaimed the Captain in mingled Pueblo and Spanish; "I believe you understand me better than you seem to. I have no designs upon you, but I know that you silversmiths of the different towns are acquainted with each other, and that you have secret means of communication. Now, our silversmith at San Juan, old Koba, has run away, we know not whither. He is afraid of me, he thinks that I am angry with him; but I am not. Tell him, if you know where he is, that he may return without fear. Tell him that his daughter is going away to Spain, and would like



A PUEBLO PLAZA.

to see him before she goes. Popé, you can tell the silversmith whether this is true or not."

Popé nodded his head reluctantly; he was not quite sure that the Captain ought to be trusted, but he knew that Monita longed to see her father. "We are to have a corn-dance at San Juan soon," he said; "tell Koba he had better come to it." As he spoke, he readjusted his head-covering, giving the two pointed ends the appearance of a pair of lop ears, and finishing his speech with a sharp, wolfish yelp. The silversmith understood by this pantomime that Popé wished Koba to be as wary and sly as a coyote.

The Captain had been invited to dine with his friend Don Augustin Flores Vergara, the agent of the Marques de la Pennela, who lived in a house which still exists near the church of San Miguel; and as they took their siesta after the meal, they talked together of dear Spain and of the uneasy life which a pioneer leads. "There is a fire of rebellion smouldering among the Indians," said Don Augustin; "a very little would serve to fan it into a blaze. We are living on a volcano. I would not stay, were it not to aid the good missionary fathers, who are heroes, and would be martyrs did we suffer them. I have heard of silver mines to the south, and I mean to discover them and to aid my master the Marques in his plan of building churches and cathedrals here as noble as those in Spain."

Silver mines, silver mines! everywhere the rumor of them was in the air; surely the discovery was not far distant: he must not delay. And while his host slept, dreaming of what he would do for Christ and the padres, Captain Zuñiga seized a pen and wrote two letters,—

one to the Count de Montezuma, telling him that the conditions which he had named were almost won ; and the other to Doña Geronima, wooing her in earnest if in uncultured language. He explained to her as he did to her father, under admonitions to the strictest secrecy, that the Indians were waiting her coming, and that they expected a new reign of peace and happiness which should be inaugurated by her. Some inspiration bade him expand upon the good which she might do ; and this power to do good — the noblest ambition of noble minds — was the temptation which he spread before her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SILVER MINES.

All day for another he toils;
Over-wearied at night he lies down
And dreams of a freedom that once he enjoyed.
Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My father, for then thou wert free;
And when with the song and the dance
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labor had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

SOUTHEY: The Peruvian's Dirge.

THE question was settled. Monita had recovered sufficiently to bear the journey, and she would go to Spain. Her mother and Popé were delighted with this decision; but it must be explained that they had no conception of the distance. To them Spain lay somewhere in the direction of Mexico, and they fancied that Monita would return within the year.

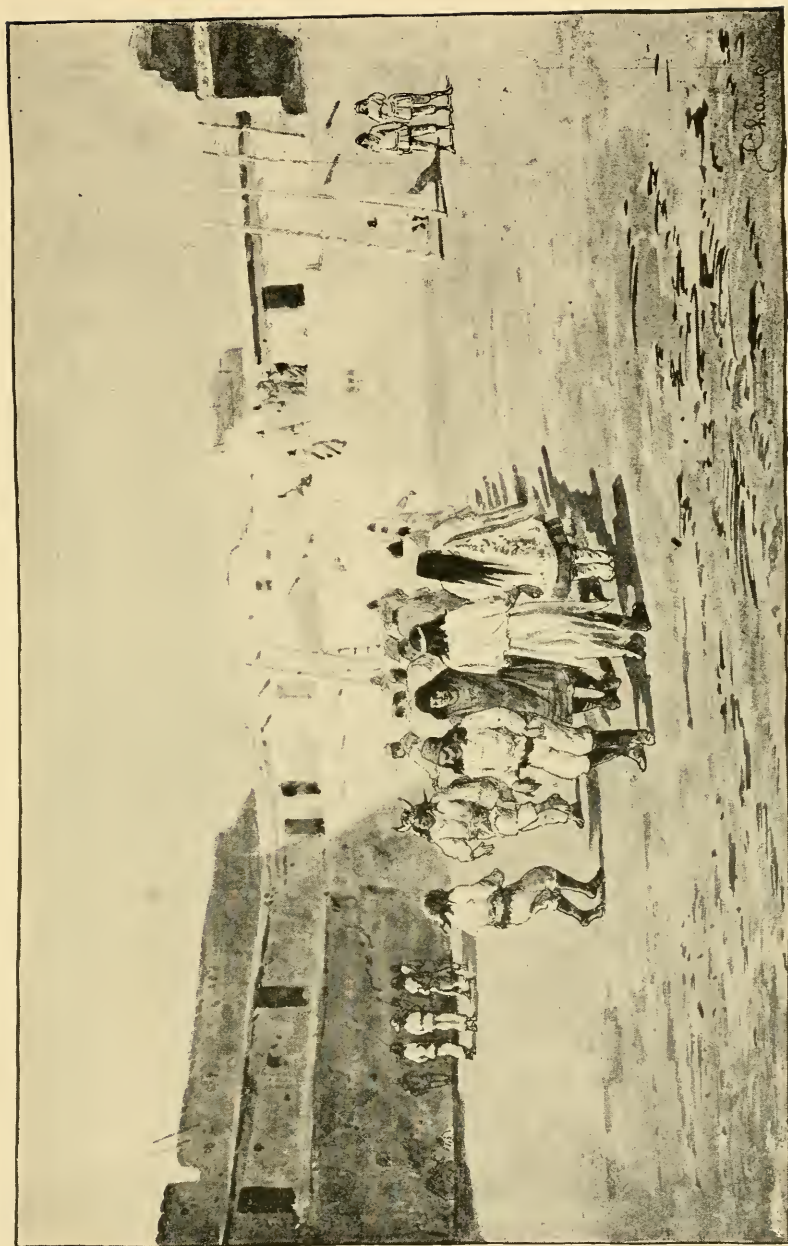
Fray Ignacio had explained that the people in Spain were not like cruel Captain Zuñiga and his horde of soldiers,— they were kindly disposed to the Indians, and did not desire their enslavement, but their salvation; and it was for this cause that they had sent out missionaries and colonists. That Captain Zuñiga was a bad man was not a proof that all Spaniards were like him; he was only an unfortunate exception to the general rule. Monita believed the good padre firmly.

She longed to see more of Spaniards who were, like him, the friends of the Indian. Popé was less credulous. Of the white men whom he knew, the great majority were cruel; but as Fray Ignacio had assured him that those holding supreme authority in Spain were all good and kind men, who had made laws most beneficial to the Indians, and as Fray Ignacio had written a letter to his Superior, as well as the one to his friend, which he had read to them, and which Monita was to carry, telling of the abuses practised in New Mexico, Popé felt that her going was likely to result in the general weal of the pueblo, as well as in Monita's complete restoration to health.

The annual harvest-dance occurred just before she departed. Captain Zuñiga had been wise enough to allow the Indians to keep up the old custom, a suppression of which might have instigated a general revolt. Fray Ignacio had utilized it to the best of his ability, engrafting some of the ceremonies of the Church upon the old pagan rites, and endeavoring to make it a celebration of the festival of Saint Joseph, on whose fête-day it happened to occur. He began the day by calling them all to early Mass with a louder clangor of the bells than usual. Then he himself headed the procession with his troop of altar-boys; and it was indeed an incongruous sight to see the

“Six little singing-boys, dear little souls,
With nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
In order due, two by two
Marching the long refectory through,”

at the head of the savagely painted band of dancers. Monita limped along for the last time with her con-



THE ANNUAL HARVEST-DANCE.

frères. In the plaza an arbor had been built of pin-yon-branches thatched with corn-stalks fresh from the field, with the ears of corn upon them; for this was their Thanksgiving Day, — a sort of harvest-home which has been celebrated by pagans as well as by Christians from time immemorial, God having planted some dumb feeling of thankfulness for his bounty in the hearts of even the savage.

In the arbor the children of the choir arranged the images and pictures brought from the church. Saint Joseph for once had the place of honor, his spouse, the Virgin of Guadalupe, taking a more humble station upon the ground. Bread was piled with melons and peaches, and the aged and honored members of the tribe took seats along the sides of the arbor. Then the common people swarmed in, and soup was passed around, after which the fruit was served, and then the dance took place.

The Spaniards occupied the terraces and roofs of the houses, watching the proceedings with interest; and nearly every Indian man, woman, and child took part in the first dance, which somewhat resembled a Virginia reel, — having this difference, that the woman must always keep her face to the back of her partner. Monita was usually one of the most active of the dancers; but she sat now a little apart in the corn-stalk arbor, watching Popé's agile movements with keen appreciation. When the general dance was over, Simon Magus, with some of the other medicine-men, came from the estufa, or underground council-chamber, and performed the cold-weather dance, indicating by expressive pantomime the approach of winter. First they harvested

imaginary crops, then they hewed wood, piled it on each other's shoulders, brought it from the forest, built a great bonfire, and warmed themselves about it. All this was done in pantomime.

Next on the programme was a rain-dance. Six images of unbaked clay, representing two bears, a deer, two rabbits, and a wolf, were placed by Simon Magus in the centre of the plaza. The people danced about them, sprinkling them with prayer-meal, until certain painted dancers, among whom Monita recognized Popé, rushed forward and shot the images. Then Simon Magus, with other medicine-men, took up the fragments of the images tenderly and made great mourning over them; and the strange ceremonial was ended.

Just what this had to do with rain, Fray Ignacio was at a loss to understand; but there was much in the ceremonials of the Indians which was a sealed book to him, and he strove rather to make them understand his religion than to penetrate the mysteries of theirs. He was thankful that they had no rites so revolting as the snake-dance of the Moquis or the snake-worship of Gran Quivira.

Then a hunting-dance was performed, Popé, with a skin thrown over him, taking the part of a bear. After the dance was over he threw himself at Monita's feet, tired and panting, looking up at her with eyes hungry, as she thought, for a word of praise. She gave it liberally, and added, "We will dance together when I come back." Popé nodded solemnly, but continued his earnest gaze. She turned aside after a while, half comprehending the look; and a few moments later



OBTAINING PULQUE FROM THE MAGUEY-PLANT.

Fray Ignacio led his followers from the plaza. Pulque, an intoxicating drink obtained from the maguey-plant, was being passed round; and the good padre knew that the dances would now become more fast and furious than he could countenance.

That night, as Monita lay in her hammock and looked out through the wide arches at the moonlight flooding the cloister garden, she saw a dark head and shoulders appear above the wall; and an Indian drew himself silently up, and dropping in a pawpaw-tree which grew near, slipped to the ground.

Instantly the girl sprang from her hammock and glided along the corridor, intending to alarm Fray Ignacio. Turning for one more glance before she tapped upon the priest's window, she saw Popé standing with folded arms beside the sun-dial in the centre of the garden. Coming to him, she told him laughingly of her fright. "You were so tall in the moonlight, Popé," she said, "that I thought you were a man."

Popé drew himself up until he seemed still taller. "I am a man," he cried passionately, throwing his arms about her, — "a man who loves you."

Monita did not withdraw from his caress. "I love you too," she replied simply.

"And yet you are going far away to-morrow."

"If you would rather I should not go, I will stay, Popé."

"No, Monita, go, and be entirely cured; but when you can dance and climb again, come back to Popé." He took a necklace of turquoise beads from his neck and threw it over her head. "You are my prisoner," he said, smiling.

"You have been to the quarries again; and how long it must have taken you to drill all those holes! Fray Ignacio said that the stones would pale and crumble when the giver was ill or in danger, so I shall know of your health while I am in Spain."

"And I will look every day at the turquoises in the silver cup to know how you are," the youth replied. Just then the priest, disturbed by the voices, struck a light; and Popé, throwing himself on the ground, wriggled away behind a bed of sweet herbs.

Monita came forward and met the priest as he came to the door with a candle. "It was I, Fray Ignacio," she said, "bidding good-bye to the garden and to my old life." She paused a moment, and the priest's glance rested on her so confidently that she could not deceive him. "And to Popé," she added.

"Has Popé been here?" Fray Ignacio asked with surprise. "Why should he steal in at night like a robber when the garden is open to him all day?"

Monita did not reply, and the good padre shook his head. "Ah, well! perhaps it is time you went to Spain, if you are going at all. You are growing too tall for an altar-boy."

Koba the silversmith had not come to the harvest-dance; and leaving a farewell for him with her mother, the next morning the priest placed Monita on his mule Peloncillo, and set out with her for Santa Fé. It was hardly a day's journey, and it was no great hardship to walk by her side. Popé ran on in advance, pausing now and then to allow them to overtake him.

Santa Fé seemed a great city to the two young people. The square with the long row of low buildings,



INDIANS OF OTHER AND WILDER TRIBES.

the Governor's palace, the barracks for the troops, the church, so much larger than their chapel at San Juan, all excited their wonder and admiration. Popé examined the fortifications and guns with great interest. The enormous cannon, with lion's heads and the arms of Spain sculptured upon them, filled him with such dismay when they were fired at sunset that he turned as nearly pale as it is possible for an Indian to do. Just such guns may be seen on the parade-ground at the Naval School at Annapolis, captured during the Mexican War by General Scott, and possibly brought into the country by Cortéz himself.

The convoy was to start for Mexico on the morrow, and as Popé had told him that the mines were in the direction of their march. Fray Ignacio determined to accompany it part way. Monita now had a seat in one of the lumbering wagons, and Fray Ignacio once more bestrode Peloncillo.

They followed the valley of the Rio Grande, the Organ Mountains rising in weirdly sculptured forms on the left. Sometimes other Indians of wilder tribes than the Pueblos would appear in the distance, and approach to stare at the strange cavalcade. After a time they left the river and entered upon the Jornada del Muerto, or Death Journey, — a desert of eighty miles, hemmed in by distant mountains of grotesque shape, cut and crossed by gullies and cañons, but treeless and waterless, and dreary to the last degree. They carried water with them in pig-skins for themselves and their animals, or they would assuredly have perished with thirst. And yet the leader of the party asserted that this was an old trail to Mexico, well travelled before

the Conquerors set foot in the country, as there had been frequent communication between the Pueblos and the Aztecs.

For two days Fray Ignacio accompanied the party ; but on the third, Popé made him a significant signal, and they bade a final farewell to Monita, who wept



THE DREARY PLAIN BESET WITH ALOES.

much, despite her natural Indian reserve, at parting from her friends. Popé sat down, and disconsolately watched the caravan move slowly through the dreary plain, beset at this point with aloes, whose sharp, scythe-shaped bayonets had a menacing look, as though even Nature herself had turned against him.

After the procession had faded out of sight the boy sprang to his feet, and motioning Fray Ignacio to follow, led the way to a cañon which showed itself at some distance only as a crack in the earth. Down this they plunged. It grew deeper with every step, and wound so frequently that Fray Ignacio speedily lost all idea of the direction in which he was journeying. Down, down, Peloncillo keeping her footing along a mere crumbling shelf, and at times sliding down a slippery bank to the bottom of the ravine where trickled a little stream. They crossed and recrossed this a number of times, and at length found themselves at the entrance of a cave or tunnel. Here Fray Ignacio fastened his mule, and Popé, ruminating in the interior, found and lighted a torch. Following this, the priest proceeded into the cavern, which led for a long distance straight into the earth. After a time they began to descend by stairways cut in the rock, and by rude ladders from one chamber and gallery to another. It was evidently an abandoned mine, worked long ago by some unknown race, — probably tributary to Montezuma; and much of that monarch's wealth may have been drawn from its veins. Suddenly an answering torch was seen at a little distance below them, and Popé stopped instantly. Fray Ignacio thought that there were other explorers in advance of them; but Popé repeated the word "agua," and the padre saw that what he had mistaken for another torch was really the reflection of Popé's in a black lake, on whose margin they stood. The reason for the abandonment of the mine was now explained. It had become flooded by the striking of a spring; but in the lapse of years the

waters had found an outlet and had settled. Popé, after searching for a few moments, discovered a canoe; and seating Fray Ignacio in the stern and giving him the torch to hold, he paddled straight forward into the darkness. Presently the boat grated on a rocky shore; and springing out, he led the priest up another rude staircase, down which trickled a stream which still fed the lake, into a chamber which had evidently been the last worked. The stream had been tapped at the time of the mine's greatest success, for it bubbled now from a crevice in the back of the cavern, just under a vein of virgin silver. Popé lifted his torch, and the light was reflected back from masses of native silver. He took up a stone axe and a copper chisel, and proceeded to break off large portions of the metal, which Fray Ignacio picked up, gathering his gown into a great bag or pocket in order to hold them.

"Does any one else know of the existence of this mine besides yourself?" asked Fray Ignacio after a little of his surprise had passed away.

"Yes," replied Popé; "the secret is shared by the silversmiths of the different pueblos. They all send here for their material; there is enough for them all."

Enough for all! most assuredly it seemed that there was. The vein was of extraordinary size, and gave every appearance of running far back into the bowels of the earth. From it might be taken just such "planchas de plata," weighing a ton each, as were taken before and after this time from the mines of northern Mexico.¹

¹ Mr. Frederick A. Ober states: "The Valenciana, a mine of Guanajuato, in its best days yielded annually seven hundred thousand *hundredweights* of



MINES WORKED LONG AGO BY SOME UNKNOWN RACE.

Having availed themselves of as much as they could carry they emerged from the mine; and tying their treasure in Popé's blanket, threw it over the padre's mule and began the ascent of the cañon. This was accomplished with great labor, Popé leading the way and pulling Peloncillo by the halter, Fray Ignacio stumbling after and assisting himself by holding on to the animal's tail. Just before they reached the summit a loud shout rang out, and they found themselves face to face with Captain Zuñiga and several of his men, who had begun the descent of the narrow trail, while the plain above swarmed with Spaniards. The wall of the cañon on either hand, above and below him, was at this point a sheer precipice, the mule and Fray Ignacio blocked his retreat; and Popé saw that he was trapped. In the hope of still concealing their errand, he threw the blanket of silver from the mule's back down the precipice. He was too late; the action was observed.

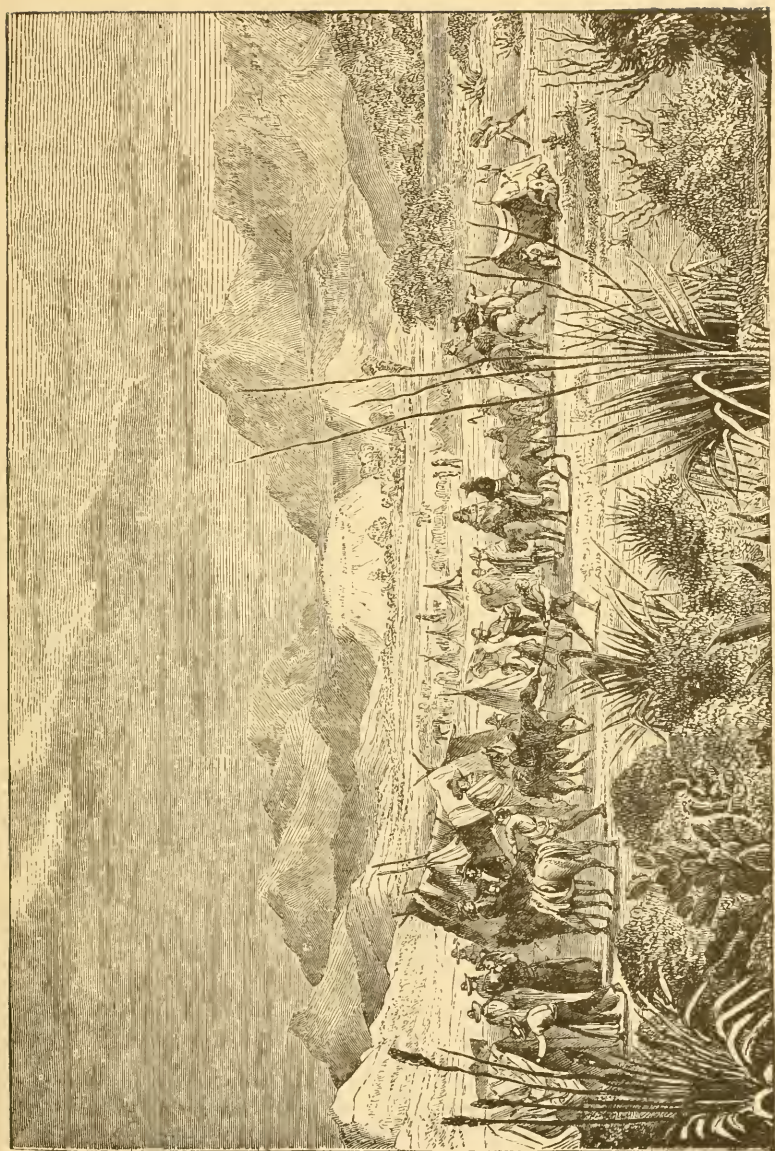
Having dragged Popé, unresisting, to the surface of the plain, Captain Zuñiga sent one of his followers to the bottom of the cañon to obtain the mule's burden. It needed not this circumstantial evidence, however, to inform the Captain. Just after Fray Ignacio had set out for Santa Fé with Monita and Popé, Koba, having heard that his daughter was to be sent to Spain, arrived in San Juan, having risked his life to bid her farewell. Captain Zuñiga, who had only bided his

ore. From Los Rayas the King's fifth alone was \$17,365,000. From the mine of El Carmen, in the State of Sonora, was taken a lump of pure silver weighing two thousand seven hundred pounds. It is estimated on good authority that Mexico has produced up to the year 1884, \$4,000,000,000 in silver!"

time, seized the unfortunate silversmith and had him put to the torture to reveal the whereabouts of the mines. Koba's desire for wealth was solely for the sake of his daughter; and believing, in spite of his wife's assurance of her speedy return, that Monita was now lost to him forever, to escape further pain he readily promised to guide the Captain to the silver district. The Captain brought with him the greater part of his entire force, for he imagined that he might have to fight for the possession of the mines. He was greatly surprised at meeting Fray Ignacio, and naturally much incensed at what he regarded as a breach of confidence on his part. Words ran high between them, for the padre for once forgot his meekness, and roundly asserted that the Captain had no right to take forcible possession of the mine. Captain Zuñiga dared not kill the padre, as he would have preferred; and so he contented himself with venting his spite upon Popé, causing him to be bound, and saying that as he had shown such a liking for the mine, he should have enough of it.

His threat was carried presently into execution. The Captain immediately established a well-fortified hacienda at this point. Gangs of Indians were told off from the pueblo to labor in the mine and in the silver works. Popé was sent to the deepest shaft of the mine, to labor there for the rest of his life, without a hope of ever seeing again the sun which the religion of his fathers had taught him to worship.

Captain Zuñiga had intended to reward Koba for showing him the silver mine with a like fate; but in the confusion that reigned during the first months he



A MEXICAN EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF MINES.

managed to escape, and passing from pueblo to pueblo, informed the silversmiths of the misfortune which had befallen them. The silversmiths were an influential class ; and this act of injustice, combined with many others of like character which the Spaniards of the different pueblos were perpetrating, served to fan the flame of revolt which was slowly kindling all about them.

In the mean time Monita was continuing her journey with a serene and happy heart, for the turquoise talisman lay upon it ; and as she kissed the beads each night, she slept peacefully, assured by their unaltered color that all was well with her beloved.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN SEVILLE.

In the plaza I hear the sounds
Of guitar and castanet :
Although it is early yet,
The dancers are on their rounds.

Softly the sunlight falls
On the slim Giralda tower
That now peals forth the hour
O'er broken ramparts and walls.

Ah, what glory and gloom
In this Arab-Spanish town !
What masonry, golden brown,
And hung with tendril and bloom

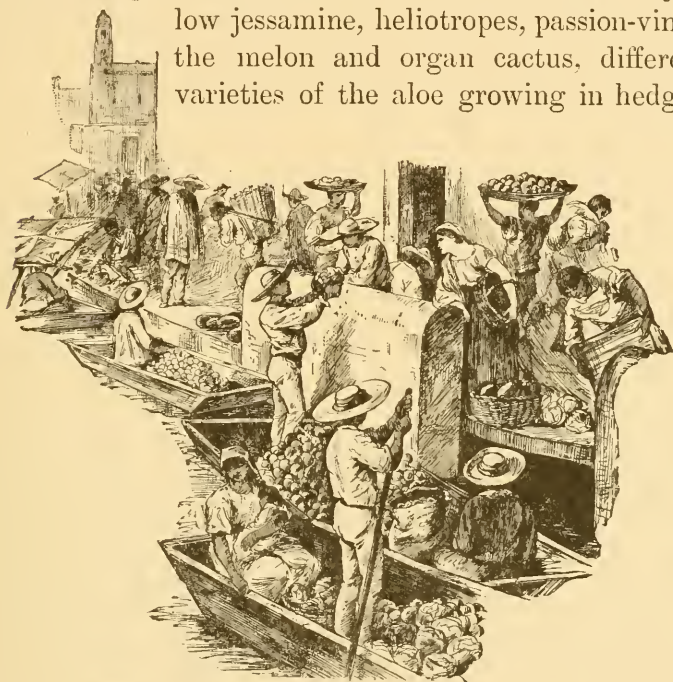
Place of forgotten kings !
With fountains that never play,
And gardens where, day by day,
The lonely cicada sings.

Traces are everywhere
Of the dusky race that came
And passed like a sudden flame,
Leaving their sighs in the air.

T. B. ALDRICH.

A СНОКИНГ feeling of homesickness came over Monita as she parted from Fray Ignacio and Popé ; but she was young and hopeful, and she looked forward with cheerful expectation, born half of ignorance and half of a sunny, trustful disposition, to the unknown future.

Her journey through Mexico proved to be a great wonder to her. Having once quitted the *Jornado del Muerto*, the vegetation became more luxuriant. Strange flowers and plants appeared, — red cardinal flowers, yellow jessamine, heliotropes, passion-vines, the melon and organ cactus, different varieties of the aloe growing in hedges,

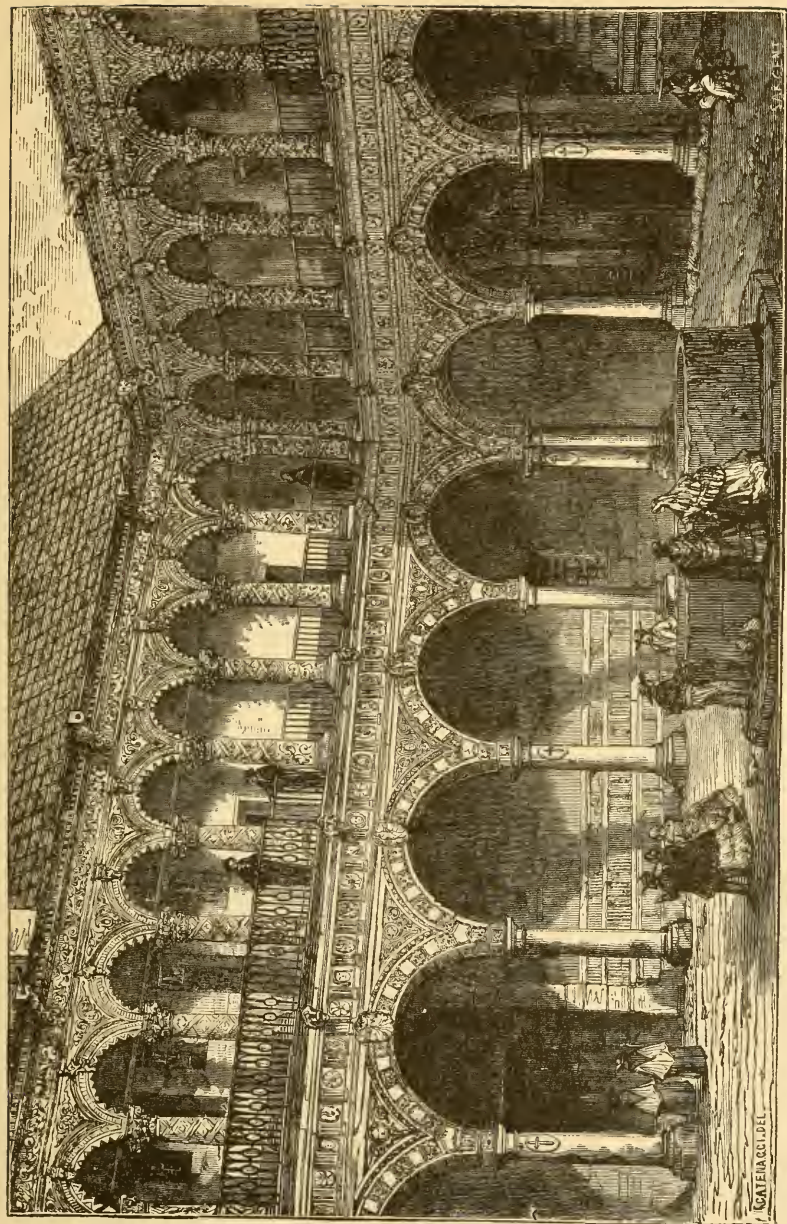


ONE OF THE CANALS.

which with their tall flower-stalks resembled processions of altar-boys bearing branching candelabra and crosses. The Indians whom they met spoke a language different from that of the Pueblos; everything was new and strange. This novelty increased as the little cavalcade entered the city of Mexico. Monita had never imagined a city so large and so magnificent. The ancient home of Montezuma resem-

bled the city of Venice in being built upon several islands, with canals for many of its streets. The lake, which once surrounded it has disappeared, and only some of the principal canals remain. Down these watery streets Monita and the other Pueblo children were taken to the Indian quarter. Here the merchant under whose care they had been placed knocked at the door of a modest little building whose only distinguishing mark was a niche over the door containing an image with a lantern swinging in front of it. A sweet-faced woman in a coarse habit of serge, with a rope girdle, opened the door and received them graciously. This was Sister Jesusa; and as she led the way, Monita noticed that though the floor was paved with rough flagging, she was barefooted, and her feet were swollen and blistered. She was a Santa Clara nun; and four of these devoted women had formed a little community, whose aim it was to keep a hospice, or house of entertainment, for poor travellers, and to teach the Indian children. They had a large school, for the Indians loved them and had gathered together from all the country round to celebrate with songs and dances the opening of their house, which had been given them by a generous lady.

Monita's hope that the Spaniards were like Fray Ignacio, and not like Captain Zuñiga, was greatly strengthened while she remained at the hospice of Santa Clara. Sister Jesusa told her that as soon as their Order became more numerous they intended to send a deputation of sisters to the northern pueblos to teach the Indian girls. While here, Monita wrote a letter to her mother and Popé, in care of Fray Ignacio,



CONVENT OF LA MERCED.

GATEWATER DEL

telling them of all the wonderful sights which had so much impressed her.

Much was being done in Mexico at this time for the Indians. The good Luis de Velasco, second viceroy, had a century before emancipated one hundred and fifty thousand Indians who had been held as slaves by the Spaniards; and when told that this act would destroy the mining industry of the province, he replied: "The liberty of the Indians is of more importance than the mines of the whole world." Public sentiment among the enlightened, the truly Christian and benevolent, was then, as to-day, in favor of a humane treatment of the Indians. But unprincipled adventurers, hard, reckless men, whose crimes had banished them from society, are always to be found upon the frontier; and these, restrained by no fear of God and beyond the reach of the arm of the law, oppressed and enslaved, defrauded and murdered the Indians as they have continued to do, to the perennial disgrace of our own fair Republic.

There were many religious Orders now in Mexico; new churches and convents were springing up in the city and in the towns of the province. Everywhere Monita had been struck with the difference between their florid architecture and the plainness of the Missions. The magnificence impressed her, — the ceremonies, the music, the pictures. It was all so beautiful, so new and strange. She heard here more of Montezuma, and what she heard confused while it interested her. She was told that he was the last of the Aztec or Mexican kings, who had maintained such a brave fight against Cortez and the first Spaniards. She saw the palace in which Cortez had lived, which occupied the

site of Montezuma's, and she heard to her surprise that the descendants of Montezuma were living in Spain.

Spain! Where then was Spain? She had not imagined that it was so far away as this. Could the world be wider still? The wonder and awe were just beginning to wear off, she had begun to feel at home with the gentle nuns of Santa Clara, who had dressed her neatly and had given her a fine crutch in the place of the clumsy one which Fray Ignacio had made, when the announcement came that the party was now made up, and the ship waiting for them at Vera Cruz.

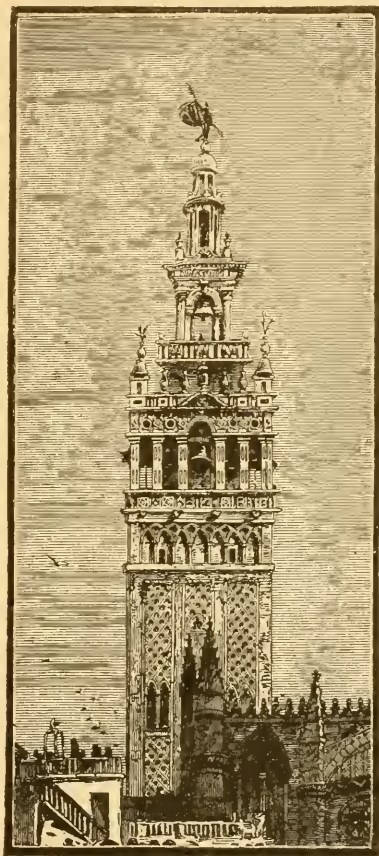
What an experience was that long crossing! She was deathly sea-sick the greater part of the time, and there were none of the conveniences which now make the ocean passage so luxurious; but Monita was used to privation and pain, and as the illness passed, her buoyant heart rose once more, and she looked with envy and interest at the sailors climbing about amid the rigging. If she were only quite right, she felt sure she could out-climb them all. Then she looked at the wide expanse of water all around, and wondered where the world had gone, — if the Indies had not been overwhelmed by some great flood while she lay unconscious; and when reassured on this point, was still puzzled as to how the ship-master knew his way across this great water-desert, where the travellers left no trail.

At length the ship sailed up the beautiful Guadalquivir and anchored at the city of Seville; and Monita was told that this was Spain. Seville was at this time at its wealthiest, — a great commercial port; and the masts in the river made a forest as far as the eye could reach. It was night when they left the ship,

and the priest to whose care they were intrusted led the Indian girls through the streets to the house of a wealthy gentleman, where they were to be lodged temporarily.

The streets were full of laughing, gaudily dressed people. Beautiful ladies, with lace mantillas thrown over their shapely heads, languidly toying with their yellow fans; gay gallants in bright satin and velvet suits, walking elbow against elbow while they strummed their guitars; fat priests in long, skiff-shaped hats; water-carriers; fruit-sellers; and gayly caparisoned donkeys crowded the narrow thoroughfares.

Presently the party came out upon a wider street, and Monita saw before her the shadowy mass of the great cathedral, and beside it, rising mysterious in the moonlight, the beautiful shaft of the Giralda, — that noblest of bell-towers. Far up on the summit swings the vane. — a female figure in



THE BEAUTIFUL SHAFT OF THE
GIRALDA.

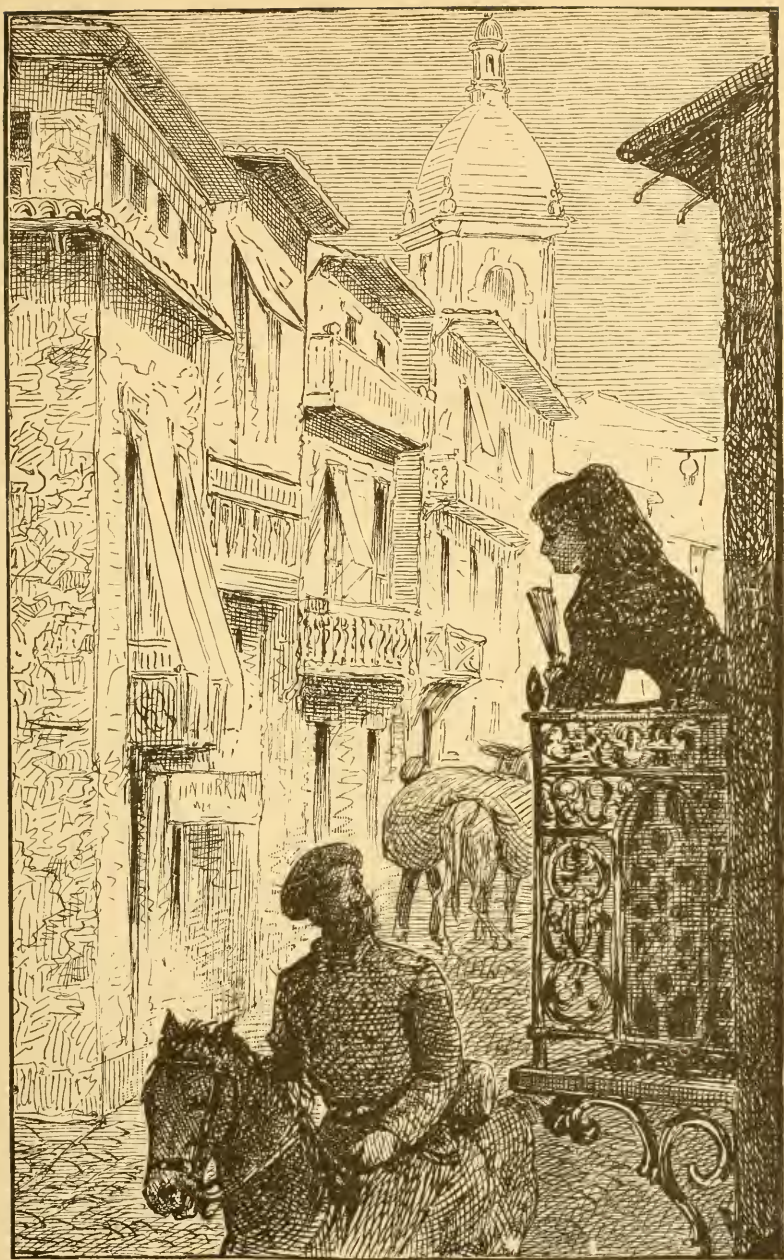
bronze, poised so skilfully that it veers with the slightest breeze. "Is it an angel?" asked Monita.

"No," replied the priest; "it is a statue which we call Faith."

"Then the faith of the Spaniard moves easily," said Monita.

"Ah, yes!" laughed the priest; "they worshipped Jupiter here in ancient times, and not so long ago the Moors, who built that tower, followed the faith of Mahomet. Now we pray to Mary the blessed; but who knows which way the next breeze may turn us?"

They were entertained, by a rich gentleman of the Ribera family, in a beautiful house called the Casa de Pilatos because it was built in imitation of the house of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem, — an ancestor of the owner having performed the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The splendid tiles, the lace-like tracery of the woodwork, the coats-of-arms, the marbles and paintings, made this wealthy house the most magnificent private residence which Monita had ever seen. But she felt herself lonely and alien in the midst of it all, and longed for the pueblo with its simple pleasures and homely fare. The ladies of the house came and looked at the children as though they were wild animals of some show, and made remarks upon them, part of which Monita understood very well. They were then sent to the kitchen to undergo the same scrutiny from the domestics; but here they were fed with plenty of savory soup and bread, and presently they were shown to comfortable beds, into which Monita was glad to creep, for the marble floor seemed to heave and sway with a motion like that of the ship. Add to this, for



"BEAUTIFUL LADIES AND GAY GALLANTS IN SATIN AND VELVET."

the first time she was genuinely homesick. She realized now the immense distance and the great watery horror which separated her from her home; yet she would gladly have embarked at once if an opportunity had been given her to return: but she had a mission to perform first. Fray Ignacio's letter must be delivered, and she must see Our Lady del Pilar and beg her to cure her lameness. The captain of the ship had said that he should sail again for America in a month, and she hoped that she might accomplish both of her objects in that time.

The next morning the Señora Ribera again came into the court to see the young Indian girls. She was a woman who liked the reputation of being charitable, and the friar had told her that these girls were going to a convent in Madrid, where they were to be brought to the notice of the Court, in the hope of interesting the wealthy and influential in the American missions. Each child would be supported at the charge of some lady patroness, and Señora Ribera had decided that it would be well to have her name figure at the head of this list; it was for her now to make her choice of a protégée. She found the selection difficult. This one was sulky and silent; that was pock-marked and ugly; another was slovenly, another stupid; and so one by one all were rejected but a very pretty little Aztec and Monita.

"I like the lame girl," she thought; "it is pathetic to be lame. But every one will want that pretty child. Which shall I take?"

The pretty girl decided it. While the señora was considering, the Aztec saw a tempting pomegranate in

a dish on the table, and slyly appropriated it. Señora Ribera saw the action. "I do not want a thief," she thought, and she began to converse with Monita. "Why did you come to Spain?" she asked, not expecting an intelligent reply.

"To visit the shrine of Our Lady del Pilar," Monita replied; "can the señora tell me where I can find it?"

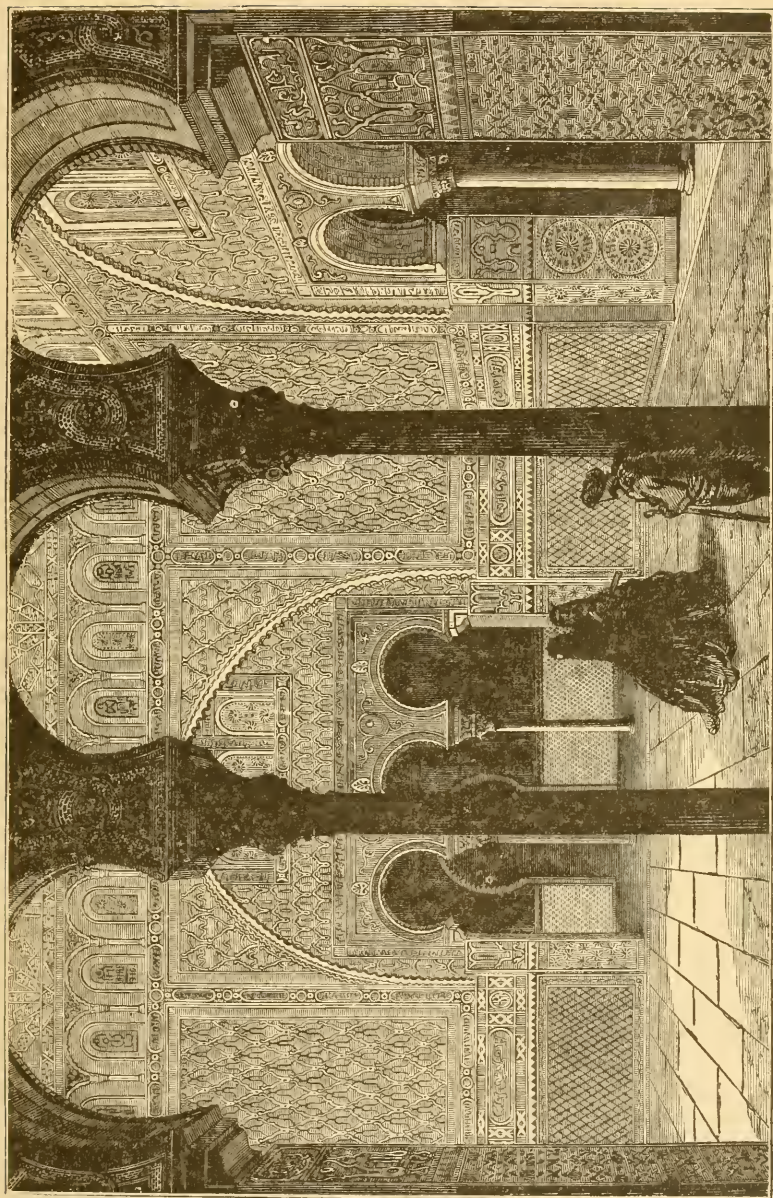
"It is at Zaragoza," replied the lady. "The good friar tells me that you are not going there at present, but to Madrid. You must not be self-willed. Zaragoza is a long way from Madrid; it is not at all convenient to send you there."

A long way from Madrid. — perhaps farther than Mexico! Monita's heart sank, and the tears welled to her eyes; but she plucked up courage to try to do her friend's errand, and to ask the lady if she knew Don José Sarmiento Valladares, for whom she had brought a letter from Fray Ignacio.

"I know of him," said the lady, "as a courtier much favored by the King, and said to be deeply versed in the law. He had an apartment at the Alcazar when the Court was here at Seville, and it may be that he is still there, though the King is at Madrid. At all events we can inquire, and I will take you there this afternoon."

The priest told Monita that she was very fortunate. Doña Ribera was much pleased with her; perhaps she would become her patroness.

The Alcazar was a beautiful palace, built by the Moorish workmen in the style of the Alhambra, and decorated by the very artists who made the wonderful palace at Granada such a dream of beauty. Although royalty was not present, a number of noble families



THE MOST MAGNIFICENT PRIVATE RESIDENCE MONITA HAD EVER SEEN.

still occupied apartments in the great building, and the señora led Monita from one brilliant salon to another. Slender pillars upheld horseshoe arches, and these led the eye to vaulted ceilings, where domes broke from domes like intersecting soap-bubbles, and the stalactite stucco dropped its prisms of vivid color. All this lace-work was brilliantly colored, and arabesque patterns in gold were interlaced with texts from the Koran and intricate strap-work in blue and red and green. Monita's eyes were dazzled and fatigued; it was like looking for a long time through a kaleidoscope. The señora inquired here and there, and still led her on. At length she turned to the child and informed her that the Señor Valladares was not in Seville, having accompanied the King when he left the city. "But give me the letter," she continued, "and I will give it to him upon his return."

This seemed to Monita the only thing to be done; and yet, as the señora's hand closed upon it, a dim idea that this was not the best way to fulfil Fray Ignacio's trust dawned upon her, and she urged the señora to give it to the señor at her earliest opportunity.

"Certainly, child," replied the lady; "and now go into the garden and amuse yourself while I make one more call."

In reality Señora Ribera was consumed with curiosity to see what the message could be which this little Indian girl was bringing to so distinguished a gentleman as Señor Valladares. She therefore sought a secluded corridor, and in an alcoved window proceeded to open and read the epistle. If it stated that the child was of rank in her own country, or even recom-

mended her to the señor's particular attention, Señora Ribera decided that she would take her under her own care. She was therefore not a little disappointed to find that there was no allusion whatever to Monita in the letter, which was taken up entirely with legal questions as to the rights of the first discoverers to silver mines, and an entreaty that Valladares, as a lawyer, would give the benefit of his counsel to the securing to the Church of certain properties in New Mexico. All this seemed to the lady of very little consequence. It would be a kindness to Señor Valladares not to send the letter to him, as if he took the trouble to pay any attention to it whatever, it could only bore him. She refolded and tied it, deciding to lay it aside until she should happen to meet the señor on his next coming to Seville, when she would tell him about it if on the whole it seemed best to do so.

Meanwhile Monita wandered about in the garden, — one of the most beautiful in the world. Here were tropical plants, many of them familiar to her, for they had been brought from Mexico to please the fastidious fancy of Charles V., for whom it had been laid out, — palms and roses, oleanders, hydrangeas, ferns, beds of violets, vines clambering over the kiosks, and water-lilies in the tanks. Everywhere was the sound of water trickling, bubbling, flashing, rippling; but to Monita the fountains were all sobbing and weeping with just the sound with which her mother had wept all one night after it was decided that she should go away to Spain. She felt very desolate here in this paradise, and wandered idly about, wishing that she could spy an evening-primrose among the flowers.



IN MURILLO'S STUDIO.

Presently she entered a little allée between two closely clipped box-hedges which rose just above her head. She followed its turnings for some time, wondering whither it might lead. She seemed to be going round a plat, and from the centre came again the sound of falling water. A fountain was there, and as she was thirsty she determined to find it. Now and then more than one opening perplexed her as to which direction she ought to take. Though she walked on and on, she seemed to be drawing no nearer to the fountain, and after a time she gave up the quest and decided to return to the open garden. Again she took a wrong turning, and found herself more confused than ever. Without knowing it, she was in Charles V.'s famous maze, which few have unravelled without help. Tired out at length, she sat down and burst into tears. Was all her life to be just such a maze,—an aimless walking between walls which shut her closely in and kept her from accomplishing what she wished? Fray Ignacio had told her when in trouble to call upon the Virgin of Guadalupe, and she now invoked her help. Strengthened and calmed by her prayer, she boldly pushed her way through the hedge, and presently found herself outside the labyrinth. But where was Señora Ribera? Monita entered the palace by a door which resembled the one from which she had come, and wandered along the corridors looking into the various apartments.

“Our Lady of Guadalupe heard me just now,” she thought. “when I was lost in the garden. I wonder if she is somewhere in this beautiful house. Surely it is too handsome for any one else to live in. Oh that she were only here, and would take me to Our Lady del

Pilar, and that she would cure my lameness and let me go back again to San Juan!" Monita heard some one speaking behind a half-open door, and she entered a large room strangely appointed. Pictures on large canvases of angels and saints rested upon easels or stood against the wall. She recognized that these were only pictures; but at the end of the room on a raised dais or platform stood a living lady dressed like Our Lady of Guadalupe in the picture in the little chapel at home, — in a rich brocade with a dark-blue velvet mantle studded with golden stars, thrown overhead, which was surmounted with a golden crown. Her little hands were folded in the same attitude, and she had the same sweet smile as the Virgin at San Juan; and Monita did not doubt that this was in very deed the gracious lady whom she had been taught to revere. She threw herself at her feet and burst into a passion of supplication in the Indian language, telling her all of her loneliness and trouble, and begging her favor.

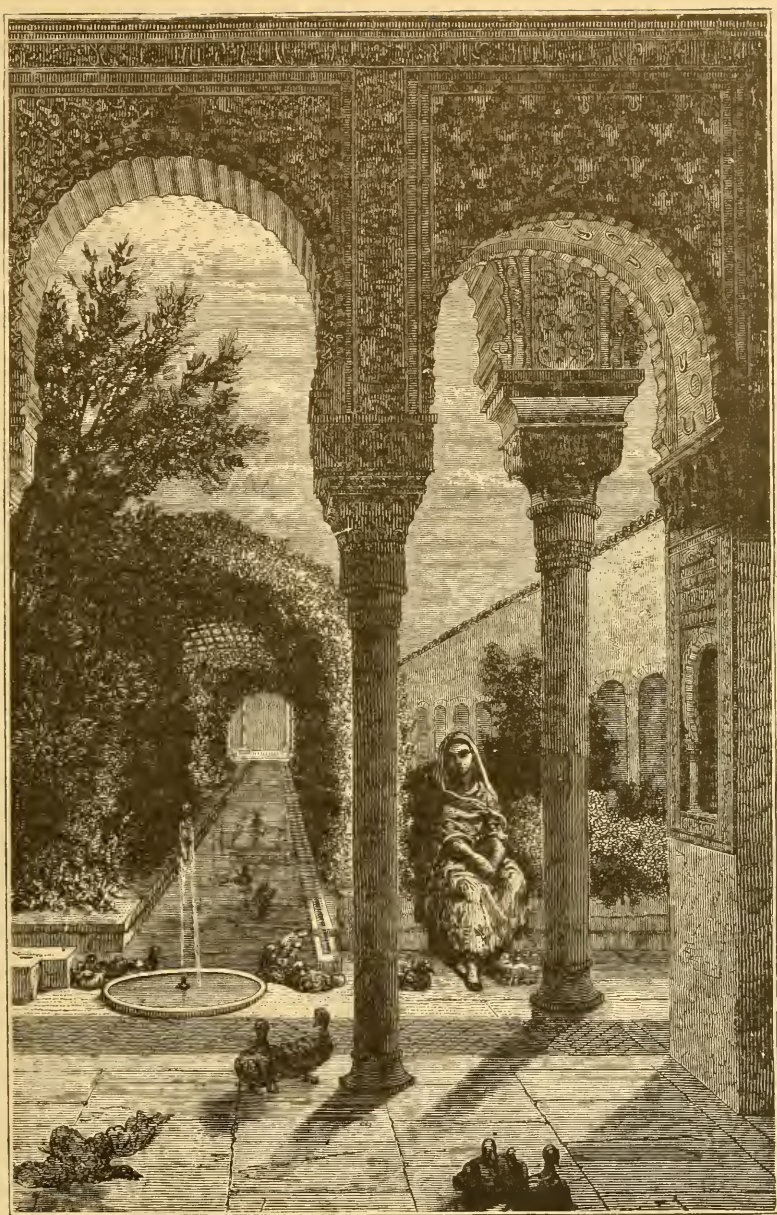
The lady smiled, and extended her hand; at the same time a gentleman, holding a palette and brushes, stepped from behind one of the canvases.

"Who is she? What can she want?" he asked.

"She is evidently an Indian girl," replied the lady. "I heard that several had arrived in the city. I wish that I could understand what she says. I ought to, for you know that I am part Indian."

The idea that the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patroness of the Indians, could not understand their language, was a severe blow to Monita; but she repeated her petitions in the best Spanish which she could muster.

"My poor girl," replied the lady, "you are greatly



MONITA IN THE GARDEN.

mistaken. I am not the blessed Madonna for whom you evidently take me. I am only a maiden like yourself. My name is Maria Geronima Montezuma. These are my parents' apartments, in which my father has fitted up a studio so that this good gentleman can paint my portrait without the necessity of my going every day to his house; and in return for his kindness in coming to us they have allowed him to paint from me a picture of the Madonna for himself. This is why you see me dressed in this way; and if it had been the picture and not I which deceived you, I could not have wondered, for every one says that Señor Bartolome Estevan Murillo paints the Madonna as though he had seen her in a heavenly vision."

Monita was more dazed than before. She understood, however, that this was not Our Lady of Guadalupe, and tears of disappointment stole down her cheeks. She was walking in a series of enchantments, and it seemed to her that some unseen Power was making sport of her bewilderment. The lady, however, was very gentle and loving, and asked her many questions about Mexico.

"I have told you that I am part Indian myself," she said; "but I have never been in Mexico, though I sometimes think that I should like to go; and I have a distant cousin there now who would like to persuade me to live there, saying that I could do much good to the Indians, — so that perchance I shall go one of these fine days."

"Oh, noble lady," besought Monita, "you look so kind and sweet, I beg of you to go to our pueblo and help the poor Indians!"

"My cousin must have sent you to plead his cause,"

laughed the young lady. "No, I shall not go just at present, for my father will not allow it until he hears for certain about some silver mines which my cousin thinks he is on the track of discovering. And for my part, I hope he may not discover them at present, for I have no serious mind to go, — at least not to him."

The painter now asked some questions, among others how it was that she, an Indian girl, should have known enough of Our Lady to recognize her in his sitter. Monita told him of the picture of the Virgin in the chapel.

"It is very likely one of mine," said Murillo; "for before I became known I made my living by painting altar-pieces, some of which went to South America and the Indies."

Monita was a little confused by the familiar way in which the painter spoke of painting Madonnas. "I thought," she replied, "that our picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe was painted directly from the Blessed Lady herself."

Señor Murillo laughed, but checked himself. "If my models were always as saintly as the one from whom I have now the honor of painting," he said gallantly, "your notion would not have been so far wrong; unfortunately this is a rare privilege, and the originals of my Madonnas would make a merry company."

"Since you know so many of the sacred ladies," said Monita, still uncomprehending, "perhaps you have been to Zaragoza and have seen Our Lady del Pilar. They say that she can cure my lameness; it is for that reason that I have come from Mexico. Is Zaragoza much farther away? Can I ever journey there?"

"It is not so very far," replied Geronima, "and I will ask my father to see that you are taken there. I have cousins in Zaragoza. With whom are you staying in Seville? I am sure that we can arrange everything nicely."

From Monita's description her friends surmised at whose house she was visiting, and a servant was summoned to take her home. "Never fear," said Geronima to her at parting; "I shall seek you with my parents on the morrow, for I do not mean to lose sight of you while you are in Spain. And who knows but we may go back to Mexico together?"

Monita returned to the Casa de Pilatos to find the monk who had charge of the Indian children absent in search of her, and the family much disturbed on her account. Señora Ribera, having been unable to find her in the garden, and having searched the corridors and passages of the Alcazar without success, concluded that Monita had returned to the Casa; but when told that she had not appeared there, feared that she was lost in the streets. Servants were sent in search of her, and the señora was the more vexed because she felt secretly that the child's loss was entirely her own fault. All Señora Ribera's discomfort was visited upon the friar on his arrival. The lady declared that she relinquished all interest in a runaway who had given her so much uneasiness. The friar, in his turn, made Monita suffer for his disappointment, giving her several blows with his broad palm, and sending her to bed without her supper. Hungry, and smarting with pain and indignation, Monita consoled herself with the thought that the lovely young lady would call upon the morrow, and that

the friar would be repaid for the loss of one patroness by the gain of another. Perhaps, too, Señora Ribera would take the little Aztec into her favor, and so all would be for the best.

What was Monita's consternation to find, in the morning, that Señora Ribera's anger had abated; and she promised the friar to forgive Monita and continue her patronage on condition that he should continue his journey at once and establish her safely as soon as possible in a convent in Madrid, where there would be no chance for her to get into mischief and danger by roving escapades. Monita told the friar of her newly found friend; but he would listen to nothing: they must set out immediately for Madrid.

Here, as the heavy gate of the convent closed upon the child, the friar's parting admonition was: "Beware how you attempt to run away again! If you do, a worse fate than you can imagine will overtake you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RED CROSS OF SANTIAGO.

Whereas my fancy rather took
The way that leads to town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.

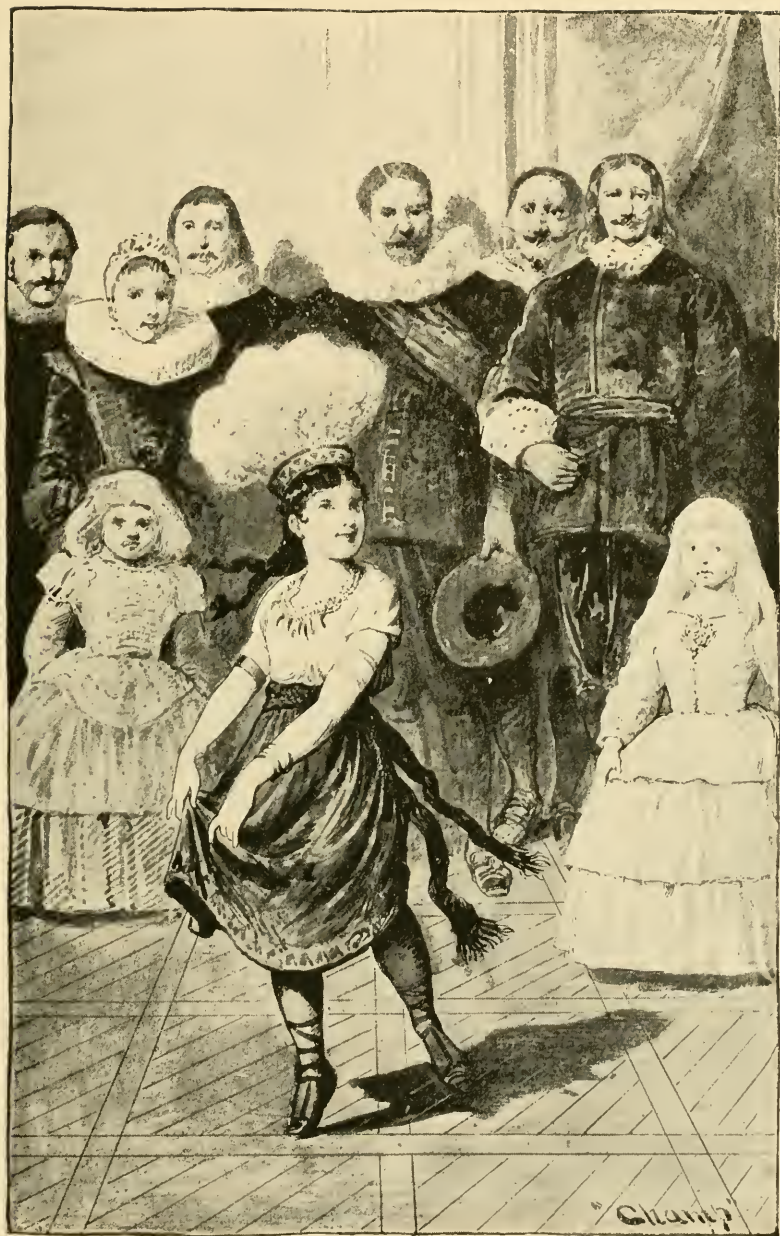
GEORGE HERBERT.

IT was noon in the beautiful cloister of San Juan de los Reyes. The shadows lay close to the walls, and the brilliant flowers in the parterre were one blaze of scintillating sunshine. The sunlight bathed the arches, eating all effect out of the carved tracery from the lack of shading, and even the bubbling fountain no longer suggested coolness; it was only a caldron boiling there in the simmering heat of a day in late September. The young lawyer, José Sarmiento Valladares, who had just come from the shady recesses of the scriptorium, drew back as though scorched.

“San Lorenzo shield me!” he murmured to himself, “for this is worse than his gridiron. I wonder whether it is as hot as this in Mexico; if it is, I should make but a poor pilgrim. I am insane to think of going. Very likely I should not be able to find my old friend Ignacio Mendoza if I did so; but why in the name of all the demons does he not write to me? Perhaps he is dead, poor fellow! My letter from the Viceroy tells me

that he went away to an obscure mission in the North, — doubtless among savage barbarians. No, I am wild to think of making that long journey to seek for him. If I found him, 't would be only to part again. Our paths in life lie in far different directions; and yet what friends we were at the university! I did not think then that he would become a monk, until this craze for doing good to the Indians came upon him. I remember it was reading the life of Las Casas. He would pace the corridors with his arm over my shoulder, pouring into my ear a eulogy of this same Las Casas,¹ who was a slave-holding planter and mine-owner at first, but became a monk, considering that it was wrong to hold the Indians in bondage. And not content with reforming his own life, he set himself to work in all the Indies as the protector of the Indians: and having a friend in Court in the great Cardinal Ximenes, they two worked wonders. The story did not impress me greatly at the time, though I well remember with what fervor Ignacio would say, 'Thou shalt be Ximenes to my Las Casas, José;' and I laughingly would promise him anything and everything. But now that he is gone, the silence is more eloquent than his words. Again and again I see his tearful eyes and hear his pleading voice. So powerful has it been of late that I have left the Court and have come out to Toledo to read, in this fair convent in which Ximenes lived (which was as much of a home as a cardinal could have), all the letters and acts of Ximenes in relation to the Indians. The abbot has been courteous to me, and I have read the letters of Las Casas and the arguments with which he flooded

¹ See note at close of book on Ximenes and Las Casas.



THE DANCE OF THE DWARFS.

De Sepulveda in their great controversy on slavery. It was well done; he would have made a great lawyer. I have ransacked the laws which Ximenes caused to be enacted for the Indians, and should think that everything had been done for them that could be done, unless possibly they are not carried out in the spirit in which they were framed. Now, here is this law in regard to the mines. Ximenes evidently proceeded on the supposition that the mines really belonged to the Indians, and the law was for their protection and to prevent their being imposed upon by unprincipled men. The mines were to be worked by the Indians under certain restrictions, and after the King's part was deducted, the metal belonged to them, a part to be expended in stock, farm-implements, houses, clothing, etc., the rest to be divided among the heads of families. By this it would seem that the Indians are really better off than the emigrant Spaniards, who are allowed licenses to get gold and silver for themselves only under certain conditions. The law favors the Indians sufficiently; all this talk about their suffering is sentimentality. I do not see why I should trouble myself about them; and yet Ignacio's face will not leave me. I wonder whether he is in any trouble, and I wish he would write."

One other face haunted Valladares, — that of a dark-eyed little girl; and as he left the convent and gave one farewell glance to the heavy iron manacles taken from Christian captives liberated from the Moors, with which its outer walls were festooned, all thought of Ximenes and Fray Ignacio vanished for the time from his mind. His horse picked its own way down the steep hill out of the *Puerta del Sol*, and turned its in-

telligent head toward Madrid ; for its master had passed from one revery to another.

A dozen years before, in the month of June, 1660, when but a little lad, Valladares had assisted as page to the Infanta at a great event, — the marriage of the Spanish princess to Louis XIV. of France. This marriage took place on the frontier, and was twice celebrated, — first on Spanish ground in the picturesque walled town of Fontarabia, and then, just across the Bidassoa, in the little town of Saint-Jean-de-Luz in France. During the week of the nuptials there were bull-fights and plays, processions and balls, dances and Masses, with all the show and finery that the world and the Church could furnish. The noblesse of France and the hidalgos of Spain were present in large numbers, and the great painter Velasquez was master of ceremonies. We can well imagine that with such actors and with such a man as the presiding genius, the effects of color, the spectacles and tableaux vivants must have been very gorgeous. It is said that his exertions as grand marshal on this occasion, which included the decoration of the Castle of Fontarabia and the erection of a sumptuous pavilion in which the revellies were held, so overtaxed him that he died of the worry and excitement as soon as the great pageant was over.

The courtly figure of Velasquez made a deep impression upon the boyish mind of Valladares. He could recall distinctly the dark thin face with the elaborately trimmed mustache, set off by his lace ruff, his costume richly embroidered in silver, and above all the red cross of Santiago embroidered on his cloak, and another



THE GREAT CARDINAL XIMENES.

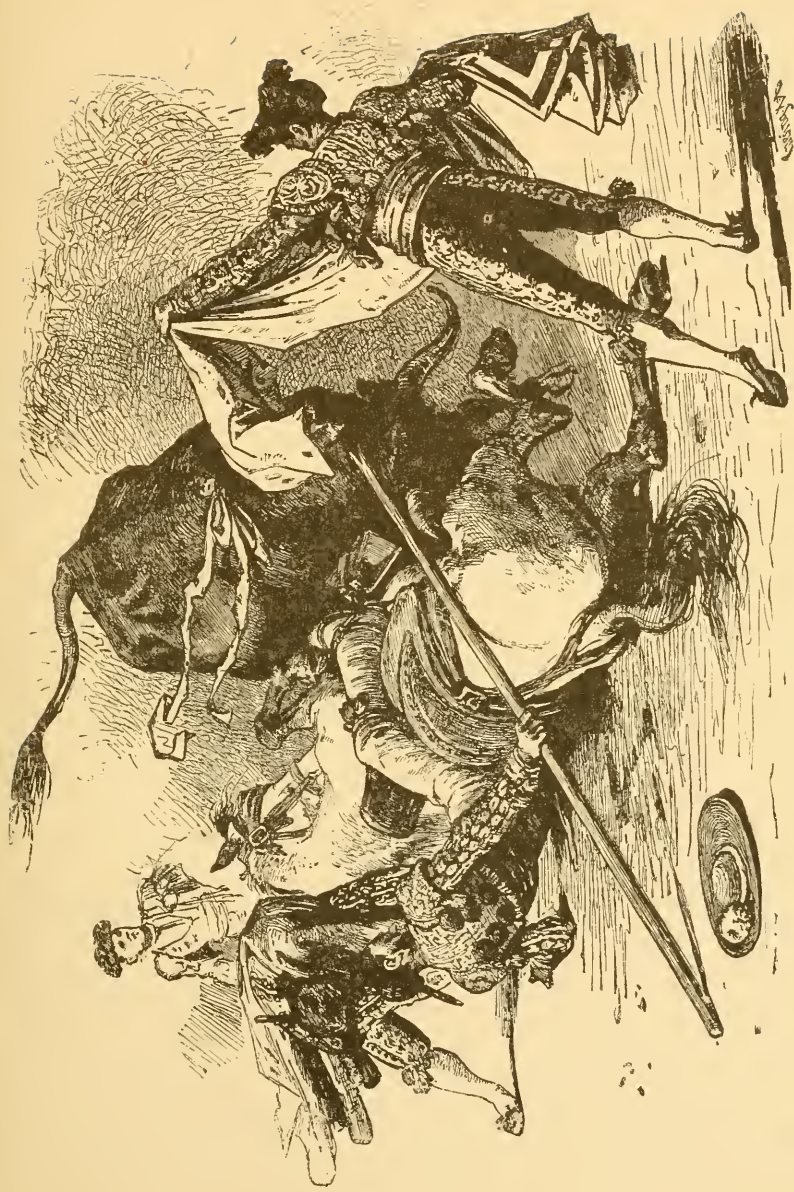
jewelled badge of the Order worn upon a richly wrought chain. This badge of knighthood was but a pretty trinket to him then, but he had learned since to value and to long for it with an intense ambition which he now feared might never be realized. Philip IV. had conferred it on his favorite in a whimsical way. Velasquez was engaged in painting his masterpiece, the Maids of Honor, and "included himself, at work on a large picture of the royal family. Philip, who came every day to see the progress of this picture, remarked, in reference to the figure of the artist, that one thing was yet wanting; and taking up the brush, painted the knightly insignia with his own royal fingers."

Philip's successor, Charles II., the reigning Spanish sovereign, was not addicted to such gracious jests, and Valladares could not hope that he would some day find fault with one of his legal disquisitions as improperly signed, and affix to it the seal of the red cross. Much as he admired and envied this adornment, it was not for the Order of Santiago that he chiefly remembered Velasquez, but for a play and dance of children and dwarfs which he arranged, and which the young Valladares had witnessed. The Spanish King at this time was fond of making pets of "Meninas," — dwarfs and hunchbacks, ugly little monsters, sometimes of vicious disposition, — and there were several of them at the Court. Velasquez had arranged a comedy, in which gnomes of the under-world and fairies of the air should present the Infanta with gifts of gems and flowers. In this play Valladares remembered a pretty little girl who was dressed as an Indian princess, and who represented the Spanish possessions in America, who danced a

strange barbaric sort of fandango, and after it recited a poem pledging the friendship of the New World to France and Spain.

The Grand Monarque was greatly pleased with the little maid's performance, and asked that she should be brought forward after the play. Velasquez commissioned the dwarf, Maria Barbola, to lead her to the royal presence; but the little Princess of Montezuma, for it was she, was frightened by the ferocious aspect of this big-headed little creature, and fled weeping to her mother. From the first she had manifested a great dread of the deformed manikin, which Maria Barbola had noticed, and had increased by grimacing and chattering at her in an ape-like way, and even by slyly pinching her whenever the dance brought them near together. Observing her terror, the Infanta bade Valladares (who was holding her ermine-bordered velvet train) go and persuade the little maid to come to her. Valladares flew across the ball-room; and first seizing Maria Barbola by the shoulders, he spun her quickly away from the terrified child, and returning, coaxed her so gently that the little Geronima placed her hand in his and allowed herself to be led to their royal highnesses. Louis tapped her on the cheek and thanked her for her pretty speech; at the same time he tore from his mantle one of a row of pear-shaped emeralds with which it was decorated. "Let this serve to remind you," he said, "of the friendship which you have just pledged to France, and which France now pledges to you."

The parents of the little girl saw in the gift only a promise of royal favor in case, as seemed not impossible,



THERE WERE BULL-FIGHTS.

changing fortune might carry them for aid to the French Court. They had no idea that at any future day it would be in the power of this child to extend an asylum and aid to a descendant of this magnificent King. Valladares took the little lady back to her parents; and shortly after the revelries were concluded, and the Infanta bade him farewell.

"You are going back to Madrid," she said, "and I to Paris. I wish I could think of something, José, to give you as a souvenir of my wedding. What would you like to have?"

And the boy replied, not knowing for what he asked: "I should like best a beautiful red cross like that which the grand marshal, Velasquez, wears."

"Ah! that," said the Infanta, "is only in the gift of a Spanish king. And I am no longer even a Spanish princess, José; this marriage has made me a Frenchwoman. — French to the heart, for I love my husband. But perhaps if you study hard at the university, when you have done something grand and good to merit it, my brother Charles may give you the beautiful cross of Santiago. I will remind him of it; and meantime, without being false to Spain, try, for my sake, to be always kind to France."

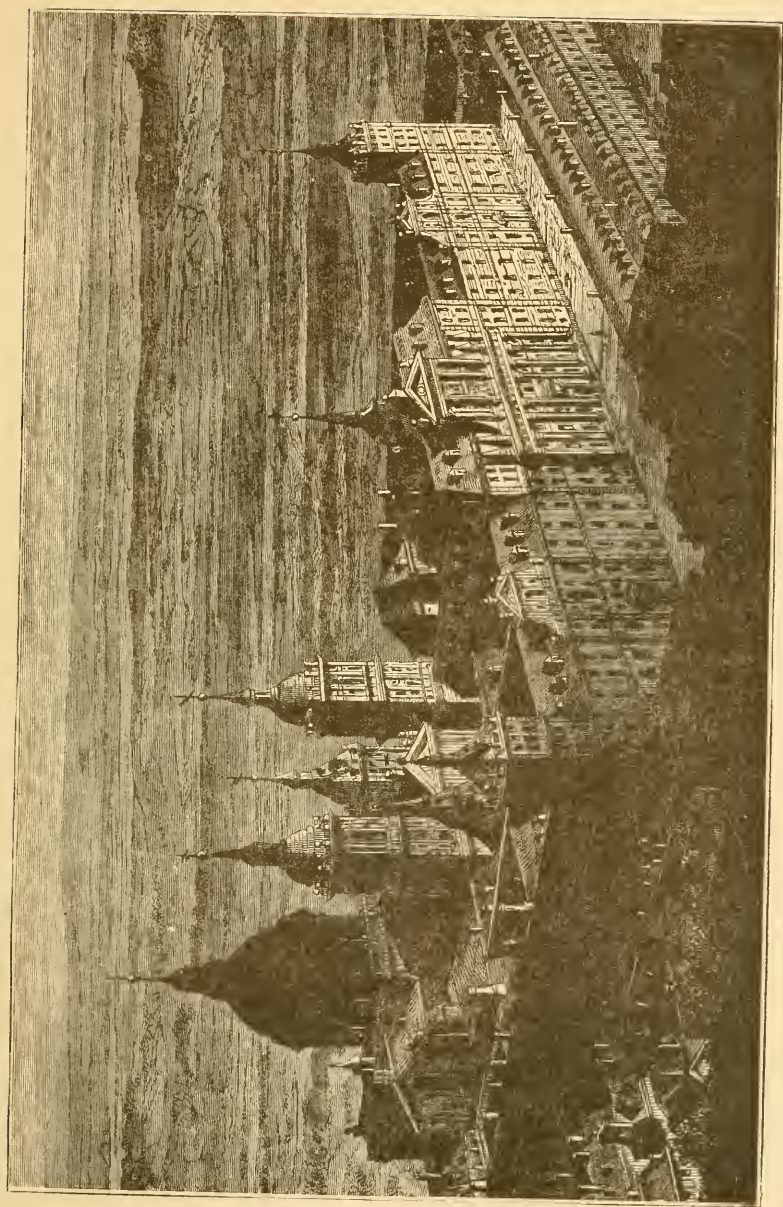
From that time to this, Valladares had not seen the Infanta or the little Geronima Montezuma. He had learned her name, and had often desired, for the sake of meeting her or her family, to mingle with the gayeties of Court life; but his parents had destined him to the university and the life of a scholar, and when at last he left Salamanca, unaccustomed to society, he had grown shy and awkward, and painfully conscious that

he was a plain man. So he plunged more deeply than ever into his studies, and Charles II. gave him an office which kept him occupied near Madrid, in the gloomy cloister-palace of the Escorial. To this great building Valladares was now returning. Night had fallen, — a clear Castilian night, when the sky was hung with stars which seemed to swing like suspended lamps, and every object was sharply outlined against the level horizon.

He had reached Madrid in time for a late supper, and was enjoying the coolness of this night journey. His thoughts wandered vaguely from one object to another. Now he was away back in his childhood, watching the dance of the dwarfs and leading Geronima to the King; now he paced the cloister with his arm round his friend Ignacio; and now he thought of the red cross, and how like a jewelled decoration were some of the constellations of stars, when suddenly he noticed limping on before him, on the desolate plain, the figure of a young girl. A strong breeze had arisen, which tugged at his own cloak, and the child made painful and slow progress, stumping on patiently with her little crutch. Valladares soon overtook her; and at first, from her dark face, mistook her for a gypsy. She held up her hand, signalling that she wished to speak; and as he halted, inquired in broken Spanish the distance to Zaragoza.

“Zaragoza!” exclaimed Valladares; “but you are quite off your road, — it lies to the eastward from Madrid. Whence come you?”

The child shivered and turned round, but did not answer immediately. She looked at the long-stretching road between her and the city, and then asked: “Cabal-



THE ESCURIAL.

lero, know you of no peasant's hut near by, where I can obtain shelter for the night? I have passed no building of any kind for several miles, and this wind chills me to the bone. I am, as you see, an unfortunate on pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady del Pilar." At this point a great gust of wind interrupted her, and bent her nearly double.

"Put your foot upon mine, and climb up behind me," said Valladares. "The gate-keeper's wife at the Escorial will keep you over night. How your teeth chatter! Though windy, it does not seem so cold to me."

"I come from a warmer climate, señor."

"Are you a gypsy, or a Moorish maiden?"

"No, señor, I am from the Indies, — from Mexico."

"That is a far country! And how comes it that you are rambling alone on the moors to-night?"

"I have told you, señor. I am on a pilgrimage to Zaragoza."

"But you surely have not come all the way from the Indies alone?"

"No, señor; a good friar brought me with other Indian maidens and placed us in a convent. But they were well and strong, while I need to be cured of my lameness, and so —"

"And so you ran away from the convent, eh?"

"Yes, señor."

"Now, my child, that was very wrong. It is quite as probable that the good nuns will cure you with their simples as that the Virgin del Pilar can do you any good. You must go back in the morning to them. It is not meet for a young damsel to be tramping about the country unattended."

Monita was silent; and presently they reached the gate-lodge of the monastery. The gate-keeper's wife took Monita in charge, and gave her a bowl of thick soup and a warm bed. The warmth was pleasant, and drowsiness soon overcame her; but a little after midnight she awoke. All was quiet, and the moon was shining through the window just as it did at the convent. Go back to the convent! No, she could not. She must find Our Lady del Pilar and go back to New Mexico. Very silently she dressed; and drawing the great bolt, softly slipped out into the moonlight.

The next morning, when Valladares came to inquire for her at the lodge, he was told that she had gone.

"She left this under her pillow," said the gate-keeper's wife, extending a small prayer-book.

Valladares opened it, and saw written on the fly-leaf: "Monita, from her spiritual guide, Ignacio Mendoza."

He gave a great start. Here was the missing link between him and his friend.

"I must find her!" he exclaimed; and ordering his horse, he hurried from the Escorial.

CHAPTER X.

THE KNOTTED CORD.

And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple. — JOHN ii. 15.

To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee.
They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil;
But not in the caverns and dens,
O Sun, are we mindless of thee.

SOUTHEY.

CAPTAIN ZUÑIGA'S two ambitions were hardly compatible with each other. Lately, until the discovery of the silver mine, he had thought of winning the Indians to himself and to the heiress of the Montezumas, and even of encouraging them to a revolt against the other Spaniards. The sudden acquisition of an unlimited supply of wealth for a time set aside his political scheme. He needed the support of the Spanish authority at Santa Fé to make good his claim to the mine against Fray Ignacio's in behalf of the Church and the Indians. By seizing and holding the mine he had not only brought upon himself the fearless denunciation of Fray Ignacio, but had also offended the silversmiths of all the pueblos, whose joint property the Indians had held it to be, and through the silversmiths had alienated the entire Indian nation. In the

intoxication of the moment he did not care for this, but set himself vigorously to work to fortify and to develop the mine, and through bribery to maintain his claim in the courts. Fray Ignacio repaired to Santa Fé, and was loud in his complaints; but he soon found that possession was nine tenths of the law, and that with no money to purchase legal assistance, he was beating the air to very little purpose. He had counted on the support of the Church, and was encouraged when the matter was taken up by the Superior of his Order in Santa Fé, and a claim counter to Captain Zuñiga's presented; but he was rendered heart-sick by finding that in this claim, which was based upon the need of larger church edifices and more plate, the rights of the Indians were no more recognized than in that of the Captain. The good father vented his indignation in a sermon which he had been invited to preach in Santa Fé. He took for his theme the terrible seventh chapter of Jeremiah, which he translated carefully at length, laying particular stress on the following verses:

“Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, The temple of the Lord. Will ye steal, murder, and swear falsely; and come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name? This is a nation that obeyeth not the voice of the Lord. Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, when the carcases of the people shall be meat for the fowls of the heaven, and for the beasts of the earth; and none shall fray them away. Then will I cause to cease the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride: for the land shall be desolate.”



THE CORRAL IN THE SILVER WORKS.

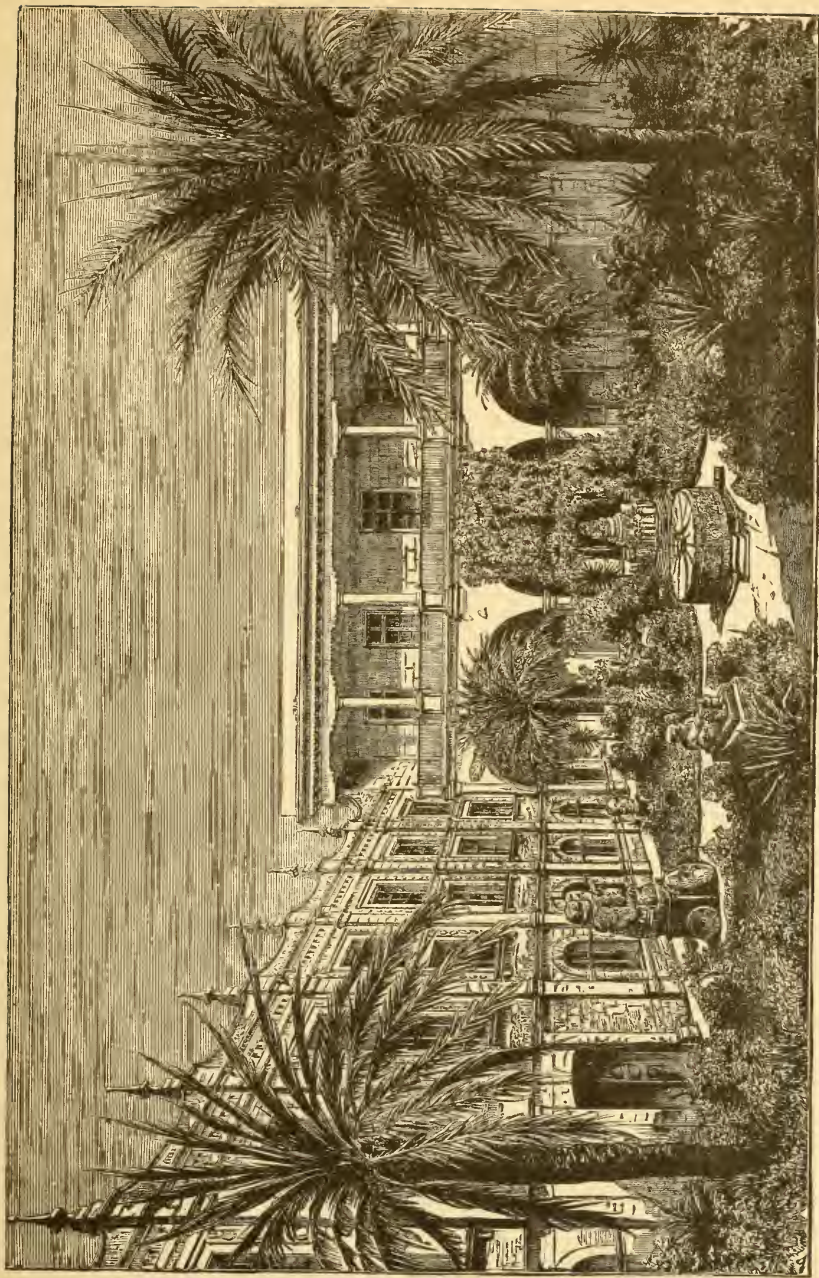
This was not a cheerful opening to the sermon; but Fray Ignacio made it still more uncomfortably personal by crying in a loud voice: "It is in vain to give the Indians religion without first giving them justice. It is in vain to build more churches, to send to them more devoted missionaries, with a part of the money which we plunder from them. Think you that God will accept the offering? I tell you, no. He will drive you hence with a scourge of cords, as he put forth those who made his temple a den of thieves, if indeed he do not send a sea of flame and blood to cleanse these churches, — flame which shall burn away all ill-gotten wealth, and the blood of his faithful martyrs, whom he can no longer suffer to serve in whited sepulchres."

Fray Ignacio's sermon produced a sensation, but one not favorable to himself. The friends of the *Marque de la Penuela* who were interested in the building scheme, the clergy, and the lawyers were all incensed, and measures were set on foot which soon effected the removal of Fray Ignacio from his Mission at San Juan to the lonely pueblo of Acoma, away in the southwest. He was better fitted, it was judged, for frontier work. In great grief the padre bade farewell to his little flock. "Dios consiente," he said, quoting the words of another faithful missionary, "pero no para siempre." — God may consent, but not forever.

How he longed for his friend the advocate Valladares to take up the cause which he was obliged to relinquish, and wondered why he had heard no word in answer to his letter. He had sent it by Monita instead of by the general post, for that was subject to inspection; and while the silver mine was still a secret, he did not wish

it divulged. Now he had to fear that any letter of complaint from him would be stopped in Santa Fé, and he looked about for some trusty messenger to carry a second letter to Valladares from Mexico. Popé was a prisoner in the mines; but Popé's father, Simon Magus, expressed himself willing to carry the letter to the city of Mexico, where Fray Ignacio thought it might be trusted to the general post.

The old sorcerer was the more willing to undertake the expedition as Fray Ignacio assured him that it had to do with the liberation of his son; and Monita's letter from the convent of Santa Clara before sailing had told them how kindly disposed the Spaniards of Mexico were to the Indians, and put hope in his heart as he set out on a dog-trot upon the long journey. He nearly perished in the desert, but found himself after many adventures in the city of Mexico. He bore a letter from Fray Ignacio which secured him a lodging with the Franciscans, who faithfully sent the letter for Valladares on its way to Spain, and entertained Simon Magus to the best of their ability. They were shocked by Fray Ignacio's report of the abuses which the Indians suffered at the hands of the settlers, and assured the poor Indian that all that would be remedied in good time if he would only have patience and wait. Wait? Yes, if they could give him any hope; and so he lingered in the hospice for two years, waiting for some message to take back to Fray Ignacio and his people. The friars saw his beseeching, eager look each morning, and knew what it meant; but they did not see their way to helping, though they pitied him, and said to one another that it was a shame that his son



A PATIO COURT OF THE MUSEUM.

should be imprisoned in the mines. They did not turn him away, but gave him work to do from time to time, hoping that he might forget his home in the North and decide to remain with them. One young brother, Fray Isidro, more enthusiastic for making converts than the other friars, began a work of grace upon him. He took him first to see the heathen idols, many of which still remain in the city. He showed Simon Magus the round sacrificial stone with its sculptured border, and the channel chiselled on the upper surface, down which the blood of thousands of human victims had trickled. He dilated on the horror and cruelty of the old religion, with its festival for every month, at which human victims were offered, — in February to the god of storms, in March to the god of children; a sad Christmas day for the little people, for to this god children were drowned. He told of the great sacrifice of prisoners to the hideous god of war, of beautiful women beheaded and flayed as offerings to the gods of hunting and agriculture; and he contrasted this barbarity with the religion of Jesus and Mary, which, he explained, was all goodness and mercy. He asserted that the Spaniards had come to this new country solely to give them this beautiful gospel instead of the old horrible superstition. As Simon Magus listened it seemed to him that Fray Ignacio was speaking, and it sounded so beautiful that he would fain have believed it.

“And those Spaniards who have taken away the mine that belonged to Koba and the other silversmiths, and who have made my son and other Indians slaves, and who maimed little Monita, and have killed others of my brethren?” he asked.

“Those were no Christians,” the monk replied hotly, “and no Christian priest would give them hope of salvation.”

Simon Magus was satisfied for the time, and waited through the long summer patiently for some sign of help for his people. None came, and he began to grow restless: perhaps he had done wrong not to beseech his old gods also; he must leave no stone unturned. It was plain to him at last that this Mary and Jesus were not strong enough to help him, since he was assured that they were full of mercy and kindness. The evil god must be in power at this time, and it behooved him to interview his Satanic Majesty, and attempt to turn his anger away from the poor Indians. Accordingly, one dark night Simon Magus descended into the wine-cellar of the convent, carrying with him a chicken (which, I regret to say, he had stolen from the brothers' poultry-yard), a lighted lamp, and a small quantity of copal, — a kind of gum. It was as dark and gloomy in the cellar as in any underground estufa, or chamber of incantations of his own people. The great butts of Xeres (or sherry) wine were in an inner apartment; but he could see them dimly behind their padlocked grating, like so many rows of brown-gowned portly friars, giving countenance and dignity to his solemn rites by their silent presence. Simon Magus had prepared for his ceremony by long fasting; and he now cut the throat of the chicken, mingled the copal with the blood, and setting fire to all, proceeded to repeat certain mystical words and to make signs over the flame, the entire ceremony being a sacrifice to Coquetaba, the god of hell, asking him to close the road against death

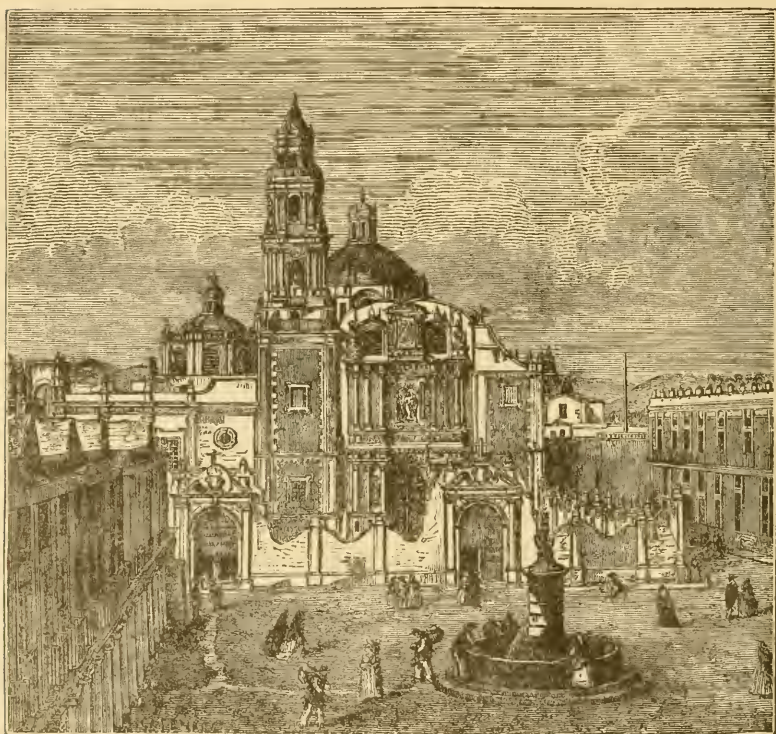
and misfortune to the Indians, and if these evil spirits must come forth, to open it to the bad Spaniards only.

The suffocating fumes of the burning feathers and flesh penetrated the upper cloisters and wakened Brother Isidro ; his first impression was that the convent was on fire. He hurried down the stairs, determined to investigate the matter before alarming the brethren. What was his horror to find his protégé, the man of whose conversion he had been so hopeful, engaged in an act of sorcery and desecrating their holy convent by a burnt sacrifice to Satan ! Sorcery was one of the special points of attack of the Inquisition, and the Holy Office was now in full force in Mexico ; there was to be an *auto-da-fé* in a few days, under the auspices of their rival Order, the Dominicans. There was no telling what penalty and peril might fall upon their convent if this occurrence should come to light. Fray Isidro stamped out the smouldering fire, obliging Simon Magus thoroughly to remove all remnants of the sacrifice and to scrape the earth. He washed the spot with holy water, fumigated the crypt with incense, and drove the poor sorcerer from the convent with a stern rebuke and many warnings. Even his enslaved conscience could not prevail upon him to confess this matter to his Superior. It chanced that the morning of the execution of the decrees of the Holy Office at the *brasero* (brazier) or *quemadero* (burning-place) of San Diego,¹

¹ Mr. Janvier, in his excellent Mexican Guide, quotes from Fray Vetancent, who, describing the pleasing outlook from the door of San Diego, writes : " The view is beautified by the plaza of San Hipolito and the burning-place of the Holy Office."

The church of San Domingo shown in the illustration, although built by the Dominicans, did not exist at this time.

Fray Isidro saw Simon Magus skulking about the door of the convent. Thinking that it might have a salutary effect upon him, and frighten him from future



CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO.

dangerous experiments in the way of sorcery, the Fray advised him to attend the ceremony.

It was a shocking spectacle : four victims were strangled, and then burned at the stake ; a fifth, a corsair from the high seas and a heretic, was burned alive. It is difficult for us to realize that the Inquisition really

took root upon *American* soil. We read of its iniquitous doings in Spain and in the Netherlands; but that men and women were actually burned on this continent, and that the tribunal was in power in this century (it was not suppressed until May 21, 1820), is hard for us to believe. And yet it was so; and the inhumanity which allowed such things to be, remains still in the callous hearts which hear of other wrongs and cruelties without an effort to remedy them.

Simon Magus regarded the spectacle with horror and bewilderment. Fray Isidro had told him that human sacrifices were done away with, and had been shocked that he had burned a fowl to the god of hell; and yet here was a human soul going forth in flame and torture, a man burned alive to the devil by this very Church of Mary and Jesus, for there stood Fray Isidro with the friars of his Order consenting to his death. The terrible scene was over, the crowd had dispersed, and the processions of friars returned to their convent. Simon Magus followed them, the almoner admitted him to the kitchen, and he waited there for Fray Isidro, who presently came to him. "I thought I told you never to come back here," the friar said, more from apprehension for himself than from cruelty to the poor Indian.

"I only wanted to ask one or two questions," the sorcerer replied. "Tell me. was it with your consent, and that of the other priests, that these men were burned?"

"Yes."

"And you think that the missionaries to the Northern Indians, that Fray Ignacio, would have agreed to it?"

"They and he must have done so, since it was authorized by our religion."

"And you people who burn others are going to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Then be sure I will not go there, or have aught to do with your religion here."

"Have a care how you speak; there are but two things for which we burn people, — heresy, or disbelief in our religion, and," the friar whispered, "sorcery."

He did not explain that the Indians were specially exempted from the jurisdiction of the Inquisition: the man was so obdurate that he thought a thorough scare would do him good. Simon Magus's jaw fell, and his eyes protruded with terror. "Then there is no hope," he muttered to himself, "except in the knotted cord."

He fled from the convent and from the city, travelling all night in the most intense fear. In the morning he hid himself in a dry gully and slept, having first refreshed himself with a few stolen vegetables. Not until far away from the capital did he dare enter the Indian villages and beg food. In one of these some Indian women were making tortillas, — a kind of pancake, — which saluted his hungry nostrils with a most appetizing odor. He approached, and would have asked for one of them, but he saw a picture of the Virgin on the wall behind them, and he dared not linger, for he felt that he was not yet beyond the power of his enemies.

So he proceeded on his way homeward, disappointed, hopeless, reckless, slinking like a coyote away from the habitations of men; limping on painfully but

swiftly, — on, on, away from the terrible Spaniards. At last he reached the neighborhood of Captain Zuñiga's new hacienda; and here he paused, haunting the mountains for days, dreading to approach too near, and yet chained to the vicinity because his son Popé was at work somewhere in those dreary mines. There was a crag from which he could overlook all the country round and see down into the hacienda. Here he would lie prone, hugging the rock, that his form might not be outlined against the sky, watching and waiting for he hardly knew what to happen. Another cañon ran nearly parallel to that on which the mine opened, and one day he noticed a small party



SELLING TORTILLAS.

of Indians marching down this cañon. He watched them with interest, and saw that they halted at a spot just opposite the hacienda and went into camp. The next day the Indians were still there, and the next; and Simon Magus determined to join them. He found that they were a party of silversmiths who were tapping the mine from another direction from that in

which Captain Zuñiga was working it. He remained with them, aiding in their work. A long tunnel was excavated before they came to silver; but at last they reached the precious vein, and they worked more rapidly, for the danger of discovery was great, and they were anxious to provide themselves with as much of the metal as they could carry, and be gone.

The morning of the last day of their stay, Simon Magus heard a dull thud,—the sound of a pickaxe striking regularly at some little distance within. He stopped working in dismay, for he knew that he was near Captain Zuñiga's galleries. Then he listened intently. If he could only tell whether the workman were a Spaniard or an Indian! Thud, thud, the blows came more distinctly. There was another sound too,—a barbaric singing, which could hardly deserve the name,—a monotonous, wailing chant; and Simon Magus, muffled as it was by the wall of earth, recognized the song and the voice. It was Popé, who was keeping up his heart in his catacomb prison by singing, not one of the Christian chants which Fray Ignacio had taught him, but an old heathen song of praise to the Sun-god,—the sun, which he had not seen for nearly four years! Tears of joy coursed down the old man's face; and then he caught up the refrain and sang the same song, though it was perilous to do so, for Popé might not be alone. The blows and words ceased on the other side of the wall for a time, and Simon Magus knew that Popé was listening. Then the strokes of the pick began again with feverish haste, and he was sure that his son had recognized his signal and that he was alone. The father worked upon his side, and soon the two



IN THE MINES.

picks clashed together; then a skeleton hand, which he would never have taken for that of his son, was thrust through the opening, and presently, with the aid of the silversmiths, Popé was drawn through. How changed he was by his long imprisonment! The young man's long hair was perfectly white, a film seemed to have grown over his eyes, which he covered with his hands to keep out even the light of the shady cañon, and his form was bent like that of an aged man. He had been fed just sufficiently to sustain life, and the silversmiths gave him small pieces of their jerked buffalo-meat, which he ate ravenously. Very hurriedly they walled up the opening in the mine and made preparations to flee; but they had only proceeded a half mile or so when loud shouts in the direction of the mine informed them that their excavations had been discovered. Other crevices and gullies opened into the cañon in which they were, and the little party sought safety in separation and concealment. From his eyrie on the crag Simon Magus had studied the conformation of the country, and he led his son up a dried watercourse; and they concealed themselves in a cave from which he had seen a bear issue several mornings before. It was no matter that the bear might be there now; she was safer company than the Spaniards. Fortunately the cave was empty; and Popé, quite exhausted, stretched himself upon the floor. Nor did the bear return; and after nightfall they ventured out, only to find the dead bodies of the other Indians in the main cañon below. The Spaniards had overtaken and killed them all, had plundered and mutilated the bodies, and had placed their heads on stakes in the

cañon which led to the mine. The sight seemed to give both father and son the strength of fear, and they fled away to a water-hole in the mountains, where Simon Magus filled his gourds, and the pair started for their northward journey. They subsisted on small animals and roots except when they were fortunate enough to come across a prairie-dog town. Sometimes they even ate serpents; and at last, worn and spent, they found themselves near San Juan. They slunk into the town after nightfall, and met the chief men of the pueblo in the estufa that night.

Simon Magus told his tragic story with vehemence, but his friends listened to him with apathy. A single Spaniard was left in the town.—a strange priest who had taken Fray Ignacio's place; the others had followed Captain Zuñiga to the hacienda. But when Simon Magus urged them to kill this remaining Spaniard, fire the Mission and presidio, and thus set the example of revolt to the other pueblos, so strong was the affection which the people still bore to the exiled Fray Ignacio that for his sake they refused to rise against the Spaniards. It was in vain that the sorcerer told them that the other pueblos were ripe for this act. "Soon, very soon, the runners will be sent out from Pecos with the knotted cords which will call you in Montezuma's name to join in this uprising and drive the oppressors from the land. Then if you do not join with your brethren they will turn upon you like a pack of wolves upon a wounded coyote, and yourselves and your pueblo will be blotted out forever."

The men listened in grave silence. The affair was serious; they too were stung by the wrongs which they

had suffered. They were saddened to hear of Koba, their silversmith, murdered, of the terrible life which their brethren still led in the mines; but they could scarcely credit this story which Simon Magus told them of the human sacrifices which he had witnessed in Mexico. He must be crazed with grief, they argued; such



THEY FOUND VILLAGES OF PRAIRIE-DOGS.

things could not be. Even when assured by his protestations they remained inert, in a sort of despairing apathy. They were patient by nature, and Fray Ignacio had inculcated a patience which was beyond nature, and it would take great provocation to stir them.

Popé, who had hitherto been silent, rose and spoke of what he had endured, showing them his emaciated

body, his white locks and cruel scars, and adding in an impassioned voice: "You still trust in Fray Ignacio, but he is powerless to help us. He promised me that Monita should come back to me well and strong,— Monita, who was to be my bride. Have I not waited long enough? Where is she? Her father's head is on a stake in front of the mine which belongs in part to her, which Fray Ignacio said should be kept for the Indians. Where is Fray Ignacio?"

"You will not rise for me," Simon Magus cried, "but you must rise when you see the knotted cord; you cannot disobey the call of patriotism and your old religion."

The men shook their heads, and one honored by the others replied for the rest: "Let Montezuma call; when he comes we must follow; and meantime we will send runners to Fray Ignacio to ask him what to do."

The assembly broke up. Father and son were entertained three days, and then sent upon their way to the northern pueblo of Taos, for here among more warlike people Simon Magus felt sure that the seeds of revenge would grow. Just before they left, Popé stole into the little familiar chapel. How homelike it looked, with the rude pulpit and confessional, the door open into the sacristy, where the red petticoats and white lace gowns hung on wooden pegs. Our Lady of Guadalupe smiling down from the high altar, and the sunlight glinting in from the cloister-garden! He could almost fancy that he heard Fray Ignacio's bass-viol, and his full rich voice singing, —

"Genitori, genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio."

Happy tears moistened his eyelids. All the weary months of suffering were a dream; he seemed to stand with Monita once more before his faithful early teacher. If he could only see him again, could only hear from her that she was well and happy, he would relinquish this scheme of revenge.

Suddenly he thought of the turquoise cup: he was to look upon it, and know by the color of the gems of her well-being. He hurried to the altar and opened the sacred pyx. The cup was there; but the turquoises, of poorer quality than the precious variety, had lost their exquisite hue and turned to dirty greenish-white. Some of them had even disintegrated, and fallen from their setting. He looked at them in superstitious dread. A great horror came over him: Monita was without doubt dead; and replacing the pyx, he strode out of the chapel, and away from San Juan.

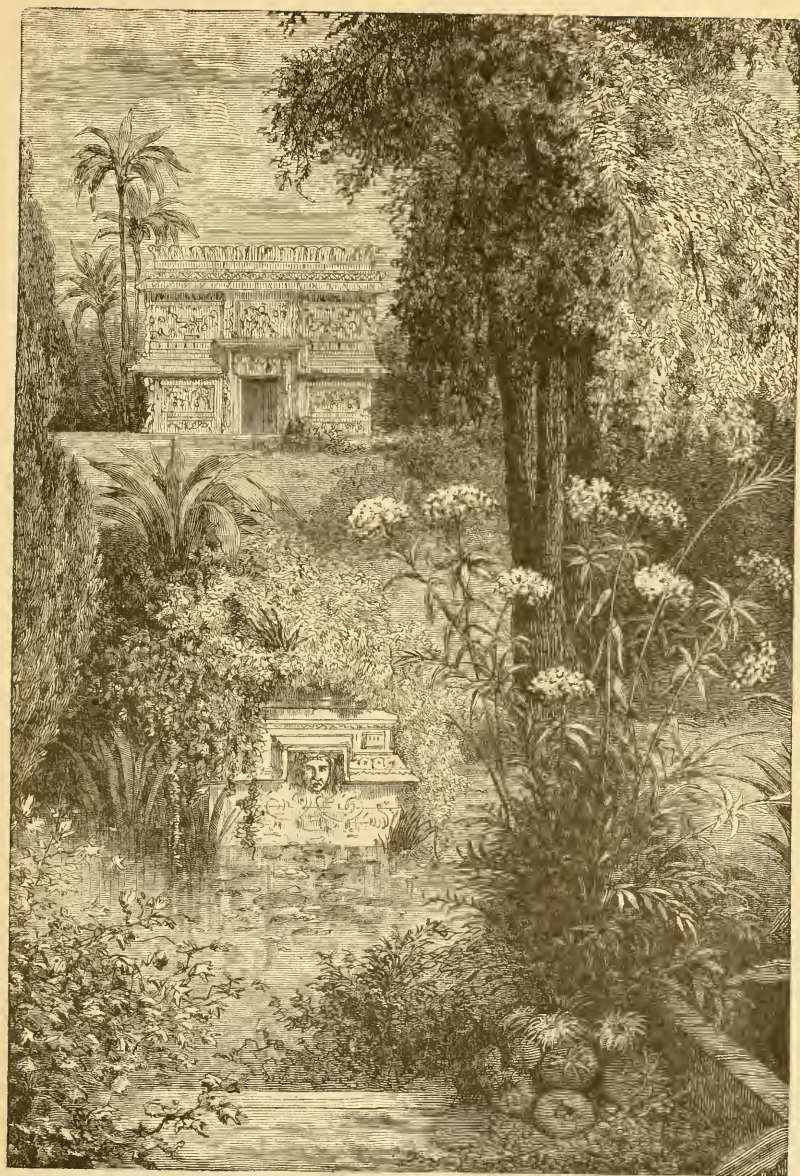
CHAPTER XI.

AT THE SHRINE OF DEL PILAR.

“ They bowed the knee to Mary,
And to her Son Divine;
And they called on all the holy saints,
But first on Saint Valentine.
And they found that our gracious Lady,
Who, as the legends tell,
Cures broken backs and broken legs,
Can cure broken hearts as well.”

DOÑA GERONIMA MONTEZUMA called on Doña Ribera the next day after her meeting with Monita, and was greatly disappointed to learn that she had been taken to a convent in Madrid. The Countess of Montezuma consoled her daughter with the promise that they should call on the little Indian girl when next they went to Madrid.

The young Princess of Tula, princess only in name, was obliged to content herself with this vague promise. Doña Ribera did not know to which of the religious houses of the capital Monita had been assigned; and Geronima could only wait, solacing herself with the thought that Monita was quite safe in the custody of the good nuns, and that it would be easy to find her by and by. It chanced, however, that the family did not go to Madrid for over a year, and Monita had time to believe herself forgotten by her new friend, and to be very



AN IDEAL TEZCOCAN GARDEN.

desolate and homesick at the convent, where no attention or sympathy was shown to the two errands on which she had come to Spain, — Fray Ignacio's and her own.

At the expiration of a year, however, important issues were discussed in the Montezuma family, — issues so far reaching that the Count deemed it expedient to repair to Madrid and ask the advice of his sovereign. Captain Zuñiga had written of the discovery of the silver mine, had reinforced his letter with a cargo of silver, and had applied in due form for the hand of the Princess of Tula. He was now able, he boasted, to make her the wealthiest lady in New Spain, and could build for her a paradise which would rival the old palaces and gardens of Tezcoco, in which her ancestors took their pleasure. There were hints, also, in the Captain's letter of a crown in the future. These hints troubled the Count. He had not been without ambitious hopes for his daughter; but he was unwilling to embark in a hazardous enterprise, and he determined to lay the matter before the King, sure that in this way he should obtain the royal favor, — perhaps gain it also for the Captain, whose plans, as explained to the Count, did not disclose the treachery to the Spanish cause which really lurked within them.

The Count found another baffling element in his daughter. When the matter was explained to her, she expressed herself as delighted with the idea of going to New Spain, and of seeing the country of her Indian ancestors; but she was provokingly averse to marrying her cousin.

"I remember him very well," she said; "he was a great ugly boy, and he trod on my lap-dog's tail on

purpose, and laughed when I cried. I do not want to be his wife."

It was in vain that her parents protested that this was years before, and that Captain Zuñiga had had time to change. Geronima remained fixed in her determination. She had developed a will of her own which greatly surprised her mother, who had hitherto found her gentle and yielding. Her first care on reaching Madrid was to institute a search for Monita. The convent was discovered, after some inquiry, and Geronima was shocked to ascertain that Monita had run away from it only a few days previous. The abbess was of opinion that she had started for Mexico, for the child had been very homesick. Those in authority at the convent had written to all the ports, and had agents on the wharves to look for her.

Geronima made still more explicit inquiries. Had the girl been harshly treated in any way? No: every kindness had been shown her. She had been denied nothing in their power to grant, except an absurd desire to go on a pilgrimage on the occasion of the festival of Our Lady del Pilar; but the señorita knew how impossible it was to grant a request like that, and allow their pupils to journey about the country to attend all the religious festivals in honor of all the numerous and widely scattered shrines of Spain. It was doubtless only a vagabond fondness for wandering; and noticing how depressed she was after this refusal, the abbess had sent her with one of the nuns to see the sacred image at the Convent of Atocha, in the suburbs of the city, — and this ought to have satisfied her.

Geronima thanked the abbess for her information,



COUSIN FAQUITA IN THE COURTYARD.

and returned home to discuss the matter with her mother. The more she pondered it, the more certain she became that this was no idle whim of Monita's, but arose from her desire to be cured of her lameness. "She has gone to Zaragoza!" the señorita exclaimed with sudden inspiration. "Let me visit my cousins there, and I shall certainly find her."

It so happened that the Zaragoza cousins were no other than two of Captain Zuñiga's married sisters; and the Count de Montezuma hailed this new desire of his daughter as a sign of relenting. "She wishes to visit Faquita and Enriquita," he thought, "in order to see more of the family and to learn more about their absent brother; it is well."

So the Countess Montezuma took Geronima to Zaragoza to the house of Señora Faquita Zaporta for a friendly visit. Faquita Zuñiga had married a wealthy merchant, and lived in handsome style in a large house on the Calle San Pedro. The magnificent staircase and ornate roof still exist, and travellers visit this mansion to admire the sculptured musicians which tell of the taste and wealth of the former owners. This marriage had taken place after Captain Zuñiga's departure to the New World, and by it the fortunes of the Zuñigas had been much improved. Faquita enjoyed the new luxury with which she was surrounded; but the old De la Cueva pride still remained. Her good husband, the worthy Zaporta, was not a noble, and Faquita worshipped rank. Her brother's ambition was no secret in the family, and she devoted herself to making the visit of the Princess of Tula as agreeable as possible. She showed her all the sights of the old

town, and first of all the leaning tower. This beautiful campanile was not constructed out of the perpendicular by a trick of the architect, like that of Pisa, but has settled slightly at the base. It is of octagonal shape, and in the Moorish style.

"It is like a candle," said Geronima, "which the children always carry aslant in the processions; but Zaragoza is happy to have held her taper as long as she has."

Faquita soon found that Geronima did not care greatly for the "monuments" of the city; with the exception of the ancient church which held the venerated image of Del Pilar, she manifested no curiosity to see the great buildings of Zaragoza. Faquita wondered at the devotion which prompted Geronima to visit this church so often, and Geronima, deciding to confide in her cousin, told her of the interest which she felt in the little Indian girl.

"It is strange," said Faquita, "that my brother has never mentioned the child in his letters; but possibly she comes from a different part of the country."

Accompanied by a duenna, Geronima visited the church twice each day. She enlisted the different servitors of the church in her cause, from the consequential and portly sacristan to the poor lamplighter and the old woman who sold rosaries and prints of the Virgin on the church-steps. Days went by, and Monita did not come; but one day a gentleman, plainly but richly dressed, startled the sacristan by making the same inquiries as the Princess of Tula. It was the lawyer Valladares, who had received Fray Ignacio's second letter, mailed to him in Mexico by Simon

Magus, and was doing what he could for his friend. Fray Ignacio had mentioned Monita's desire to visit the shrine of our Lady of Zaragoza, and had commended her to the care of Valladares. The meeting with the little wanderer on the heath near the Escorial had touched the lawyer's heart, and he sought for her now in earnest, feeling sure that he must find her at the shrine of Del Pilar.

"Vamos!" exclaimed the old sacristan: "who is this Indian princess that so many grand people are interested in finding her?"

"Who is searching for her besides myself?" asked Valladares; and the sacristan began to tell him of the beautiful lady who came twice each day to make inquiries. "Hush! here she comes," he said, pushing Valladares into the sagrario as Geronima entered.

Where had the lawyer seen that sweet face? Surely it had haunted his dreams all his life. The sacristan cunningly aided him; and after assuring the Princess



that no one answering to her description of the Indian girl appeared, he asked her into the *sagrario* to inspect the wardrobe of the Virgin, enclosed in several cabinets. He was a long time unlocking the numerous drawers, and very profuse and polite in his explanations to the *duenna*, — telling how such and such a royal lady had embroidered this magnificent robe of white satin, stiff with arabesques in gold thread; another had beaded that velvet mantle with pearls; and a third had painted the miniature chips of ivory which represented the faces in this strange piece of tapestry. The *señora* was greatly interested: might she be permitted to bring her embroidery-frame and copy some of the heavenly designs? And the sacristan was strangely obliging: Most certainly, if the illustrious lady so desired. And all this time Valladares looked and looked, the wonder growing in his heart: Where had he seen her before? Geronima, without looking at him, was conscious of his steadfast gaze, and, strange to say, was not annoyed, but followed the sacristan from cabinet to cabinet, with her pretty head bent forward in an attitude of the most rapt attention, but hearing nothing and seeing nothing all the while.

When next they came, the *duenna* brought her embroidery and sat down in the *sagrario* to copy the coveted design. “The *señorita* had better remain outside the door, to warn you if any visitors come,” said the sacristan; “for though I have allowed you to do this thing, yet it is a weakness on my part, which if discovered may cost me my position here. The *señorita* need not stand always in front of the door, as though on sentinel duty, for that might attract atten-



GERONIMA SEATED IN THE CANOPIED NICHE.

tion ; it would be better if she wandered up and down, regarding the pictures or saying her prayers before the altars."

Geronima did as the sacristan had suggested, not at

first perceiving his plan, until when at a little distance from the door of the *sagrario* he approached and told her of the visitor of the day before, also interested in finding the Indian girl.

“Who is he?” Geronima asked in unfeigned surprise.

“Cannot the noble lady guess?” the sacristan asked, somewhat piqued; for he had come to think that this search for an Indian cripple was only a subterfuge to hide a preconcerted appointment between these two young people.

Geronima shook her head with such straightforward honesty that the wily sacristan began to feel that for once he had outwitted himself. “Surely,” he said, “the noble lady cannot tell me that she did not recognize the caballero whom she met yesterday in the *sagrario* — Hold, he is here! Señor, this is the lady who seeks, like yourself, the Indian pilgrim.”

Valladares advanced, bowing respectfully and gravely. “The maid I seek,” he said, “is called Monita. She is of the pueblo of San Juan in New Mexico.”

“I seek her also, señor,” replied Geronima, looking up into his plain but honest face with a strange feeling of old acquaintanceship, and a questioning glance to which he immediately replied: “My name is José Sarmiento Valladares. I was an early friend of the good missionary Ignacio Mendoza, who has by letter commended this child to my care.”

“And I,” replied Geronima, “found her by the merest chance — I should say, señor, by God’s good providence — in Seville, and I seek her again; for I have good reason to care for the Indians.”

The sacristan listened to this conversation with greedy ears. "By the white horse of St. James, they meet as strangers," he thought with disappointment. "A plague on my romantic old brain for conjuring up a love-affair where none existed! I might as well have imagined that Del Pilar yonder was coquetting with the effigy of the holy canon Funes. Still, that there has been no acquaintance is no guarantee that there may not yet be one, as the spark said to the gunpowder when the gunner brought them together. If the señor and the señorita would deign to examine our choir-books," he said to Valladares, noticing that the young people had ceased to converse, and that the advocate was about to make a bashful and respectful adieu. "We have here in the coro alto some finely illuminated manuscripts, and one is quite at one's ease in the silleria." The sacristan threw open the richly carved grating leading into the retirement of the choir. The silleria were a hundred and fifteen chairs or stalls marvellously carved in oak. Seated in two of these canopied niches, with the fascinating old choir-books before them, subjects of conversation occurred to each, and they chatted freely together, as the old sacristan had said, "quite at their ease."

What a benevolent genius he was! reminding Geronima, after he thought they had conversed together as long as was discreet, of her duenna in the sagrario, and hinting to Valladares, as he left, that there were more choir-books at his service if the señor wished to continue his investigations. And so it happened that the two young people met not infrequently in the old cathedral, and talked together with a certain stately

dignity as they paced up and down between the Gothic sepulchres of early prelates and inquisitors, or lingered in friendly corners where the stuffy curtains of the confessional partially screened them from notice, or knelt side by side during the Mass until the faint perfume of the incense seemed to breathe a blessing on their affection. But their favorite trysting-place was the choir. How many of those old music-books they turned over together, not knowing whether it was magnificat or requiem over which their fingers lingered, for their hearts sang jubilate through it all. Here, in telling each other of their past lives, they discovered where it was that they had met before.

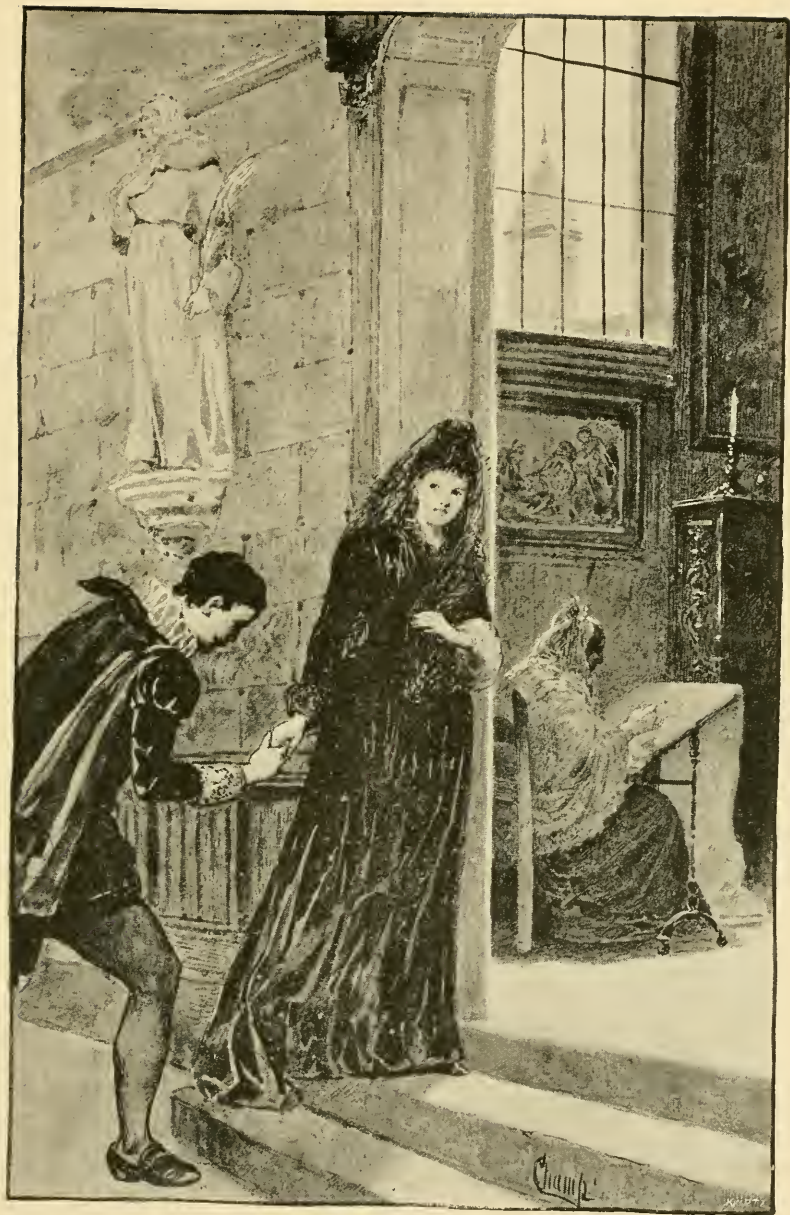
"You were so frightened by the ugly little dwarf who was sent to take you to King Louis," said Valladares, "that when I took you from him you kissed me before your lady mother and all the company."

"Impossible!" cried Geronima.

"And I am about to ask another impossibility."

"Nay, then it must be with my mother's consent this time, and my father's as well."

It was time that Valladares was recalled to his own high ideal of honor and to Spanish notions of etiquette. It was at this juncture that the duenna, having finished her embroidery, began to think of her own duties; and not seeing her charge in the nave of the church, proceeded to search for her in the out-of-the-way corners, and came upon the happy couple in the choir just as Geronima referred Valladares to her father. The indignation of the little woman knew no bounds. It was for this that Geronima had made up a pretty story of an Indian girl in whom she was interested. The



IN THE CATHEDRAL.

caballero was indeed a savage, a barbarian; a pity he had not kept his Indian costume. In the midst of her tirade she hurried Geronima from the church back to the Casa Zaporta, where the affair was discussed in solemn family conclave. Cousin Faquita was enraged to think that Geronima, as good as betrothed to her brother, should so conduct herself; and Geronima was sent to her room in disgrace, with the assurance that she should be returned to her family on the morrow.

As she lay that night in her little bed, thinking over the matter in a tumult of mind which was half trouble, half joy, she heard the tinkle of a guitar in the street below. It was Valladares serenading her in the Spanish fashion. Peering through the iron grating of her balcony, she could see him in his black velvet suit, — a conspicuous figure against the moonlit wall. A sturdy, broad-shouldered man passed through the street. Valladares spoke to him for a moment, and the man obligingly bowed; and Valladares, leaping lightly on his back, lifted a rose nearly to her window. By stretching an arm through the iron grating, Geronima was just able to take it. Springing back, Valladares touched his guitar again, and sang: —

“Dos besos tengo en el alma
Que no se apartan de mí;
El último de mi madre,
Y el primero que de tí.”¹

Geronima was satisfied; for by this serenade, according to time-honored custom, Valladares announced him-

¹ Deep in my soul two kisses rest,
Forgot they ne'er shall be;
The last my mother's lips impressed,
The first I stole from thee.

self her suitor; and should she return home on the morrow, they would probably make the journey at the same time, — for Valladares would delay no longer to make his application to her parents in due form.

In their pilgrimage to Zaragoza they had not found the little pilgrim whom they sought, but they had found each other.

And Monita? Alas! Monita was quite forgotten.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SCALLOP-SHELL.

“The poor with scrip, the rich with purse,
They took their chance for better, for worse,
From many a foreign land,
With a scallop-shell in the hat for badge,
And a pilgrim’s staff in hand;
And the staff was bored and holed for those
Who on the flute could play,
And thus the merry pilgrim had
His music on the way.”

THE scallop-shell has been the pilgrims’ emblem since the time of the Crusades; it is also the emblem of Saint James, the patron of pilgrims, and was worn as a badge by pilgrims to the Holy Land and to noted shrines in Spain and other countries.

Monita in her convent had seen the nuns preparing these shells to be sold as badges, polishing them, drilling holes in and affixing pins and hooks to them, so that they could be easily fastened. They were sold at the little bazaar in the convent reception-room to guests who intended to make the pilgrimage to Zaragoza, to attend the festival of the Virgin on October 12.

The abbess was justified in her conjecture that hearing so much about this pilgrimage had excited Monita’s desire to be a pilgrim; though, as we know, this desire did not spring from a vagabond fondness for a wandering life, but from a settled purpose which no one would

understand. She had not been hasty ; she had waited, and possessed her soul in patience, laboring and studying, as the nuns bade her. She spoke Spanish now with only the slight foreign accent and awkwardness of construction which betray an alien. She read with



HOW HE USED TO FIGHT THE MOORS.

ease and greediness the few books which the convent afforded ; she believed with simple credulity ; she was grateful and docile : but home ties were stronger than all others, and she longed to return with a great and consuming desire. But first it was necessary that she should be cured ; and this she had tried to explain to the abbess.

Strange to say, although this good lady had manifested great interest in Monita's lameness, she did not approve of her going on a pilgrimage. It never occurred to Monita that the saintly lady did not believe that Del Pilar could cure her ; such heresy, if expressed, might have subjected the abbess to the Inquisition. Had not one of the nuns told Monita the legends of Saint James, and how, when kneeling in great despondency before the alabaster pillar at Zaragoza, the Madonna, then living in Palestine, was carried through the air by angels, and stood on this very pillar to comfort him ?

Other marvellous legends of Saint James were related, of —

“How he used to fight the Moors
Upon a milk-white charger.
Large tales of him the Spaniards tell,
Munchausen tells no larger ;
Yet still they worship him in Spain,
And believe in him with might and main.
Santiago there they call him ;
And if any one then had doubted these tales,
They ’d an Inquisition to maul him.”

It seemed to Monita that she could not stay quietly in the convent while multitudes were surging toward Zaragoza. Frequently at this season fifty thousand pilgrims visited the Virgin’s shrine; it was the common talk of the convent; and so one night, instead of going to bed, Monita let herself down into the street from a window which had been carelessly left unbarred, and left the city in such haste that she took the road on which Valladares overtook her on the way to the Escorial.

We have seen how she slipped away from his kindly care, and will now follow her as in the gray of early morning she skirts the northern suburbs of Madrid, having ascertained from the wife of the gatekeeper of the Escorial that Zaragoza lies away to the northeast. She had had a good supper, and did not mind a long walk before breakfast; and she trudged sturdily along little frequented cross-roads, avoiding the great thoroughfares which led to the city. Before noon she had reached the highway leading to Alcala de Henares, which she had been told was the first town of importance on the way to Zaragoza. The certainty that she was now on

the right road cheered her spirits, which were beginning to flag as the sun mounted higher and the refreshing coolness of the early morning was exchanged for the fervid glare of a Spanish noon. Nowhere in the world are the changes in the weather more difficult for a stranger to bear than in Spain. The night before, Monita had been cut to the bone by the piercing wind; now she almost fainted in the stifling heat. Add to this the discomfort of the blinding dust scattered by the different vehicles and horsemen, and the long convoys of mules driven at a rapid pace by reckless muleteers and arieros, and we can easily understand why she limped more slowly, and looked anxiously from side to side for some signs of a spring or brook at which to refresh herself.

So thirsty was she that she presently noticed traces of moisture in the middle of the dusty road, as though water had been spilled along it from time to time. Looking eagerly ahead, she saw a shaggy little Barbary donkey, which reminded her of dear Peloncillo, pacing along under its burden of a number of great tinajas, or water-jars, from which, owing to their being imperfectly stopped and to the irregular motion of the donkey, trickled little streams, — very tantalizing to the parched and panting Monita. A woman, accompanied by a little girl, was leading the donkey; and Monita, quickening her steps, presently overtook them and asked for a draught of water. A cup was tied to the handle of one of the jars, and the woman hastily complied with Monita's request. She had a swarthy complexion, coarse hair, and bold black eyes, but a kindly expression; and although she understood Span-



THE GREAT THOROUGHFARES WHICH LED TO THE CITY.

ish, Monita saw at once that she was a foreigner like herself. When the girl returned the cup, the woman extended it empty, and Monita understood that she was a water-seller, and wished to be paid for the service she had rendered. The lame girl had a few coins in her pocket, left over from her last allowance from Señora Ribera, and she cheerfully opened her purse to pay the woman, who in her turn, noticing how few the coins were, smilingly shook her head and put up the cup. It was against the Zincali's faith to take money under such circumstances, —

“ A faith
Taught by no priest, but by their beating hearts, —
Faith to each other, the fidelity
Of fellow-wanderers in a desert place
Who share the same dire thirst, and therefore share
The scanty water.”

Monita soon ascertained that the woman also was going to Zaragoza, though not from any desire to beg the favor of Del Pilar; for of all the pilgrims who thronged the road at this season, —

“ Some went for payment of a vow
In time of trouble made,
And some who found that pilgrimage
Was a pleasant sort of trade,”

and Antonia, the gypsy water-seller, was of this latter class.

She scanned Monita closely, and said at length, “ You are not of the Busné (Christians), little sister; are you then a Callee of the Zincali?”

“ I know not what people that may be,” replied Monita. “ It is true that I am not Spanish, and that I come from over seas.”

"We gypsies come from over seas also, little sister; we are scattered in many lands. Do you speak the Calo language?" and she addressed a few words to Monita in gypsy dialect.

Monita shook her head. "That is not the language of my people," she said sadly.

"Then perchance you are a Corahai, and come from the land of the Moors. I have heard say that the Moors possessed this land until the Spaniards drove them forth. If so, you must hate the Busné even as we hate them. May an evil plague destroy the race! You are going to Zaragoza, little sister, and I will not inquire your business; but the way is long, and you are alone, and there are evil wolves (I mean Christians) on the way. If you will journey in our company, you are welcome. My ro (husband) Mariano, and my son Pepindorio, have gone on to the next town. We meet but now and then upon the road, for thus we make more money; and it is lonely travelling with only the chabi (little girl). Do you sing, or play upon the pajandi (guitar)? If so, you may make much money on your journey; but if you cannot do this, I will teach you to tell baji (fortunes), and the time will pass merrily, — for I like your looks, little sister, and you will like mine better when you know me more."

"I will go with you," said Monita. She felt so lonely that this offer of friendship, even from a gypsy, was very grateful.

It was now the hottest part of the day; and having reached a cross-road, Antonia halted her donkey and took from its back a great white umbrella, a chair, and some pieces of board, with which she proceeded to con-



A BURDEN OF GREAT WATER-JARS.

struct a table. On this she arranged her water-jars, making a sort of rude way-side booth. The little girl hobbled the donkey; and then all took refuge under the meagre shade afforded by the umbrella quietly to doze away an afternoon siesta while awaiting such custom as might present itself. Antonia took from some fold of her garment a crust of bread, which she gave to her chabi; and seeing that Monita regarded it hungrily, though she said nothing, the gypsy presented her with a similar piece and a morsel of mouldy cheese. "The ro will have a good dinner ready for us at Alcala," said she. "He has our dog Fandango with him, the country about Alcala is stocked with rabbits, and who so good a rabbit-hunter as Fandango?"

Thoughts of the savory rabbit-stew to come sustained Monita; and later, when the sun had declined somewhat, and a cooling breeze sprung up, Antonia struck her tent, and the little party proceeded on its march. It was night when they reached Alcala de Henares, "the castle of the rivers," at this time an imposing university town, the rival of Salamanca. Cardinal Ximenes had made the university his heir, and took great interest during his life in erecting new buildings and enriching it liberally from his income. Francis I. of France, who was once entertained there by its eleven thousand students, said that "one Spanish monk had done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish." Ximenes did one great thing which we should hardly have expected of him, knowing how as Inquisitor he burned so many Arabian books and manuscripts, — he caused the Bible to be printed at Alcala at immense cost and at the risk

of the papal displeasure, and he lived to see the last sheet in type. Leo X. after the death of Ximenes limited the edition to six hundred copies; but the seed was sown which was later to overthrow the power of Rome in Spain.



MARIANO AND HIS SWEETMEATS.

The streets of the town were thronged with students as the water-sellers entered it. They clattered noisily about, laughing, singing, jesting among them-

selves, and distributing formal bows in the direction of pretty señoritas who appeared in the balconies or walked the streets in company with strict duennas. The wine-shops were open, fruit and flower venders crowded the narrow side-walks, and among these Monita noticed a galliard Spaniard seated beside a small table, on which were displayed fruits and sweetmeats, small pasties and azucarillos, and rose-flavored cakes rolled in the shape of a cigar.

This man regarded Antonia with a quizzical expression as she trudged by in the centre of the street, calling hoarsely, "Agua, agua! Quién quiere agua, agua mas fria como la nieve?" (Water, water! Who wants water, water colder than snow?) He looked at Monita too, with a quick glance in which shrewd inquiry was blended with a kindly compassion for the drooping figure which stumbled painfully along. The little girl loitered behind and blew him a kiss; but he appeared not to recognize her, and the mother shook the child roughly as they turned the corner, saying, "How often I have told you not to notice your father when we pass him thus! That is Mariano, my ro," she added to Monita. "Is he not a handsome man? No one would suspect, did they not see us together, that he was a gypsy."

They passed through the town, and coming round behind the university, knocked at the gate of a ruinous and apparently deserted house. An old crone admitted them into a stable where a mule was munching at a manger. The animal saluted the donkey with a prolonged bray; they were evidently old comrades. Antonia tethered the donkey beside the mule, and fumbled a while at a cart which took up the greater part of the

room. They then passed into an inner room, in the centre of which a fire was blazing merrily on the stone floor, the smoke circling about the apartment and finding its way out finally through a hole in the roof. The old woman, talking all the while in the gypsy dialect, produced a rabbit which Antonia fastened to a spit that dangled down from the darkness over the fire. At the same time she prepared a sauce in a pipkin, and the savory odor which soon filled the room made poor fasting Monita feel quite faint. She retreated into a corner and lay down, with her head on a saddle.

Presently Pepindorio entered. He was a tall youth, with features more gypsy than Spanish; he wore a voluminous and very ragged cloak, and a gorro, or purse-shaped student's cap of scarlet worsted, in which he kept his cigarettes, his luncheon, and, one might almost say, his superfluous wardrobe. He regarded Monita with a stare which had nothing of incivility in its intention, for it expressed only curiosity and compassion; and though he asked no questions, he never took his eyes from her face throughout the entire evening. Monita feigned to be asleep; but whenever she peeped out from under her arm she saw the great brown eyes still fixed upon her by a sort of fascination. Mariano came in shortly after, and the rabbit was taken from the fire and placed in a large dish on the floor. The gypsies squatted about it, and Monita needed no second invitation to approach. Antonia tore the rabbit into bits with her fingers, and poured the sauce over it. "You will like this sauce," she said: "I learned to make it among the Corahai, even in the land of the Moors. It is seasoned with franji-



HE WORE A VOLUMINOUS AND RAGGED CLOAK.

pani and sweetened, and there is not a crumb of Busné garlic therein."

Pepindorio cut a loaf of bread into large manchetts, and Antonia, placing a piece of the rabbit on each of these extemporized plates, passed them about. Never had anything tasted so delicious to Monita. Having eaten her fill, she retired once more to her saddle-pillow, and Antonia began to play upon the guitar. Lulled by its strumming, the Indian girl soon fell asleep. She was drowsily conscious that Antonia covered her with a woolly sheepskin, and then dropped off again. When she awoke, the old woman was snoring loudly, and Pepindorio, Mariano, and his wife were talking in a low voice beside the dying embers. She could make out that they were speaking of her, and that Mariano was objecting to her company on account of the expense it would be to them. He was not very obstinate, however, for when Pepindorio took her part, and pleaded that she was alone and friendless, the father replied that it was no affair of his, and that they might do as they pleased. Monita's heart leaped; here was kindness and hospitality even among the very poor: how much goodness there was in the world after all! The gypsies continued their conversation, Mariano saying that he should not be with them much upon this trip, and that the shaggy donkey was a much swifter beast than his own mule, in case there was any running away to be done. Monita was sure, too, that he urged Pepindorio to come with him, and spoke of his trade of donkey clipping and shoeing, and of a good chance, Monita thought, to steal horses; and Pepindorio replied in the gypsy dialect, and the father flew

into a rage, and the word "contrabandista" was bandied between them. Antonia interposed to make peace, whereupon Monita slept again, and was only awakened by the chabi shaking her as the broad light of day streamed through a grated window high up in the wall. The girl was inclined to think the conversation which she had overheard in the night only a dream; but Mariano had disappeared, and with him the shaggy donkey. Antonia explained that he had joined some muleteers who were conveying a great many skins of fiery Spanish wine to France. He would return with much money, she said; but Pepindorio had a scornful expression, and her own face was sad for many a day thereafter. All their effects were now bundled into the cart, and Antonia, with her little daughter and Monita, mounted within it behind the rheumatic mule, while Pepindorio trudged beside them, staff in hand, on their pilgrim way. They wandered on together from town to town, selling water on the highway, and camping at night beside their cart. Sometimes Antonia would leave the cart in a secluded dell on the outskirts of a town, and enter with her guitar in the character of a ballad-singer. At Guadalajara, the Wada-l-hajarah (river of stones, an ancient stronghold of the Moors), she sang the legends of the Cid, by whose friend Alvar Fañez de Minaya the town is said to have been conquered from the Moors. The legends were well chosen, and the people followed the poor ballad-singer, delighted to hear their hero praised. Some of the ballads Monita had not heard before, and the following, which in spirit is not unlike our favorite Sir Launfal, greatly pleased her:—



ANTONIA WOULD ENTER WITH HER GUITAR AS A BALLAD-SINGER.

THE CÍD AND THE LEPER.

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen along with him to go,
 For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;
 To Compostella where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
 The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

And there in middle of the path a leper did appear.
 In a deep slough the leper lay; to help would none come near,
 Though earnestly he thence did cry: "For God our Saviour's sake,
 From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down,
 For all they said no stay he made, that noble champion;
 He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
 Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

Behind him rode the leprous man. When to their hostelry
 They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
 While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
 To his own bed the wretch he led; beside him there he lay.

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
 For in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"
 "I am the holy Lazarus,—I come to speak with thee;
 I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
 God favors thee for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen:
 There shall be honor with thee in battle and in peace,
 Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail thy greatness to undo;
 Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale, Christians and Moslems too.
 A death of honor shalt thou die: such grace to thee is given,
 Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."¹

"Where did you learn this ballad?" Monita asked.

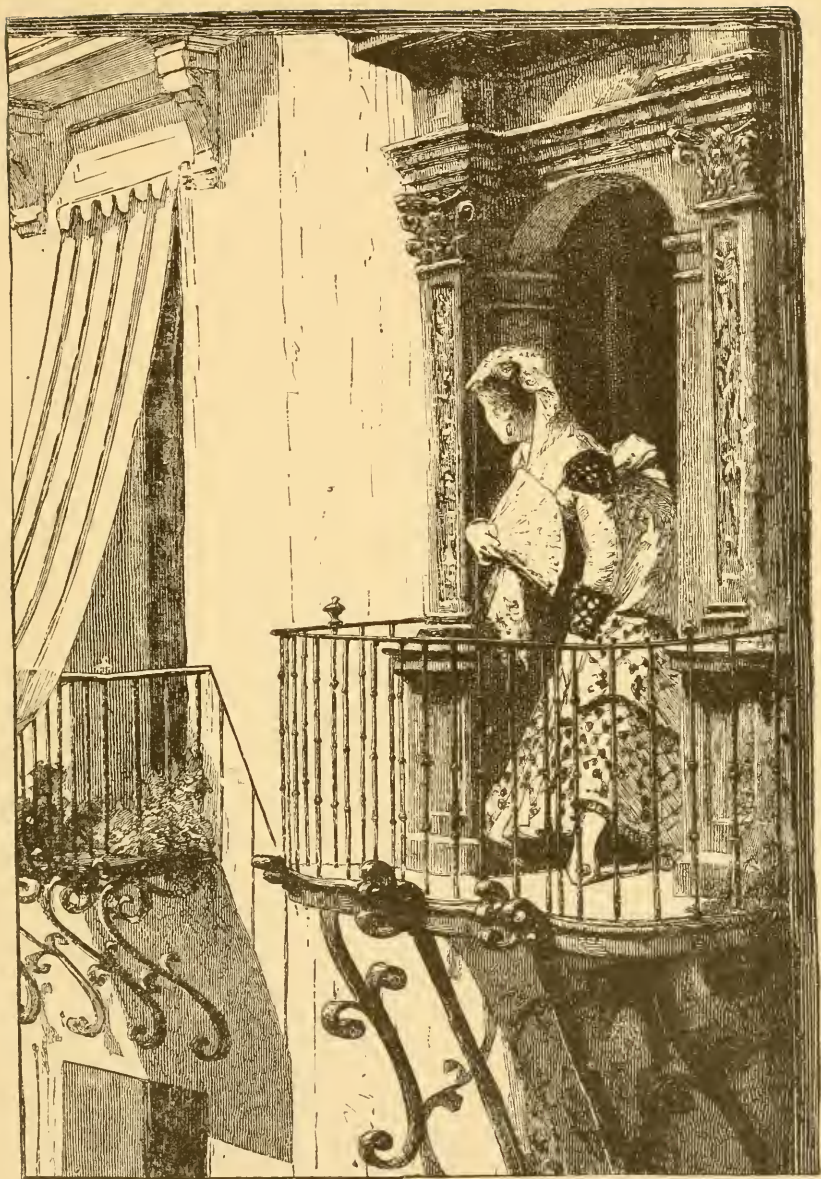
"From the old man who taught me to play upon
 the guitar. He was a Christian—whom the Evil One
 destroy!—and he taught me many songs of this kind.

¹ Ancient Spanish Ballads, translated by J. G. Lockhart.

When I sang them at home I got blows for them ; but I soon found that the Busné liked to hear them, and so I sing them in their foros."

She sang the song in front of the palace where Cardinal Mendoza died,—the warrior-prelate who helped Ferdinand and Isabella to conquer Granada. The palace belonged still (if Monita could but have known this!) to the Mendozas,—the very family of which her beloved Fray Ignacio was an offshoot ; and a lady looked down upon her from a window of the Sala de Linajis, or saloon of the genealogies of the proud Mendozas, who for the sake of that missionary monk would have taken Monita into the castle and have done for her more than the Cid could do for the leper. But no good angel was there to whisper to Monita that the lady shading her eyes with the yellow fan, above the armorial shields and satyrs and strange carved lions with hedgehog heads, was Fray Ignacio's only sister. The lady threw her a silver coin, thinking, "What sad eyes that girl has!" and Monita passed out of the town with her gypsy friends.

The road was more and more crowded with pilgrims now, for the great date was approaching. Some were so bigoted that, recognizing a gypsy caravan, they would not take water from it even when thirsty. Monita did not understand this prejudice. When travelling with the shaggy donkey before Mariano took it from them, Monita had heard some children admire it, and ask their mother where the gypsies obtained so pretty an animal. The woman replied in words only slightly different from those which George Eliot puts into the mouth of the silversmith in the "Spanish Gypsy :"



A LADY LOOKED DOWN FROM A WINDOW.

“God sent the gypsies wandering
In punishment because they sheltered not
Our Lady and Saint Joseph, and no doubt
Stole the small ass they fled with into Egypt.”

Was this true? Did Antonia's ancestors refuse to grant hospitality to the Christ-child when he was carried by his parents into Egypt? Monita was sure that if Antonia had been there she would have taken down the coolest water-jar, and fed him on her choicest azucarillos, while Pepindorio would have shod their donkey for nothing. There were a great many things which puzzled Monita. She still believed fervently all that Fray Ignacio had taught her; but she had found that there were many people here in Spain who did not believe as he did. For instance, these gypsies; and at Medina Celi they were joined by an old man, also a pilgrim, on account of the opportunities which pilgrimage gave for trade. He told them that he was a maker of wax-candles, and had a shop at Siguenza, just under the shadow of the great cathedral. “I make beautiful tapers,” he said, “suitable for the shrine of the Virgin, and wreathed with garlands of wax flowers colored to the life. I have them of every size, from those for a child to offer, to great processional candles so heavy that a man soon tires of carrying them. I have all these varieties here in my cart, and I have also a most varied and beautiful collection of wax legs in every stage of dislocation, disease, and deformity.”

“What are they for?” Monita asked, much puzzled.

“They are to sell to fools who wish to fasten them as votive offerings to the shrine of Del Pilar. As I

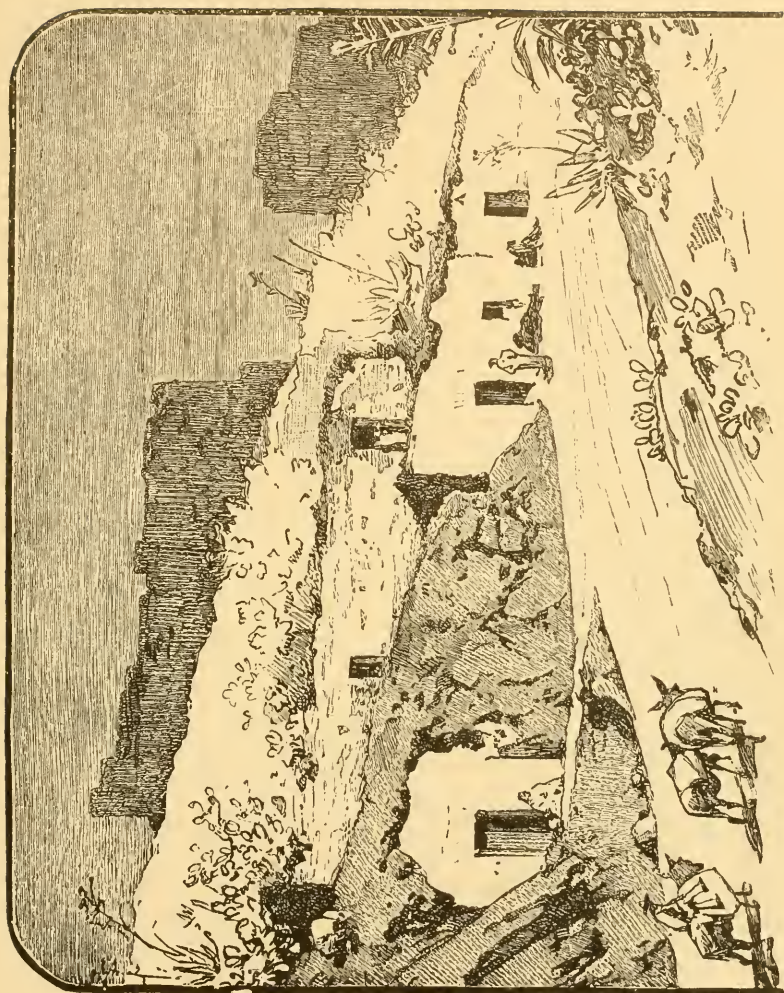
come back I shall have a stock of crutches to sell for those cripples who have left theirs too prematurely at the same shrine." Then noticing for the first time that Monita was lame, he changed his manner and tone to one of wheedling. "If the señorita would deign to examine my stock of legs, she will doubtless find one to match her own dainty limb. Here is one shortened by hip-disease, and another set in the most natural manner in splints, as for compound fracture. I spent an hour in the hospital studying the first; and one of the most distinguished surgeons in Spain showed me how to bandage this one. The Virgin could not but be pleased by such a ravishing work of art."

"You do not believe what you are saying," Monita replied, looking the old man straight in the eye.

"True, señorita; I am of a race which has had little cause to believe in miracles of mercy on the part of the idols which the Spaniard worships. And when were gypsies known to believe in them? I was deceived by your crutch, which, I see, is assumed only to touch the hearts, or rather the purses, of those who think to gain reward by liberality to pilgrims. It was a clever thought, and cleverly executed. You limp very naturally."

Monita turned away from him and asked Pepindorio, "Is that man a gypsy?"

"No," replied the young man; "he is not of our people, but of a race more miserable than ours. He is a converted Jew, who has slipped once through the clutches of the Inquisition by leaving his fortune behind him. If they catch him again, he will not get off so easily."



GYPSY CAVE-DWELLINGS.

“Little sister,” he said again, as Monita was limping beside him to rest her limbs, cramped in the cart, “little sister, I fear that you are indeed trusting to this image of the Busné to cure you, and that you will be bitterly disappointed. Far in the land of the Corahai there dwells a Moorish physician of great skill, who I am sure has power to cure you. He gave me a recipe for making an ointment with which I cure the stiffened joints of horses. Take this box and try its virtue; but if it heal you not, still do not despair, for I doubt not that Abarbenel has some other medicament which will make you strong once more.”

Pepindorio was very kind and gentle during all these days of pilgrimage. There was something about him which reminded Monita of Popé. He was not always with his mother and the two girls, but left them from time to time to follow his trade of a blacksmith in the towns through which they passed; but when he had clipped all the donkeys, and the horses were newly shod, he would speedily overtake them on their march, and they would see him sitting by their evening camp-fire, or marching by their side on the road, with no word of greeting, but quite as if he had been there all the while. There was always an increase of gayety when he was with them, for the mother was happier, and strummed her lightest measures on the guitar, and he brought always a trifling gift for the chabi and for Monita.

The party had been toiling one day without him up the hilly road which approaches Calatayud (the castle of Job),—an ancient Moorish citadel crowning “a bold sierra, a mass of schist, slaty rocks, and limestone

which divides the basins of the Ebro and the Duero, catches the clouds, and remains to this day the dwelling of Æolus and Pulmonia." The castle crowning the crumbling cliffs had a fierce and sullen look, and Antonia and the girls were very weary, while the sharp wind tore around the crags and flapped the covers of their cart.

"No one will take us in there, mother," said Monita; "had we not better camp in the ravine at the foot of the castle?"

"Nay," replied Antonia, "there are gypsy caves in the hill on the other side of the town, where we shall find shelter, and Pepindorio is without doubt in one of them before us; for there we are to hear news from his father, and Pepé is as anxious as I to know how he fares."

The cave-dwellings reminded Monita somewhat of the cliff-dwellings in her own country, though they were much ruder, and the cliffs in which they were excavated were not so high or steep. They consisted of caves, the fronts of which were walled up with brick or stone, a door, and in some rare instances a window, being left in the front. Antonia unharnessed the mule; and loading the animal with the contents of the cart, drove it up the narrow pathway, some half-naked children running before her and leading her to a cave within which a cheery fire was burning. A figure busied in fastening an iron kettle over the fire turned as they darkened the entrance. It was Pepindorio, and his face lighted with pleasure as he saw them. "I have a good stew ready, little mother," he said, "and a can of coffee and bread. Sit down and repose your-

self ; all will soon be ready." This was new thoughtfulness on Pepindorio's part ; for though he certainly loved his mother, he did not consider it his place to wait upon her. The new-comers were chilled through, and they approached the fire shivering. Pepindorio caught up his great-cloak, and wrapped it around both his mother and Monita. "We are of one people," he said ; "let us be also of one family."

Antonia embraced Monita under the cloak, and spoke to her son in the gypsy speech. After supper she wrapped a blanket about her, and lay down in the manger at which the mule was tethered. Pepindorio took up the guitar and played and sang gypsy songs until the daylight faded and only the glimmering embers lighted the cave. After a time he laid aside the guitar and came across to Monita's side of the fire. The chabi lay asleep, with her head in Monita's lap.

"Little sister," said Pepindorio, "my mother and I go no nearer to Zaragoza than this place. My father has been taken by the Busné, and is there in prison. Turn about with us, and we will flee together into the land of the Corahai, even to the land of the Moors, and we will find the Moorish physician of whom I spoke, who will recover you of your lameness ; and we will live together in the land of the Corahai, and will return no more to this accursed land ; for I have heard you say often that you were weary of it, and longed to begone."

"That is true, Pepindorio," replied Monita ; "but I cannot go to another strange land, however beautiful. My heart is in my own country, among my own people. It is there that I must go."

Pepindorio was silent for a moment. "Be it as you say, little sister," he said at last. "There are Zincali in all countries, — doubtless your people are of our race ; and if not, then will I be of your people, and I will be the ro, and you the romi."

"No, no," Monita said softly ; "this cannot be, Pepindorio. My people would not accept you ; and besides —"

"And besides, there is some one else there whom you would rather have as your ro?" the young man asked jealously, at the same time striking savagely into the earthen floor of the cave with his knife.

"Forgive me, dear Pepindorio, but that is the true reason."

"Then farewell. Tell my mother that I have gone to join the smugglers who will make the attempt to-morrow night to rescue my father. Tell her to make haste to the South of Spain, for it will not be safe for any gypsies in these foros after to-morrow. I will find her again in Granada if I escape." Abruptly, silently, he left the cave. The air from the open door quickened the fire a little, and Monita sat for some time before it, thinking confusedly of her own past and future. After a time, what Pepindorio had said of his own plans began to take shape in her mind ; and fearing that he was about to embark upon a dangerous enterprise, she stepped to the manger, and awakening Antonia, gave her his message.

The woman comprehended that Monita had rejected her son, and a look of deep trouble came into her face. "Stay here," she said, at the same time rapidly untying the mule ; "and if I find him and bring him, all may yet be well."



THE DILIGENCE FROM ZARAGOZA DASHED BY.

Monita waited until dawn, when Antonia came back, looking haggard and wretched. "I was too late," she cried; "he has gone to his death, and it is your fault." She hastily gathered together her effects, carried them to the cart at the foot of the hill, harnessed her mule, and drove rapidly away, leaving Monita standing quite forlorn. The girl heaved a sigh, and walked slowly on in the direction of Zaragoza. She had not many miles to go now, and the thought that her pilgrimage was nearly accomplished kept her courage up; but her heart was very sore at the thought of having wounded these good friends. As she mounted one of the long, dusty slopes of the sierra, the diligence from Zaragoza dashed by her, the muleteers cracking their whips, the arrieros running beside the animals and throwing stones. The great vehicle lumbered and reeled round the curve, and the outside passengers were nearly thrown from their seats.

Monita looked up half blinded with dust, and did not know that her kindest friend, Geronima Montezuma, sat within, and José Valladares on the roof, both speeding away from Zaragoza as fast as love and the Madrid stage could carry them.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAITH IN WORKS.

My faith begins where your religion ends, —
In service to mankind. This single thread
Is given to guide us through the maze of life.
You start at one end, I the other. You,
With eyes fixed only upon God, begin
With lofty faith ; and seeking but to know
And do His will who guides the universe,
You find the slender and mysterious thread
Leads down to earth, with God's divine command
To help your fellow-men. But this to me
Is something strangely vague ; I see alone
The fellow-men, the suffering fellow-men.
Yet with a cup of water in my hand
For all who thirst, who knows but I one day,
Following faithfully the slender thread,
May reach its other end, and kneel at last
With you in heaven at the feet of God ?

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

PEPINDORIO was right, — Monita was doomed to disappointment. Hers was the experience of the good priest of whom Browning writes, —

“ To fast
With arms extended, waiting ecstasy,
But getting cramps instead.”

She came trustfully with the other pilgrims into the great church, and knelt before the long-adored shrine.



AT HER SECOND STEP SHE TOTTERED AND FELL.

What spell held her eyes? The Holy Virgin seemed to them not some vision of heavenly beauty like that in Murillo's studio, but a hideous little black doll, a monkey or mummy, wrapped in gorgeous brocade. Still she knelt, feeling that she must be under some spell of the Evil One, till a priest anointed her with the miracle-working oil from the great silver lamp which swung censer-like before the shrine. The sacred words were spoken which Fray Ignacio had often told her the Virgin could never hear without stretching her hand to save, — "*Et pro nobis Christum exora.*" The miracle must have been performed, and Monita in simple faith sprang from her knees without grasping her crutch; but at her second step she tottered and fell, an old woman assisted her to rise, and she looked at the officiating priest with a wondering, almost reproachful gaze. He knew what it meant, for he had seen it in the face of many a devotee, and he turned his back upon her, chanting more loudly, to shut out that pathetic look. It seemed to her at that supreme moment before Del Pilar that she had not only lost all hope of restoration to health, but that all her religious faith, the faith taught by Fray Ignacio, and so firmly believed, in spite of all opposition, had gone out and left her in utter darkness.

Stunned and hopeless, she stooped for her crutch and staggered out of the church. In the crowd of beggars at the door stood the converted Jew, crying his wax limbs. "You have not left your crutch inside," he said significantly; "then I shall not be able to furnish you with a new one. Shall we make the homeward journey in company? When do you start?"

"I do not know," Monita answered; "let me sit down beside you and think."

"Do so," replied the Jew; "for you look pale. May all the holy prophets preserve me! she has fainted."

He drew her into the shade, fanned her, chafed her



THE CROWD OF BEGGARS AT THE DOOR.

hands, and drove away the beggars who pressed curiously to the spot; but do what he might, he could not revive her, and, seriously alarmed, he rushed into the church and brought out the sacristan. "Who is she?" asked this functionary as he dashed holy water in the girl's face.

"She is an Indian girl from New Spain, with whom I chanced to make a part of the pilgrimage."

"An Indian girl!" replied the sacristan. "Is her name by chance Monita?"

At the familiar word the poor girl opened her eyes and asked feebly, "Did some one call me?"

"Santiago preserve me!" exclaimed the sacristan; "it was then no subterfuge after all. Do you know a gentleman named Don José Sarmiento Valladares, and a lady who is called the Princess of Tula?"

A bright smile lighted Monita's face, and she tried to rise. "Let me go to them," she said.

"You are hardly able to do that just now," replied the sacristan; "but I will take you to the hospital of the good nuns in the next street, and will write to your friends and tell them where you are. You have been sun-struck, or have gone too long fasting. It often happens that pilgrims faint on the church-steps, —sometimes they die here; it is a good place to die, the way is very short to heaven."

Cheering her, as he imagined, by such lively conversation, the old man had her taken once more to the cool quiet of a convent dormitory.

Monita knew nothing of the kind care of the nuns, for brain-fever had set in, and for many days the balance fluttered between life and death; but at length the scale settled surely toward life, and Sister Mercedes saw that the crisis was past. How beautiful it was for the weary girl to lie there and rest! something had troubled her, but she would not try to think what it had been. There were kind human hearts in the world still, and God was good. The old faith had received its

death-blow. Never again could she kneel before an image or picture of Mary; never again sing in her honor the dear old Latin hymns. It was all a lying mummary; but Fray Ignacio was good and true, though the religion which he taught, and which she knew he believed, was a lie. The crash and downfall of her faith could not sweep away her belief in human devotion and sincerity, or her confidence that since God had inspired such noble and loving hearts, then God must be a being infinitely loving beyond all human thought. In this faith she rested and was saved, — saved from despair and, as surely as the mind affects the body, from actual death.

When she saw that her patient could bear it, Sister Mercedes read Monita a letter from Geronima Montezuma, expressing great delight that she was found at last. The letter ran as follows: —

Thou art to come to me, my friend, so soon as thou art able to travel by diligence, and the worthy Don José Valladares will come to fetch thee; for this is all settled with the abbess of the convent here in Madrid and with thy former patroness, Doña Ribera of Seville, who has resigned thee into my hands, if so be thou art content to rest there. And this methinks thou wilt do the more willingly, seeing that thou wilt be also under the guardianship of Don José, with whom I am shortly to be wedded, the King having approved our union, as also have my parents.

This, indeed, is the reason why I cannot at this time come unto thee, for I have quarrelled with my cousins at Zaragoza by reason of this alliance, and they would not now receive me into their house; moreover, I am surrounded by makers of gowns and other finery, and there are visits of ceremony both to the family of my betrothed and to the Court, for the King hath showered honors upon us. So do thy diligence to recover,



A GYPSY BEAUTY.

for this marriage is to take place speedily, and I would have thee witness it, for thou art to be my own maid and dwell with me henceforward and forever right sisterly.

And so may Our Blessed Lady speed thy recovery!

Thine,

GERONIMA.

Monita did recover rapidly, and was at the wedding. She heard the joyful clangor of the wedding-bells, and saw the streets strewn with rushes to the church-door, and the balconies hung with tapestry and gay mantles; and she recalled one of Antonia's ballads descriptive of the Cid's wedding:—

“Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares a feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'T is the Campeador's wedding; and who will bide away?

“Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate;
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz in all his bridal state.
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

“The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way that they must march;
They have hung it all with lances and shields and glittering helms
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

“They have scattered olive-branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honor, their walls the burghiers screen.

“They lead the bulls before them, all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

“With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos, — and the Devil he comes after;
For the King has hired the horned fiend for twenty maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

"Then comes the bride Ximena, the King he holds her hand;
And the Queen; and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying."¹

The King sent one of his royal carriages to take the bridal party to the church, and gave Valladares the great cross of Santiago, which the latter had envied as a child. What Charles had heard of Captain Zuñiga's career in New Mexico had not pleased him, and he was all the readier to approve this marriage with his favorite, Valladares, on hearing that the Captain also had aspired to the hand of the Princess of Tula.

"Be patient and wait," he said to the bridegroom. "You are now, by virtue of your marriage, Count de Montezuma. Spain owes something to that name, and at my earliest opportunity I intend to send you out to the Indies as viceroy of Mexico. Such things cannot be done, even by a king, with a scratch of the pen, so do not be in haste to leave our society."

The royal promise filled Geronima with delight. "Did I not say, when we first met, that we should some day go to Mexico together?" she said to Monita.

"Some day' may be a great way off," Monita replied, with a wistful smile.

"But in the mean time you have me," cried Geronima. "You surely do not wish to leave me now that you have so recently found me?"

"No, dear lady; but if the King would only hasten to send us out together! For I fear that my people need you, and even little me."

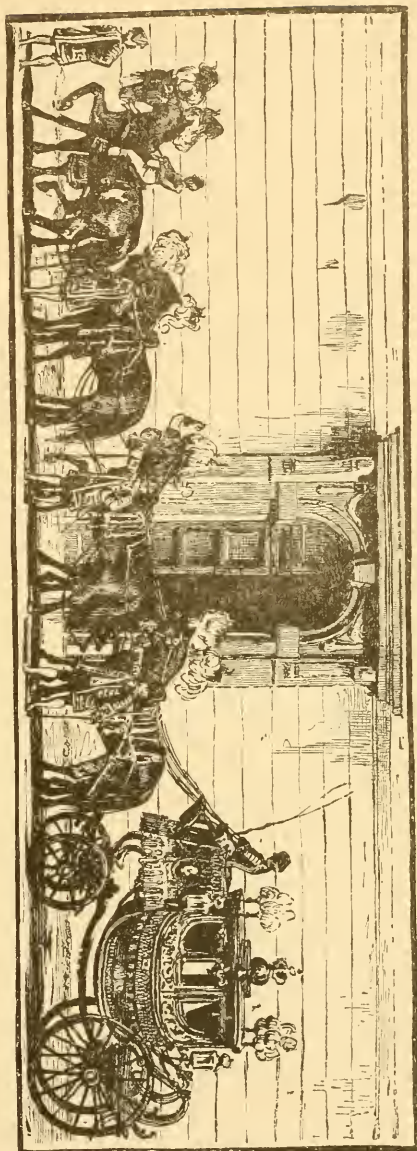
"Perhaps we can help your people more here than

¹ Ancient Spanish Ballads, translated by J. G. Lockhart.

there," Geronima replied thoughtfully. "The Spanish people are kind at heart; they do not know how the Indians are abused, or they would not suffer it. I shall have occasion to be in society a great deal now; and while my guests sip their chocolate and flutter their fans, instead of the gossip of which men accuse us, we will plan noble schemes of philanthropy. You shall help in the good work too, Monita, for you shall repeat to us the story of your own life, and we will see whether the countrywomen of Isabella have lost all interest in America."

"Ah! that is indeed religion," said

THE KING SENT ONE OF HIS ROYAL CARRIAGES.



Monita. "Fray Ignacio used to tell us that it consisted in simply following Christ, in doing kind things to every one, and especially to those who are in trouble. Religion in this country seems to be a very different thing from that, judging from the experience of the Moors, the Gypsies, the Jews, and the Indians —"

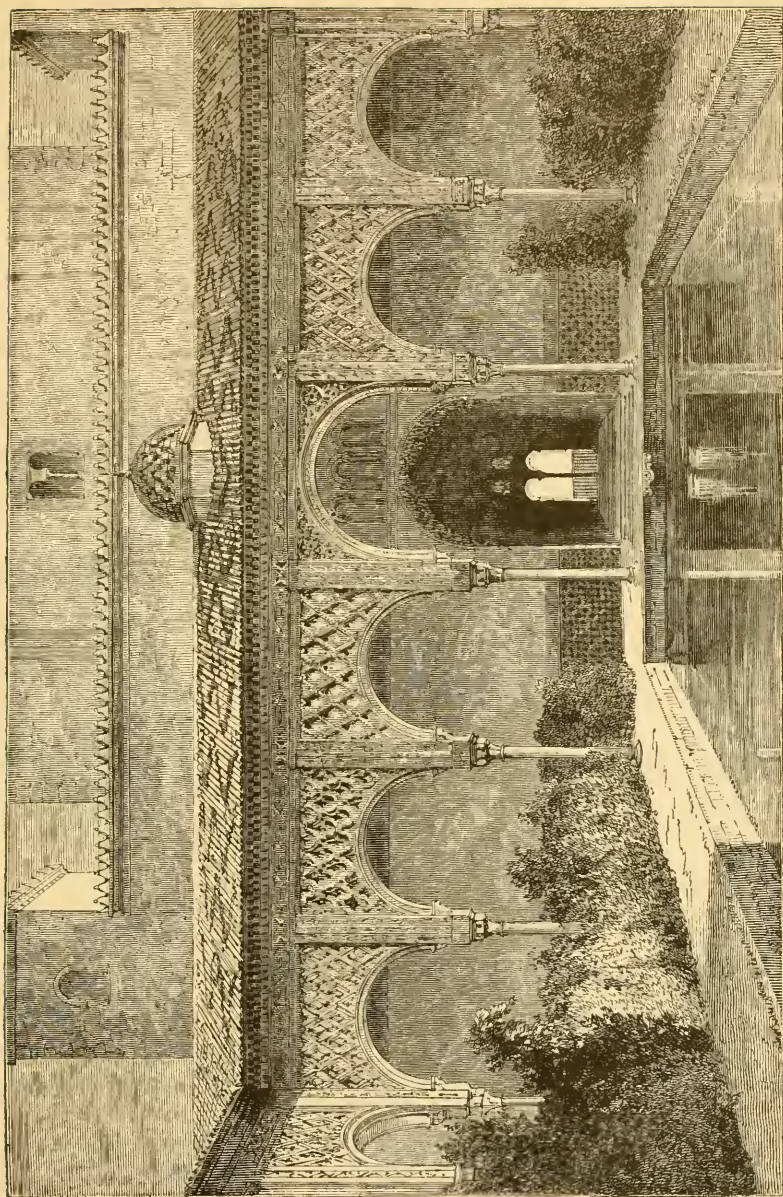
"Hush! hush!" cried Geronima; "the Inquisition! It has ears to hear even what we do *not* say in our bed-chambers."

"Yes, the Inquisition! You call *that* religion!"

"Nay, hush! we will not speak of that. Our holy religion does indeed teach us what Fray Ignacio told you. If you do kind and unselfish deeds, it is proof that you are a child of God and of his Christ. So strive not to put yourself outside his Church, and under the condemnation of his servants, by wilful words. There are doubtless abuses in the Church, which God will judge; but meddle not with them, unless you are very sure that God has called you to that special work. And I think he has something else for us to do, Monita."

Very nobly the little lady tried to do her work. The young couple had decided to spend the following summer in a Moorish villa at Granada, than which no lovelier spot exists in all the world. The Court spent a part of the hot season in the cool apartments of the Alhambra and in the great palace which Charles V. erected within its walls; and it became the fashionable thing to flock to the little salon of the Mexican princess and hear her talk about America and the Indians.

Was it that her impassioned appeal to the justice and humanity of the Spaniard sounded like mockery



ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS.

in this beautiful room, decorated like a jewel-box, in which luxurious Moorish dames had taken their pleasure, and from which they had so lately and cruelly been driven? Or was it simply that all the religious zeal of the day was concentrated, as by the focus of a great burning-glass, in the fires of the Inquisition, and that self-sacrifice for the sake of doing good to others (plenty of keenest self-sacrifice there was in the way of bringing dear ones to the stake), and that charity, sweetest of Christian virtues, was out of fashion in Spain? Or was it simply that the Indians were far away, and other interests nearer? Whatever may have been the reason, the noble ladies heard Geronima's impassioned appeals and Monita's story of simple pathos with keen appreciation, and gave plentiful applause for its literary merit, as though it were an entertainment of troubadours. or as a modern New York or Boston audience will listen to the story of some returned missionary or messenger of God whose heart is all on fire to found a school to educate the much-wronged Indians of this very tribe to-day.

Monita saw by the disheartened look which gradually succeeded her mistress's young enthusiasm that she was not effecting what she wished. No officers were sent out who should see that the laws were administered with fairness. Even the King had said, "I am sick and tired of hearing about these Indians; if Doña Geronima does not cease her iteration on this wearisome subject, I shall not wait for the vicegerency of Mexico to become vacant, but shall speed her to her own country without title or revenue." After this expression of the royal feeling on the subject the salons

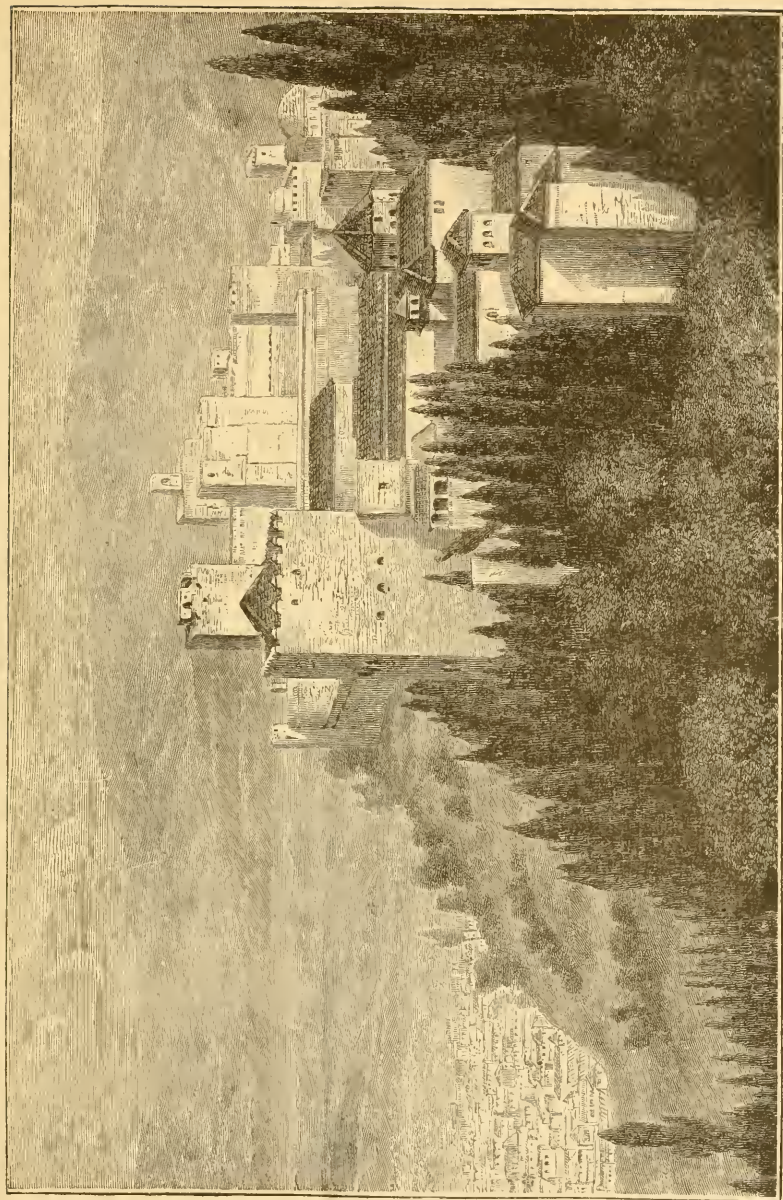
in the Moorish villa were discreetly ended. There were no more dissertations on Ferdinand, Isabella, and Columbus, or on Cortez; and the longing in Monita's heart to see her kindred grew stronger as she saw that she was doing them no good by remaining away. One



THE WINE-GATE.

result, however, had been accomplished, —the miracle which Del Pilar could not perform, Nature was gradually effecting: the crippled limb was growing longer and stronger; she walked now without her crutches, hopping nimbly with only a slight limp up and down the long hill that led from the town to the Alhambra. One day a letter came from Fray Ignacio, telling how

matters were going from bad to worse in the pueblos, and how he had been banished to Patmos, as he called the rock of Acoma, which rose not unlike an island from the sea of the prairie. He did not mention the people of San Juan by name, for he did not know that Monita was with his friend; but the girl divined that



THE LONG HILL FROM THE TOWN TO THE ALHAMBRA.

trouble must have befallen them if they had lost their protector, Fray Ignacio.

"I must go to them," she said to herself as she passed the Wine-Gate, one of the most beautiful of the Alhambra towers; "if my mistress cannot go at present, then I must go alone." Some one just within the pillar-divided window which overlooked the gate was singing a little love-song full of loneliness and yearning. It seemed to her that the cry was Popé's, and that it had come to her from across the sea. The song was such a one as George Eliot makes Juan sing:—

"The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great: I tried to mount the hill
Above the pines, where the light lies so still;
But it rose higher: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

"The world is great: the wind comes rushing by;
I wonder where it comes from? Sea-birds cry
And hurt my heart: my little sister went,
And I am lonely."

The voice sounded nearer; the singer was coming down the staircase of the Wine-Tower. Monita held her breath; she almost expected to see Popé emerge from the shadowy doorway. A well-known face and figure did appear, but it was not Popé, it was Pepindorio.

"My mother told me you were with the señora yonder, and that you often pass this way," he said. "You do not look glad to see me; but you have not

been in a hurry to go to that other one over the sea that you told me of."

"No, I have not been in a hurry," Monita replied; "it is time that I was gone. You do right to remind me, and I will go."

"He may not be so constant," Pepindorio replied with a sneer. "Years have passed; you may not find your lover when you reach that far country."



PEPINDORIO STRETCHED ON THE COPING OF THE QUAY.

"Popé will always be true to me; I shall surely find him," Monita replied, with proud confidence, brushing by Pepindorio and hastening toward the villa. As she walked, her hand sought Popé's parting gift, the string of turquoise beads which she wore within her dress. They were the proof that all was well with her beloved. But as she fingered them they crumbled under her touch. A deadly chill ran through her veins as she

took them off and examined them in a strong light. It was true the turquoises had changed color and were disintegrating. Nothing more was needed to convince Monita that Popé was in deadly peril; and her friends, seeing how unhappy she was, reluctantly arranged for her return.

She saw Pepindorio once again. Whether it was that he had come to Malaga to embark for Africa, "the land of the Corahai," and their meeting was a chance one, or whether he had followed her with some hope that he might still persuade her to join the gypsies, or simply to bid her a dumb farewell with his eyes, Monita never knew; but the last figure in Spain which she saw from the ship was that of Pepindorio stretched on the stone coping of the quay.

"It was night
Before the ship weighed anchor and gave sail.

.
He too divined
A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
And eyes that sought him vanishing. He saw
The waters widen slowly, till at last,
Straining, he gazed, and knew not if he gazed
On aught but blackness overhung with stars."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHIRLWIND.

The time is come! *Exurge, Domine!*
Judica causam tuam! Let thy foes
Be driven as the smoke before the wind,
And melt like wax upon the furnace lip!

GEORGE ELIOT.

WHEN Fray Ignacio left his charge at San Juan and rode away over the long stretches of level prairie toward his new Mission, his thoughts were not altogether regretful. He had prophesied the coming of the tempest which he knew would soon engulf the Spanish colony. It had sown the wind, and must reap the whirlwind; and he felt like Lot fleeing from Sodom. Perchance, though he knew not why this grace should be vouchsafed, God would permit this rocky mountain of Acoma to be a Zoar of refuge to him in which he might escape the general destruction. It was so remote from the other pueblos away in the far Southwest that perhaps the inhumanity of the Spaniards had not penetrated here.

A Dominican monk had appeared in Santa Fé, preaching the Inquisition; and the first glimpse which Fray Ignacio had caught of the man had set his teeth on edge. The Franciscans were for the most part kindly, charitable men, opposed to the fanatic, frantic Dominicans; and Fray Ignacio in his Toledan cloister

had been not only an earnest student of the condemned Moorish books, but had loved to talk with men of other opinions, and was known of them as —

“The polished priest, a tolerant listener,
Disposed to give a hearing to the lost.
And breakfast with them ere they went below.”

Nay, in his heart of hearts he was not sure that any one was really lost who earnestly sought the Father in a different way from that which he had learned.

An Indian guide led the way, and Fray Ignacio followed, with the Host suspended from his neck; Peloncillo reluctantly pacing along as she realized that the journey was lengthening itself to an unwonted distance from the San Juan granaries. On the third day of their march they saw before them, rising abruptly from the plain, a strangely shaped mountain, like the sarcophagus of some huge giant.

“Is that the cliff of Acoma?” asked Fray Ignacio.



A DOMINICAN MONK.

"No, my father; you Spaniards call it the Mesa Encantada, or the Enchanted Table. Its sides are cut so straight and sheer that none even of our most expert climbers have ever scaled it."

As Fray Ignacio approached, he was more and more impressed by the majesty of this great natural tumulus. The walls, of from two to three hundred feet in height, were of such solid masonry that the wear of time had collected very little debris about its foot, and the mass rose almost perpendicularly, as though it had been squared by the plummet or cleanly sliced by the knife of the gods.

"What a tomb it would make!" Fray Ignacio exclaimed. "Surely Moses, for whom God prepared a place, had no grander. Would that it might be my last resting-place and monument!"

The Indian did not smile, but his reply had in it a suspicion of sarcasm: "We will gladly afford the holy father a burial-place there; but perhaps he had better climb up to it now while he is living, for his body is heavy, and we might find trouble in carrying it up so high."

Fray Ignacio took his words as though they were intended seriously. "The body of Saint Catharine was carried to her mountain sepulchre by angels; and perchance, if the glory of martyrdom is permitted, this grace will also be mine."

The earnest words made a deep impression upon the credulous Indian, and on arriving at Acoma he circulated the story that Fray Ignacio had said that when he died, spirits would prepare his grave upon the Mesa Encantada, and bear him away to it upon their wings.

Some scoffed, while others, curious to see any new wonder, were for slaying Fray Ignacio at once, in order to behold the miracle; but these were at this time happily in the minority.

The Rock of Acoma had come into view after passing the Mesa Encantada. It resembled the Enchanted Table in its general features, but was of vaster extent, affording room on its summit for a town of five thousand inhabitants, while its walls, though frightfully precipitous, were broken by chasms and irregular recesses, and were accessible by two winding pathways, — the one a secret natural staircase hidden in a sort of cave, whose existence was known only to the chief men of the tribe, and was intended to be used as a means of escape in case of siege; the other a rocky footpath, steep and winding, and easily defended at several points by a handful of men against an army.

Up to this natural citadel, this impregnable Gibraltar of the prairie, Fray Ignacio mounted dauntlessly. Half-naked boys came leaping down the cliff to meet him, and led Peloncillo by the halter, while older faces, stolid, but kindly, were lifted above the rocky lookouts and peered at him as he approached. It was not the first time that a Spaniard had visited Acoma. The place had been discovered nearly a hundred years before by Augustin Ruyz, a Franciscan, and



STOLID, BUT KINDLY.

Antonio de Espejo, who have told how hospitably they were entertained;¹ and since that period a church had been built by Fray Juan Ramirez, over which at this time Lucas Maldonado was priest.



A CHUBBY CHILD.

Fray Ignacio heard a humming sound as he approached the priest's house; and as a chubby child held back the curtain for him to enter, he saw that the cloister garden was filled with merry children dancing, and that Fray Lucas, seated in one of the archways, was strumming merrily upon a guitar. The surprised priest sprang to his feet, but came forward courteously to greet his confrère; and on reading the credentials which Fray Ignacio brought, welcomed him joyfully.

"I have been very lonely here among the heathen," he said, "and I am heartily glad of your coming. Heaven grant you have brought your bass-viol! We shall have precious seasons together."

Fray Lucas took his brother ecclesiastic into the shady cloister, and set before him a table spread with fruits, melons, and peaches, which the Indians had grown in their farms at the foot of the rock, hard bread baked by their women, salt from a salt lake, and coffee made by his own hands. After his guest was refreshed and rested, Fray Lucas led him out and showed him the pueblo.

¹ See Appendix.

There was a plaza in the centre, fronting which were the terrace-shaped houses, whose walls extended for some eight hundred feet along the edge of the cliff. Along the roofs naked children scampered, tumbling up and down the long ladders. Gayly striped blankets



THE TERRACE-SHAPED HOUSES.

were spread as mats or hung over the rude battlements. Strings of scarlet peppers, or chilli, were festooned on the light walls, giving a dash of barbaric color here and there; while girls with shawls draped about their heads and shoulders in Eastern fashion came and went with olhas — or water-pots, holding several gallons, decorated with bizarre figures — poised statuesquely upon their heads. A captive eagle, the only unhappy

looking creature in the pueblo, drooped among the chimney-pots, melons were ripening in the sunshine, and in the dark interiors the padre caught glimpses of gypsy-like crones grinding corn and preparing bread for baking in the conical-shaped mud ovens. Fray Lucas took his friend to the great cisterns, in which thousands of gallons of rain-water were stored, and to the corral, in which the donkeys, pastured and worked during the day on the farms below, were confined at night. He showed Fray Ignacio the campo santo, or burial-ground, in front of the church, and explained that earth to a depth sufficient for burial, as well as the soil in the convent garden, had been patiently brought from the plain below in baskets by the Indians and piled upon the naked rock.

Fray Ignacio looked out from the priest's balcony at the pueblo with its teeming life spread before him, and exclaimed, "Surely here, apart from the world, I may find my vocation!"

Maldonado shrugged his shoulders. "You forget that you are just as much in the world as if you were in Madrid. Wherever the Lord sends his missionaries, the Devil sends his also. That house yonder is a trading-post of a pedler who comes at intervals from Santa Fé, bringing strong liquors and gunpowder, with Spanish knives with good Toledan blades, and playing-cards and trinkets for the women, which he barter for more precious commodities. For a season after each of his visits one would think that the Devil had entered into this people."

"Can we not prohibit his coming?"

"Nay, for he is a creature of Captain Zuñiga, and has his permission to trade and get gain."

So Captain Zuñiga had a hold even upon this spot which Fray Ignacio had thought virgin soil ; but he set to work with a will, determined to give the Evil One a brave fight. Fray Lucas was a great refreshment to him. He was a merry-hearted man, who in Madrid might have been a favorite confessor of ladies.

“Sworn fast and tonsured pate, plain Heaven’s celibate,
And yet earth’s clear accepted servitor,
A courtly spiritual Cupid,
And fit companion for the like of you,
Your gay Abati with the well-turned leg,
And rose i’ the hat-rim, Canons, cross at neck,
And silk mask in the pocket of the gown.”

But now, instead of lolling on velvet cushions, perfumed and pampered, sipping chocolate from exquisite china, and discoursing learnedly of sonnets or intaglios, he took long rambles with the children in search of wild plums or bird’s eggs, and played them tunes and told them legends, leading a simple, natural life, removed alike from worldliness and asceticism. He was a prime favorite with the children ; but the older people regarded him as a trifle, and paid him no respect whatever. Fray Ignacio, on the contrary, spoke as one having authority, and they listened to him curiously, — not without much argument about him among themselves, but still they listened.

For several years Fray Ignacio labored among them, gaining ground slowly, as he thought, among the older people, more evidently and surely among the children, who were growing up into well-conditioned youths ; when one day he noticed more than usual excitement in the town. The medicine-man beat his tomtom

steadily, and the men of the tribe passed one by one into the estufa for a council.

Inquiring of one of the women, the Fray learned that a messenger had arrived from the sacred pueblo of Pecos, bearing a knotted cord, which was known to be a message from the representative of Montezuma.

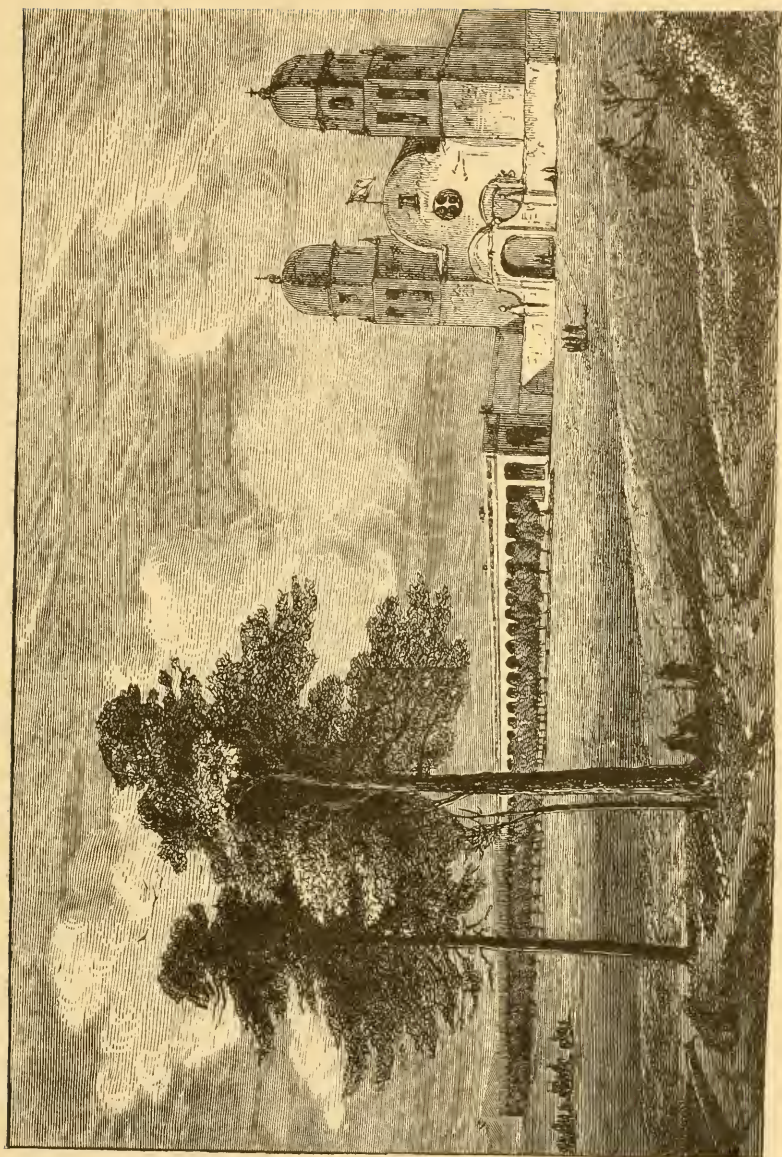
"I saw the messenger," said Fray Lucas, "and I did not take to him; he was a particularly sour-faced fellow."

The council was a long one, and when it was over, the men went silently to their homes with grave faces. The messenger came out last; and Fray Ignacio, who chanced to stand opposite the door of the estufa, met him face to face. It was Popé; but so changed that had not the young man first recognized the priest, the latter would not have known this emaciated and wicked-looking man for his former altar-boy. Popé had made one impulsive bound toward the padre, and would have knelt before him as the priest raised his hand in blessing; but some evil spirit seemed to possess him, and crying, "What have you done with Monita?" he shook his clenched fist in the priest's face.

"My son, Monita is in the care of Our Blessed Lady. I trust she will return to us soon," Fray Ignacio replied calmly.

"Soon, soon!" Popé replied bitterly. "Go and fetch her; and if you cannot find her, come not back, and say not hereafter that Popé gave you no warning." With which mysterious and not very reassuring words he mounted his burro and left the town.

After this his parishioners acted strangely. None of the men came to church, they avoided him when they



MISSION OF SAN LUIS.

met, and they went no more to the fields for labor, but idled about the plaza or busied themselves with sharpening arrow-heads and preparing other weapons. Fray Lucas said that they behaved as though the trader had made a recent visit, and had brought more fire-water than usual; and yet the man had not been seen for months.

About a month after Popé's coming, Fray Lucas announced the arrival of visitors. How was Fray Ignacio startled to find that the cacique's guests were a half-dozen Spanish soldiers, chief among whom was Captain Zuñiga!

"Why do you come to this peaceful pueblo?" he asked.

"I will tell you," the Captain replied. "There is an uneasy feeling abroad. You are not safe here; and it is the Governor's order that there shall be a presidio wherever there is a Mission, to protect the holy fathers and enforce their authority."

"I do not need or desire your protection," Fray Ignacio replied boldly, "I am safer without it; and I demand that you instantly quit this pueblo, nor suffer men of unrestrained and cruel passions to ravage among my innocent flock."

Zuñiga laughed scornfully. "Your words are high, sir priest, but know that we shall stay without your permission. The importance of this post as a strategical point is recognized by our governor. It can be easily fortified and held by a small garrison, therefore it is ordered that the entire rock be turned into a Spanish fort without delay. A part of the men will be told off to labor in my silver mine, the others will be set to

work upon the presidio; and this you will explain to the cacique, enforcing it with your authority, or I shall put you under arrest as a traitor to the King."

"I have no authority with which to enforce such orders. This people will never obey them."

"Then I shall wait till the arrival of more soldiers and a train of ammunition; and when these have come, I shall summon the Indians into the church by the ringing of the great bell, cause the doors to be fastened, and commanding them with our guns from the organ-loft, we can massacre them all if they refuse to allow themselves to be bound and led away."

"I will be a party to no such transaction," Fray Ignacio replied wrathfully. "Moreover, you are too late. Do you hear that sound? The warriors of the tribe are dancing a war-dance in the estufa, and persons are running hither and thither across the plaza. Something has excited their suspicions; you have not an instant to lose. Abandon your unrighteous designs, and flee at once!"

As he spoke, the curtain door was thrown back, and the daughter of the cacique entered. Catching Fray Ignacio's arm, she whispered: "My father, it is just one moon since the coming of the messenger with the knotted cord. A great uprising has been planned, in which all the pueblos will take part at sunrise tomorrow. These men have come in an evil time. Leave them to their fate, and follow me; I will lead you to the stairway of escape."

"Nay, child, why should I flee? But guide these strangers instead, and I will go to the church, where nothing can befall me but what is sent by God."

Captain Zuñiga and the other soldiers, alarmed by this conversation, which they partly understood, fled down the rocky staircase shown them by the girl, and, mounting their horses, which had been left hobbled at the foot of the citadel, made good their escape from the town, convinced that this was not the time to carry out their design of founding a presidio at Acoma.

It was as the girl had told Fray Ignacio, — the long-fomented discontent was ripe for open rebellion. Popé, with the sanction of the grand priest at Pecos, had carried a knotted cord from pueblo to pueblo; each town untying a knot in significance that it joined the league, and on the preconcerted day would slay every Spaniard found within its walls. Popé had chosen to be himself the bearer of the cord in every instance except to the pueblo of San Juan. Possibly he had chosen to do so because he felt that “a prophet is not without honor but in his own country;” and Popé was a leader, a great man, now, the coming deliverer to the other pueblos. Perhaps (and who shall say that such delicacy and intensity of feeling does not exist in an Indian’s breast?) he avoided San Juan because of the memories of his boyhood, of Fray Ignacio and Monita.

Thus it happened that when Monita returned to her native pueblo she met a strange Indian, stripped for running, panting and exhausted, who bore above his head a knotted cord and plunged into the estufa. If it had been Popé, who knows but a bloody page might have been spared from the history of these times?

How Monita’s heart bounded as she recognized familiar scenes! — the light-brown walls of the pueblo, with

windows of plates of syenite let into the mud-walls, unfamiliar children climbing the ladders, while some of her old playmates, grown into young men, were standing beside rude ploughs and carritas, or carts. Some-



THERE SAT HER MOTHER.

thing listless in their attitude struck her. They were not harnessing mules or bustling to their work, but stood stolidly like men out of employ, waiting for something to happen. Monita did not linger to question them, but hurried on to her own home. There on the threshold,

in an attitude of great dejection, sat her mother. Monita recognized her afar off, though her once black hair had turned snowy white. She touched her upon the shoulder, and the woman sprang up with a great cry of joy. How she fondled her child and wept over her, and held her at arm's length to admire her beauty, and babbled of her childhood and of the dress she wore at their parting, set down the side with silver coins, her father's work, — and had she saved them?

Then first Monita had an opportunity to ask for her father, and learned of his cruel murder. "But he will be revenged!" the mother cried. "Simon Magus came to San Juan a few days ago, and he says that Popé has become a great chief, and is gathering all the young braves together to attack Santa Fé and drive the Spaniards from the country. Moreover, there is some news from Popé just received, for a messenger has gone into the estufa."

Monita had been listening intently. "I must see Popé," she said; "but first I must attend this council and know what is going on."

"You are not a man," her mother replied in surprise.

"True; but my father left no son to take his place, and I have a right to his voice in all that pertains to the tribe and our family."

Hurrying to the estufa, the girl boldly demanded entrance. Simon Magus appeared at the door, and recognizing her as the representative of her father, and as his own son's betrothed, quickly admitted her. She sat down in the outer row and listened to the council. The cacique had explained to them the message. They

were called upon on the 10th of August — being the festival of San Lorenzo of the Roman calendar, and the new moon — to kill the priest and whatever other Spaniards might be found in the village, to march out of the town en masse, and to join the general army of the allied pueblos in besieging Santa Fé. The cacique explained that this cord had been sent to the other pueblos, and that each of them had untied a knot in token of joining the league and promising to massacre all Spaniards in their walls at the preconcerted time. One by one the chief men of the tribe spoke in favor of the plot. Simon Magus in his character of sorcerer carrying most weight by promising a happy event to the affair. He told them also of his visit to Mexico, of the cruelty of the Spanish religion there, of the sufferings of his son in the mines, and touched lastly on the great injustice which Captain Zuñiga had practised to the silversmiths in taking their mine from them. He ended by telling of the murder of Koba.

At this point Monita rose to her feet, and Simon Magus, pointing to her, continued: "Here is his daughter, who will speak for him. She is also the promised wife of Popé. I charge you listen to her."

Monita began in a quiet monotone. She rehearsed first the circumstances which gave her a right to speak; and then, to the surprise of every one present, made an impassioned appeal to the tribesmen not to join in the conspiracy. "The San Juan share of those silver mines which the Spaniards have taken does not belong to you, but to me. Good! I do not ask you to win them back. You have no right to fight for them unless I ask you

to do so. By our laws the life of one Spaniard belongs to me in the stead of my father's life. I claim the life of the stranger priest at this Mission of San Juan; no one can touch him but by my orders. It has been said that I have had opportunity to know in Spain that the Spaniards' religion is a lie. I will not deny this. Let us prove our own religion more merciful. If the priests have taught us false things, we know that they have themselves been true. I call upon you to remember Fray Ignacio, and I ask which of you will vote for his death? In my father's stead I have a vote, and I vote against the untying of this knot."

There was more debate, the discussion was long and heated; but a majority of the voters were won over to Monita's side, and the messenger was sent away with the word that San Juan refused to join the conspiracy. It was the only pueblo which stood aloof in the great uprising, and by so doing it gained for itself a new title from the Spanish chroniclers, — San Juan de los Caballeros, "St. John of the Gentlemen," a name of which it is proud to-day.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MESA ENCANTADA.

"WHERE is Popé?" Monita asked, after the council had ended.

"He has gone to Acoma and the Western pueblos; but he will take command of the siege of Santa Fé in a few days."

"I must find Popé at once," Monita said to the cacique, who therefore furnished her with a fleet little burro and provisions for her journey.

"Fray Ignacio is at Acoma," the Indians told her; and they sketched her route upon the ground, explaining the different landmarks which rendered the way so sure to the Indian. Monita rode first straight to Santa Fé, where she informed Governor Otermin of the plot, and then took her solitary way across the prairie toward the west. She camped, as Fray Ignacio had done, at night on the open prairie, sleeping on the short brown grass, thankful if there was a water-hole in an arroya near by. So lonely was it underneath the stars that she was glad to hear the yelp of the coyote as he lurked in the distance, attracted and yet frightened by the light of her camp-fire. Was there something in his gray coat which reminded her, as it did

Bret Harte, of the Franciscans,¹ and so gave her a kindly feeling to him ; or was it only because she felt that he was a vagabond child of the prairie like herself, and not more hunted or friendless ?

Between the pueblos of Laguna and Acoma lie great lava beds which the Indians think were formed by the hardened blood of a great monster slain long ago by Montezuma. Here Popé had appointed a rendezvous for the warriors of the western pueblos, and here had been carried many cords of wood for the great bonfire around which the war-dance was to be celebrated.

On the third evening of her journey Monita saw the pillar of smoke rising in the distance, and later the lurid light of the pyre shining far away over the brown prairie sea. She rode straight toward it, and late at night could make out the dark figures outlined against the flames, dancing and leaping like so many demons. Other Indians from the pueblos had collected, and watched from a distance the demoniac rites. Right

¹ THE COYOTE.

BY BRET HARTE.

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through ;
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing, an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever away
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will, though it be on the sly ;
Marauding or begging, I shall not ask why,
But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four-footed friar in orders of gray !

through these gazing groups Monita rode, until a woman came panting up to her and caught the bridle of her donkey.

"You must not go any nearer; it is no place for a young girl," she said. "The men are working themselves up to frenzy by their dance, in order that they may kill without mercy. It is not safe to go near them."

"I must see Popé," Monita replied resolutely.

"Then I will speak to my husband yonder," said the woman; "he is the Cacique of Goleta. I will ask him to send Popé to you." And darting forward, the woman laid her hand on the arm of one of the dancing figures.

Possibly he did not recognize her, or drink and the dance had so inflamed him that he was no longer conscious of what he did; for, maddened by the interruption, he struck her a heavy blow. The woman reeled and fell insensible just outside the circle of dancers. No one noticed her; the musicians pounded their tom-toms more energetically, and the dancers leaped the higher as they passed her.

Monita hurried forward and tried to lift the woman to a seat on the donkey; failing in this, she dragged her to such a distance from the dance that some of her friends among those looking on took courage, and, coming forward, carried her back. Seeing that she was already beginning to revive, and was not seriously hurt, Monita again mounted her donkey and rode dauntlessly close to the circle of dancing savages. She sat straight and silent, wondering which of those painted demons was Popé.



SHE DID NOT PAUSE FOR REST, BUT HURRIED TOWARD ACOMA.

The young man recognized her first. Snatching a blanket from the ground he threw it around him, to disguise in part the hideousness of his appearance, and dashing from the circle he wheeled the donkey around and led it to quite a distance before he spoke. Then he bent his head upon her shoulder and burst into tears. Monita soothed him as she would have done a child, and waited until his passionate emotion had subsided.

“So you have come back safe?” he cried. “I thought you were dead, or imprisoned as I was.”

“No, Popé, I am here, never more to go away; and Fray Ignacio shall marry us when you will.”

“Yes, Fray Ignacio. I promised him that he would be spared if you came back. Go to Acoma; Fray Ignacio is there. Perhaps it is not too late to save him. Take this fetich, and the Indians will know that Popé has sent you, and that he forbids their killing the padre. Stay there, and when every other Spaniard is killed I will come for you.”

His face was dark and furious again; but Monita put her arms about his neck. “The Spaniards are cruel and wicked,” she said, “but why must we be so? Let us prove ourselves the nobler race.”

Popé made a violent gesture. “We cannot live together any longer,” he said. “It is too late to quell this rebellion even if I desired to do so; in a few hours every Spaniard in the pueblos will have been put to death, and Santa Fé is already besieged. Shall we submit to the enemy now, and allow them to work their revenge upon us? There is no remedy but in complete independence.”

"But, Popé, why need they be killed?" Monita still besought. "If they will consent to leave our country once and forever, will not that serve the same purpose? It may be too late to save the missionaries and settlers scattered so widely in the different pueblos; but when Santa Fé is in your power, — that great town, with all its women and children, who are not all wicked, — promise me, Popé, that they shall be sent back to their own country unharmed."

Popé was silent; all his wrongs clamored within him for revenge. At length he spoke slowly and unwillingly: "I am not the only one. You see this great band of warriors, — they are but a small part of the army which is collecting. They have all suffered cruelties which they are burning to revenge. Do you imagine that when their blood is up I can hold them?"

"Yes," Monita replied, steadily; "you have incited them to this, and you can hold their hands. See, even the dance cannot go on without you; the warriors are standing about waiting for you to lead them. We will have nothing to do with these wicked white people who rob and murder us and make us their slaves, and who send their priests to teach us to be patient and submissive. We will have none of their false religion, and we will have none of their vices either. We will not steal or murder children because they have done so. I have come back to you, Popé, to labor with you for our people till Montezuma comes; but unless you promise to show yourself merciful in victory, I will not stay."

The struggle was a fierce one, but the better nature in the young man conquered. "For your sake," he said,



WAR!

"I will do this thing. The Spaniards shall see that the Pueblos are not like the Apaches and the wolves of the plains. If they will surrender, and swear to leave us forever, not an Indian shall lift his finger against them. Popé has said it!"

He returned to the great bonfire, but the dance was not resumed. The warriors seated themselves in a circle, and Monita, as she rode away, saw Popé's figure silhouetted against the light. He stood tall and dignified, his right arm extended in eloquent action, as he harangued them earnestly; and her eyes filled with happy tears, for she knew that Popé would keep his word.

Wearied as she was, Monita did not pause for rest, but hurried now toward Acoma. It was only sixteen miles away, but she must hasten, for the morrow was the terrible 10th of August, to be made sacred to many martyrs as noble as San Lorenzo; and Fray Ignacio's name must not be enrolled among them.

When Monita approached the Mesa Encantada a different feeling came over her from that which had oppressed Fray Ignacio. This was no tomb, but a tower of safety. She had never heard our magnificent hymn, —

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

or the words of the Psalmist, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies;" but she felt that God had provided that great rock, with its sheltering caves, for the coyotes and for her.

Within half a mile of the Mesa, as it lay on her left,

she saw scouring across the plain. directly in her road to Acoma, a band of mounted horsemen. The first glance told her that they were not Indians, but Spaniards. She halted, and watched them for a few moments. They were bearing down upon her very rapidly; and presently she recognized in the foremost man her old enemy, Captain Zuñiga. Instantly she headed her burro for the Mesa Encantada, and galloped swiftly to its foot. Turning, she saw that the men had reached the spot from which she had first observed them, and had slackened their speed to watch her. Would they pass on and leave her where she was? No; with a loud shout Captain Zuñiga charged toward her, and the frightened girl, springing from her donkey, began to climb the cliff. It was steeper than the cave-dwellings where she had been injured; but fear lent her wings, and she seemed almost to fly up the nearly perpendicular face of the rock.

When he reached the foot of the cliff Captain Zuñiga paused, watching her in amazement, until she had accomplished half the ascent. "No one but Monita can climb like that," he said. "I thought that I had killed her once, but it seems that she bears a charmed life. Ha! that shot has missed. I am driving her to the summit; but no human being can ever descend, she will have to starve to death on the top. I could wish her no worse fate;" and laughing an evil laugh, he turned about and rejoined his companions.

The Captain and his troop now rode, not to Santa Fé, but toward the hacienda. "If what we have just heard is true," he said, — "and I see no reason to doubt it. — the Missions and scattering settlements will all be

attacked to-morrow. Santa Fé has its garrison, and is safe enough ; but the hacienda could easily be surprised and taken by assault."

He reached the hacienda, and alarmed the small garrison. "Take plenty of provisions and ammunition," he gave order, "and let us move into the mines. We can fortify the entrance with a stockade and by our two cannon, so that it cannot be taken ; and we shall be perfectly safe there until this uprising is quelled." Little thought any of the confident band that it would take the Spanish army twelve years to do this.

The morning of San Lorenzo dawned bright and peaceful ; but on that day twenty-two Franciscan friars were almost simultaneously martyred. More than one, as he bowed his meek head to the death-stroke, murmured, in imitation of his Lord, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do." Poor frenzied barbarians, they knew thus much, — that they were rejecting a religion which, whatever might be its merits, was offered them hand in hand with injustice and villany. Have Christianity and civilization been presented to them in any other way to this day?

The priest at San Juan, warned by his parishioners, and the scattered settlers, alarmed in time, fled to Santa Fé ; but the others missionaries were massacred ; and the hordes of gathering Indians settled down to the siege of the city of the Sacred Faith. A party headed by Simon Magus plundered the hacienda ; but finding Captain Zuñiga so well fortified in the mines, they hesitated to attack him. Simon Magus, prowling in the cañon through which he had rescued Popé,

saw a spring gushing from the earth and running away in a stream at the bottom of the cañon. He concluded at once that this must be the drainage of the mine, and that if sealed up, the shafts would speedily fill with water and drive out the Spaniards. His thought was instantly acted upon, the Indians waiting without for the appearance of their foes. They did not know that the water had collected first in the front part of the mine, and had driven the Spaniards, who were ignorant of the extent of their danger, into the interior. Gradually, as the water increased, their escape from the mine by the front was cut off.

Captain Zuñiga, who first comprehended the situation, seized a pickaxe and commanded the men to dig out toward the cañon ; but the water gained upon them, and they were presently lifted from their feet. Then came a desperate death-struggle, all unheard by the impatient foes without ; and finally there was no sound within the mine but the lapping of water. For days the Indians waited, and at length resolved to storm the barricade. There was no resistance ; and having effected an entrance, they descended the sloping shaft until a broad sheet of water told them the story of the interior of the mine. In recent times this mine has been drained, and the human bones found in the inner chambers have excited much curiosity, few knowing the story of ambition, cruelty, and crime, and the horrible death which these brought in their train.

And what of Fray Ignacio ? The morning of San Lorenzo found him at the altar-steps, where he had passed the night in prayer. He heard a commotion



THE SPANIARDS IN MEXICO.

without, and the shriek of Fray Lucas; then the great door of the church was thrown open, and a gust of wind blew out the altar-candles. He rose and faced the tumultuous crowd which surged in, lifting his hand with a gentle "Pax vobiscum." They seized him rudely, and dragged him out upon the campo santo to the parapet where the cliff descended most steeply to the plain. Away to the north rose the Mesa Encantada, and Fray Ignacio saluted it, making the sign of the cross in the air.

"He is summoning the spirits," said the Indian who had been the friar's guide to Acoma; "let us see whether they will come to bear his body to the Enchanted Table."

"Let us first give them a body to carry," another replied coarsely; and two strong Indians lifted Fray Ignacio from his feet and hurled him over the cliff.

Then appeared a prodigy. On the front of the Mesa Encantada, that inaccessible mount which none of their most athletic young men had ever succeeded in scaling, outlined clearly against the rock appeared a form which to them seemed that of an angel, for surely nothing human could have found foothold there. It waved its arms as though signalling Fray Ignacio; and looking over their own cliff, they saw with astonishment that the friar had not been killed, his fall being broken by his robe spreading, and forming a parachute. He rose unsteadily to his feet, lifted his hands in a dazed manner to his head, and then sank upon his knees, expecting that death would come to him in that attitude either through a swift arrow or from missiles hurled from the rock.

But the mood of the Indians had changed. They had not had as much intercourse with the Spaniards at this lonely citadel of Acoma as the Rio Grande Pueblos, and consequently had no rankling wrongs to revenge. They had killed one friar, and tried to kill another. Surely they had fulfilled their bond with the other communities, and could afford to refrain from further massacre. The word ran from mouth to mouth that a miracle had been performed, that the spirits had sustained Fray Ignacio in his perilous fall, and that doubtless some great calamity would befall their pueblo if any further attempt were made to injure him. Indians hurried to the foot of the cliff to help him up the "rocky staircase;" while others, more curious and less humane, scoured away across the plain to have a nearer view of the spirit on the Mesa Encantada.

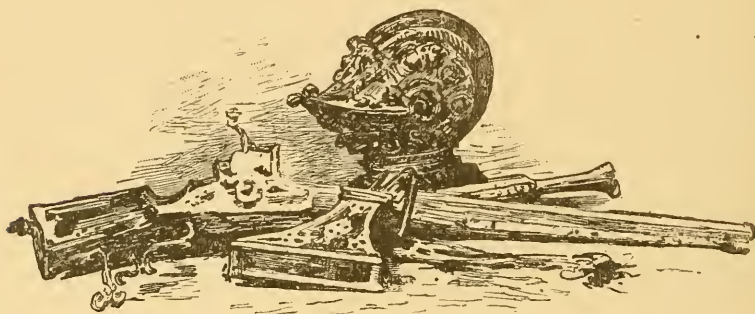
Monita in her flight from Captain Zuñiga, almost crazed with fear, had climbed the cliff which until this time had been regarded as inaccessible. Her terror seemed to give her superhuman powers: but in the supreme effort with which she drew herself over the last crag and achieved the summit, something seemed to give way: her heart fluttered wildly, stood still, then beat on, but more faintly. She knew what this meant, — she could not descend: and as she crept to to the brink and looked down, a deadly sickness came over her at the sight of the awful precipice, and she felt that even without this crowning misfortune she could not have accomplished the descent. She had fallen once from such a height, and she could not have wished the catastrophe again.

Now what remained? Only death from starvation, unless the terrible shafts of the August sun should send delirium and sunstroke first. 'Would it be very long in coming, she wondered? She knew what it was to suffer from thirst, — it was such a terribly slow as well as painful death. If release would only come in some other way! The top of the Mesa was a level surface of bare rock, — no pool or shrub or tuft of grass. Even the eagles' nests were below her, on its sides and among the cliffs.

Monita lay on the cliff and thought of her unhappy people and the Spaniards, but chiefly of Popé and the Geronima Montezuma, — the Indian blindly struggling for the independence of his people against the Spaniard, the Spanish girl as blindly groping for a way to help the Indian. "If I had lived," she thought, "I might have brought them together; and now they must remain enemies. Perhaps, after all, the task was too great for me; there are too many Indians like Popé, too few Spaniards like Geronima." She thought of Fray Ignacio and the religion which he had brought to the Indians, of Christ and Montezuma; and she lifted her heart to the Great Spirit whom Spaniard and Indian alike adored, praying him to send Montezuma again to the Indians, and Christ once more to the Spaniards who so poorly followed his example, — a Saviour to save men from sinning, it mattered not by what name they called him. The old prayers and hymns which Fray Ignacio had taught her floated confusedly through her brain, — "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.*"

She looked away toward Acoma. There, just in front

of the church, she saw a confused crowd, which seemed to surge from side to side and beckon. She answered it with rapid signals; and then over the cliff, as though leaping to help her, she saw a black object shoot to the foot of the rock. Her quick instinct told her that this was Fray Ignacio; and in her horror she sprang wildly



into the air and fell heavily on the hard crag. Though her bound had been a high one, it seemed to her in that terrible instant that her heart leaped higher still, and — that it did not come back! The blood gushed from her lips; the heavens were red, then black. *Miserere mei, Domine!*

God had pity, and death had come through a broken blood vessel more quickly and more kindly than she had thought.

The runners from Acoma reached the foot of the cliff to find only Monita's donkey browsing the buffalo grass quietly. They shaded their eyes and strained their gaze, but could make out nothing on the summit, though two eagles were sailing in an agitated way above it. One among the Indians thought he saw the flutter of drapery

from over the side of the crag, and the group hurried back to Acoma and collected every ladder to be found in the pueblo. These were lashed tightly together with lariats of hide, and hoisted into position; but they only reached two-thirds of the way up the cliff, and no one dared to mount. Reluctantly they gave up the attempt, leaving the dead girl alone upon the mountain.

Popé kept his promise. The siege of Santa Fé lasted for nine days. The Indians seized the mount, since called Fort Marcy, and having fortified this strategic point, gained at the outset a considerable advantage. The siege was at first resisted with vigor, the Governor playing upon them vigorously with the great cannon, until his ammunition began to fail, when a council of war was held to consider the advisability of a sally.

Popé arrived at Santa Fé with his reinforcements just as Governor Otermin, who had made his sally from the town that morning and had fought valiantly all day, was gaining the advantage. The Western Indians quickly drove the Spanish troops within the walls.

The next morning Popé sent in a messenger with two crosses,—one red, and one white: the red one signified that continued resistance would end in extermination; the white one, that, on capitulation, the Spaniards would be guaranteed safety in leaving the country.

On the 21st of August the Spaniards evacuated the town. The Indians did not offer to molest them, but watched the long lines of soldiery and the mule-

trains bearing the women and children and such provisions and household effects as could be gathered, file away to the southward. It was a remarkable instance of self-restraint on the part of the Indians and of Popé's power over them, and one that would have done credit to any civilized army and to any leader of modern times.

Not until the Spaniards were out of sight did Popé allow the victors to enter the town and dance their old pagan sun-dance on the plaza, having first burned the churches, — emblems of a religion which they rejected with scorn. Though the light of Christianity was entirely quenched in all the other pueblos, it burned steadily on in the remote pueblo of Acoma — at least so runs the legend — through the dark interregnum of heathenism which followed this uprising.

Popé visited Acoma in his fruitless search for Monita, and confirmed the Indians in their respect and tender care for Fray Ignacio; but he could not be prevailed upon to enter the church. In spite of his success, his spirit was broken. He held only for a short time the power which he had wrested from the Spaniards, and the country was reconquered by the ferocious General Vargas in 1692.

Though Popé had striven most earnestly, he could find no trace or tidings of Monita to carry back to the gentle Countess of Montezuma, whose husband became Viceroy of Mexico, and who was received by the Southern Indians with wild enthusiasm as their hereditary princess. The little lady mourned sincerely for her friend.

The Viceroy little suspecting that Fray Ignacio still

lived on the lonely rock of Acoma, turned his attention particularly to the Californian Indians, who, he thought, would be more kindly disposed toward the Spanish religion, since they knew less of Spanish cruelty. To California he sent that most remarkable man, Father Salvatiera, — of whose wonderful labors and successes Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has told us with such eloquence, — while the Pueblos of New Mexico waited and still wait for the Gospel.

The Mesa Encantada still stands on the wind-blown prairie, — a monument, not to Monita alone, but to a wronged and patient people, who have received nothing but violence, treachery, and fraud from the white race (except from the handful of missionaries whom they slew in their blind struggle for independence).

But who shall say that the missionary zeal of those early martyrs, the Franciscan friars, was wasted? Some haunting memory of their teaching remains, and makes the re-conquest of the country for Christ an easier thing than it would otherwise be; and still the Pueblo Indians stretch out their hands, asking for justice as well as religion.

“ ‘Drink but this cup,’ said the padre, ‘straight,
And thou shalt know whose merey bore
These aching limbs to your heathen door,
And purged my soul of its gross estate.
Drink in His name, and thou shalt see
The hidden depths of this mystery.
Drink!’ and he held the cup. One blow
From the heathen dashed to the ground below
The sacred eup that the padre bore;
And the thirsty soil drank the precious store
Of sacramental and holy wine, —
That emblem and consecrated sign
And blessed symbol of blood divine.

“Then, says the legend (and they who doubt
The same as heretics be accurst),
From the dry and feverish soil leaped out
A living fountain,—a well-spring burst
Over the dusty and broad champaign,
Over the sandy and sterile plain,
Till the granite ribs and the milk-white stones
That lay in the valley, the scattered bones,
Moved in the river and lived again!”

APPENDIX.

XIMENES AND LAS CASAS.

THROUGH the mists of history looms up like a lighthouse the name of one Spaniard interested in the abolition of Indian slavery,—that of the great Cardinal Ximenes.

Sir. Arthur Helps says, in his fascinating “History of the Spanish Conquest in America” (from which the slight sketch contained in this Appendix of one phase of his life and that of Las Casas is condensed),—

“He was ‘so clear in his great office.’ Peculation, unjust heed of relationship, and mean doings of all kinds must have withered up in his presence. He was like a city on the margin of deep waters, such as Genoa, where no receding tide reveals anything that is mean, squalid, or unbecoming. . . . If Ximenes had lived but a year or two longer, it is not improbable that a widely different fate would have attended the Indian and the negro race.”

So wise and thorough were the measures with which he began to suppress Indian slavery, while he discouraged the importation of negroes into the Spanish possessions.

No race of men have at any time been wholly composed of brutes; and it is but justice to the early Spaniards that we study for a moment the character of this magnificent man, together with the heroism and self-sacrifice for conscience’ sake of another, the clerigo Las Casas.

When Cuba was colonized by Velasquez, in 1511, he took with him as clerk and assistant a scholar named Las Casas. The latter writes that he thought of nothing at this time but of making money. He received a large allotment of Indians, and employed them in the mines and upon his plantation, though with his partner, Renteria, he endeavored to treat them kindly. He saw, however, that the other Spaniards made no attempt to be humane, but oppressed and ill-treated the poor Indians most shamefully. On one occasion a Spaniard, in mere wantonness of cruelty, threw an Indian child into the river, and as it rose to the surface several times before drowning, laughed at its agonies, saying, "See it boil up!" A noted Indian chief was burned alive. At the stake a priest begged to be allowed baptize him, that he might go to heaven. The dying man asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven, and being answered in the affirmative, replied that then he did not wish to go there. But what shocked Las Casas most was a massacre of the Indians which took place before his eyes. The Spaniards had been into the woods on an exploring expedition; and the soldiers, as they marched up a dried watercourse, came across some whetstones, on which they proceeded to sharpen their swords. Shortly after this they reached an Indian village. The inhabitants brought the thirsty soldiers water, and then sat down, gazing at the strange horses in admiration and wonder. Suddenly a soldier, from no other motive, it would seem, than a desire to try his newly sharpened sword, began to hack and hew at an unoffending Indian. Instantly the other soldiers caught the warlike fever, and in a few moments nearly the entire village were butchered. Las Casas ran from one point to another, striving to prevent the slaughter, and at length it ceased; but he never forgot the sickening sight.

Some time after this, while reading the Bible, he became convinced that not only such inhuman acts, but all oppression of the Indians, was wrong. His partner, too, had gradually come to the same conclusion; and after talking the matter

over, they resolved that they would give up their Indian slaves, and sell all their possessions, and that Las Casas should take the proceeds to defray his expenses in going to Spain to lay the cause of the poor Indians before the Court. This was done, and Las Casas first saw Bishop Fonseca, who was Minister of Indian Affairs, and told him of the barbarities practised by the Spaniards, adding that seven thousand children had perished in three months. The Bishop replied haughtily: "What is this to me; what is it to the King?" At which Las Casas cried passionately, —

"Is it nothing to your lordship or to the King that all these souls should perish? O great and eternal God! And to whom, then, is it of any concern?"

King Ferdinand had just died, leaving Cardinal Ximenes regent for his grandson, Charles V., who was then but fifteen years old; and to the Cardinal, Las Casas determined to go.

Ximenes had hitherto taken little interest in the Indians, but what Las Casas told him roused his indignation. He caused all the laws which Ferdinand had made relating to them to be read in his presence and that of Las Casas; and the latter told him where the laws were defective, and where they had been disobeyed. Ximenes pronounced the Indians freemen under the old laws, and called a Junta for the purpose of arranging new regulations concerning their treatment by the colonists. He ordered that those Indians who had been enslaved, should be set at liberty. They were to be collected in settlements and governed, but with a view solely to their Christianization and civilization. He moreover appointed a lawyer to carry these new laws to the judges in the West Indies, and sent a deputation of Jeronimite monks to attend to the rights of the Indians; and he bade Las Casas watch the execution of his plans. "Be watchful for all," were his parting words, — "Mirad por todos."

The grand scheme of liberty which Ximenes had instituted was not likely to be received with favor by the Spanish colonists. The Jeronimites did little of what they were expected

to do. The new laws were not enforced, and were afterward repealed. Las Casas returned to Spain to report this ill performance; but the energetic hand which would have carried on the work so well begun lay motionless in death. Ximenes, murmuring, "In te, Domine, speravi," "In thee, O Lord, have I trusted," had breathed his last.

Las Casas did not give up his efforts in behalf of the Indians after the death of his patron. We hear of him in Spain taking part in a noted controversy with Dr. Sepulveda, who attempted to prove that slavery was right,—for the gravity of the sins of the Indians; in order to spread the faith; and to protect the natives against their being sacrificed to idols, and against cannibalism.

Las Casas vanquished him at every point. He was always to be found exactly where he was needed, crossing the ocean twelve times, to be present at every emergency. He attended a great synod of prelates at the city of Mexico in the time of the first viceroy, and there succeeded in establishing certain points of astonishing liberality, considering the fact that the Inquisition was in force in Spain, and was soon after established in Mexico. These were : —

That all unbelievers, of whatever sect or religion they might be, and whatever sins they might have committed, have nevertheless a just lordship over their own possessions.

Again, that the final and only reason why the Apostolic See had given supreme jurisdiction in the Indies to the kings of Castile and Leon was that the Gospel might be preached, and the Indians converted.

And that it did not mean thereby to deprive the lords of the Indians of their estates, lordships, jurisdictions, or dignities.

And lastly, that the kings of Castile and Leon were bound to provide the requisite expenses for the conversion of the Indians to the true faith.

Las Casas' labors in behalf of the South American Indians also were unbounded. He exercised a great influence over Charles V., and died at last, in the midst of his labors, in the

ninety-third year of his age. But he had made his mark, and the Spanish monarchs who succeeded his time were all protectors of the Indians. Philip IV., in the time in which our story is laid, "appointed an officer in every viceroyalty, whose business it was to journey through the country and annul slavery everywhere; and he was commanded 'to restore the Indians to their natural liberty, notwithstanding any title of possession that the master might be able to produce.'"

INDIAN SUBMISSIVENESS TO CHRISTIANITY.

Concerning the docility of the Indians and their readiness to embrace the Christian religion, Cabeça de Vaca, the first explorer who passed through the country, in the year 1536, says:—

"We found such readiness in them to be converted that if we had had an interpreter, so that we could have made ourselves perfectly understood, we should have left them all Christians. . . . When the sun rose, they raised their clasped hands to heaven with a loud shout. . . . It is a well-conditioned people, ready to follow any good thing well prepared for them."

Sir Arthur Helps, in speaking of the results of the work of the Catholic missionaries, says:—

"The Indians, if they have not been highly civilized, have at least been somewhat Christianized; and all that is votive, festal, and devout has found a ready access to their minds."

The simple and earnest prayer with which one of the friars closes his chronicle is one which, with our own interpretation of the word "catholic," each soul warmed by the divine enthusiasm of love for his fellow-man can offer to-day:—

"Almighty God vouchsafe his assistance in this business that such numbers of souls redeemed by his blood may not utterly

perrish, of whose good capacitie, wherein they exceed those of Mexico and Peru (as we be given to understand by those that have dealt with them), we may boldly presume that they will easily embrace the Gospel, and abandon such idolatrie as now the most of them do live in, which Almighty God grant for his honour and glory, and for the increase of the holy Catholic faith."

THE END.

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